

Sketches

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CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES
OF
IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

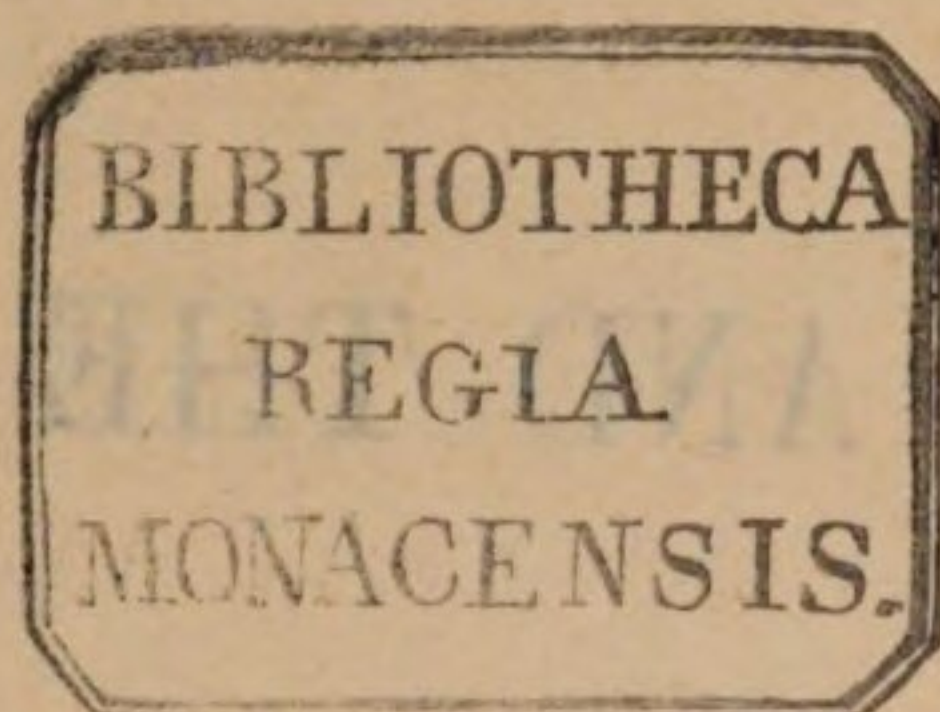
BY
CARLETON, LOVER, AND MRS. HALL.

WITH ETCHINGS BY KIRKWOOD.

“ Ye modern Scotch and English writers,
Novel, Romance, and Poem enditers,
You're challenged now—both great and small—
C. L. and H. against you all.”

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THE HORSE STEALERS.

BY W. CARLETON, ESQ.

CARNMORE was one of those small villages that are to be found in the outskirts of many parishes in Ireland, whose distinct boundaries are lost in the contiguous mountain-wastes. This was situated at the foot of a deep gorge or pass, overhung by two bleak hills, from the naked sides of which the storm swept over it, without discomposing the peaceful little nook of cabins that stood below. About a furlong farther down were two or three farm-houses, inhabited by a family named Cassidy—men of simple, inoffensive manners, and considerable wealth. They were, however, acute and wise in their generation—intelligent cattle-dealers, on whom it would have been a matter of some difficulty to impose an unsound horse, or a cow older than was intimated by her horn-rings, even when conscientiously dressed up for sale by the

ingenious aid of the file or burning-iron. Between their houses and the hamlet, rose a conical pile of rocks loosely heaped together, from which the place took its name.

About three years before the time mentioned in this story, there came two men with their families to reside in the upper village, and the house which they chose as a residence was one at some distance from those which composed the little group we have just been describing. They said their name was Meehan, although the general report went, that this was not true—that the name was an assumed one—and that some dark mystery, which none could penetrate, shrouded their history and character. They were certainly remarkable men. The elder, named Anthony, was a dark black-browed person—stern in his manner, and atrociously cruel in his disposition. His form was Herculean, his bones strong, and hard as iron, and his sinews stood out in undeniable evidence of a life hitherto spent in severe toil and exertion, to bear which he appeared, to an amazing degree, capable. His brother Denis was a small man, less savage and daring in his character, and certainly more timid and cautious than Anthony ; for the points in which he resembled him were superinduced upon his natural disposition by the close connection that subsisted between them, and the identity of their

former pursuits in life, which, beyond doubt, had been such as could not bear investigation.

The old proverb of "birds of a feather flock together," is certainly a true one, and in this case it was once more verified. Before the arrival of these men in the village there had been five or six bad characters in the neighbourhood, whose delinquencies were pretty well known; with these persons the strangers, by that sympathy which assimilates with congenial good or evil, soon became acquainted, although their intimacy was as secret and cautious as possible. Still it had been observed, and was known, for they had frequently been seen skulking together at day-break or in the dusk of the evening.

It is unnecessary to say, that Meehan and his brother did not mingle much in the society of Carnmore; for, in fact, the villagers and they mutually avoided each other. A mere return of the common phrases of salutation was generally the most that passed between them; they never entered into that familiarity which leads to mutual intercourse, and justifies one neighbour in freely entering the cabin of another to spend a winter's night, or a summer's evening, in amusing conversation. No one had ever been in the house of the Meehans' since it became theirs: nor were the means of their subsistence known. They led an

idle life, had no scarcity of food, were decently clothed, and never wanted money—circumstances which occasioned no small degree of conjecture in Carnmore and its vicinity. Some said they lived by theft; others that they were coiners; and there were many who imagined, from the diabolical countenance of the elder brother, that he had sold himself to the devil, who, they affirmed, set his mark upon him, and was his paymaster. Upon this hypothesis several were ready to prove that he had neither breath nor shadow: they had seen him, they said, standing under a hedge-row of elder—that unholy tree which furnished wood for the cross, and on which Judas hanged himself—yet, although it was noon-day in the month of July, his person threw out no shadow. Worthy souls, because the man stood in the shade at the time! But with these simple explanations superstition has nothing to do—although we are bound in justice to the reverend old lady to affirm, that she was kept exceedingly busy in Carnmore. If a man had a sick cow, she was elf-shot; if his child got consumptive, it had been overlooked, or received a blast from the fairies; if the hooping cough was rife, all the afflicted children were put three times under an ass, or led before sun-rise, when they happened to have the “mumps,” to a south running stream, with a halter ominously

about their necks, under an obligation of silence during the ceremony. In short, there could not possibly be a more superstitious spot than that which these men of mystery had selected for their residence. Another circumstance which caused the people to look upon them with additional dread, was their neglect of mass on Sundays and holidays, though they avowed themselves Roman Catholics. They did not, it is true, join in the dances, drinking-matches, foot-ball, and other sports with which the Carnmore folk celebrated the Lord's day ; but they scrupled not, on the other hand, to mend their garden-ditch, or mould a row of cabbages on the Sabbath, a circumstance for which two or three of the Carnmore boys were, one Sunday evening when tipsy, well-nigh chastising them. Their usual manner, however, of spending that day was by sauntering lazily about the fields, or stretching themselves supinely on the sunny sides of the hedges, their arms thrust into their bosoms, and their hats lying over their faces to keep off the sun.

In the mean time, loss of property was becoming quite common in the neighbourhood—sheep were stolen from the farmers, and cows and horses from the more extensive graziers in the parish. The complaints against the authors of these depredations were loud and incessant ; watches were

set, combinations for mutual security formed, and subscriptions to a considerable amount entered into, with a hope of being able, by the temptation of a large reward, to work upon the weakness or cupidity of some accomplice to betray the gang of villians who infested the neighbourhood. All, however, was in vain: every week brought some new act of plunder to light, from such unsuspecting persons as had hitherto escaped the notice of the robbers, but no trace could be discovered of the perpetrators. Although theft had from time to time been committed upon a small scale before the arrival of the Meehans in the village, yet it was undeniable that since that period the instances not only multiplied, but became of a more daring and extensive description. They arose in a gradual scale from the hen-roost to the stable; and with such ability were they planned and executed, that the people who in every instance identified Meehan and his brother with them, began to believe and hint that, in consequence of their compact with the devil, they had power to render themselves invisible. Common fame, who can best treat such subjects, took up this, and never laid it aside until, by narrating several exploits which Meehan the elder was said to have performed in other parts of the kingdom, she wound it up by roundly informing the Carnmoriars, that

having been once taken prisoner for murder, he was caught by the leg, when half through a hedge, but that, being most wickedly determined to save his neck, he left the leg with the officer who took him, shouting out, that it was a new species of leg-bail ; and yet he moved away with surprising speed, upon two of as good legs as any man in his majesty's dominions might wish to walk off upon, from the insinuating advances of a bailiff or a constable.

The family of the Meehans consisted of their wives and three children—two boys and a girl ; the former were the offspring of the younger brother, and the latter of Anthony. It has been observed, with truth and justice, that there is no man, how hardened and diabolical soever in his natural temper, who does not exhibit to some particular object a peculiar species of affection. Such a man was Anthony Meehan. That sullen hatred which he bore to human society, and that inherent depravity of heart which left the trail of vice and crime behind his footsteps, were flung off his character when he addressed his daughter Anne. To him her voice was like music ; to her he was not the reckless ruffian, treacherous and cruel, which the helpless and unsuspecting found him ; but a parent as kind and indulgent as ever pressed an only and beloved daughter to his bosom. Anne

was handsome ; had she been born and educated in an elevated rank of society she would have been softened by the polish and luxury of life into perfect beauty : she was, however, utterly without education. As Anne experienced from her father no unnatural cruelty, no harshness, nor even indifference, she consequently loved him in return, for she knew that tenderness from *such* a man was a proof of parental love rare to be found in life. Perhaps she loved not her father the less on perceiving that he was proscribed by the world ; a circumstance which might also have enhanced in his eyes the affection she bore him. When Meehan came to Carnmore she was sixteen, and as that was three years before the incident occurred on which we have founded this narrative, the reader may suppose her to be about nineteen—an interesting country girl as to person, but with a mind completely neglected, yet remarkable for an uncommon stock of good nature and credulity.

One winter's night in the beginning of December, Meehan and his brother sat moodily at their hearth about the hour of eleven o'clock. The fire was of peat which had been recently put down, and from between the turf the ruddy blaze was shooting out in those little tongues and gusts of sober light, which throw round the rural hearth one of those charms which make up the felicity of domestic

life. The night was stormy, and the wind moaned in deep howlings along the dark hills beneath which the cottage stood. Every object in the house was shrouded in a mellow shade, which gave to the eye a mere outline—except around the hearth alone, where the light cleared into a golden hue, giving the idea of calmness and peace. Anthony Meehan sat at one side of it, and his daughter opposite him, knitting—before the fire sat Denis, drawing shapes in the ashes for his own amusement.

“Bless me,” said he, “how strange it is!”

“What is?” inquired Anthony, in his deep and grating tones.

“Why, thin, it is strange!” continued the other, who, despite of the severity of his brother, was remarkably superstitious—“a coffin I made in the ashes three times runnin’. Isn’t it very quare, Anne?” he added, addressing the niece.

“Strange enough of a sartinty,” she replied, being unwilling to express before her father the alarm which the incident, slight as it was, created in her mind; for she, like her uncle, was subject to these ridiculous influences. “How did it happen, uncle?”

“Why, thin, no way in life, Anne, only as I was thryin’ to make a shoe, it turned out a coffin on my hands. I thin smoothed the ashes, and began

agin—and sorra bit of it but was a coffin still. Well, says I, I'll give you another chance—here goes once more—and, as sure as gun's iron, it was a coffin the third time. Heaven be about us, it's odd enough !”

“It would be little matther you were nailed down in a coffin,” replied Anthony, fiercely; “the world would have little loss. What a pitiful, cowardly rascal you are ! afraid of your own shadow afther the sun goes down, except I'm at your elbow ! Can't you drive all them palavers out o' your head—didn't the sargint tell us, and prove to us, the time we broke the guard-house, an' took Frinch lave o' the ridgment for good, that the whole o' that, and more along with it, is all priest-craft ?”

“I remimber he did, sure enough : I dunna where the same sargint is now, Tony ? About no good, any way, I'll be bail, Howsomever, in regard o' that, why doesn't yourself give up fastin' from mate of a Friday ?”

“Do you want me to stretch you on the hearth ?” replied the savage, whilst his eyes kindled into fury, and his grim visage darkened into a satanic expression. “I'll tache you to be putting me through my catechiz about atin' mate. I may manage that as I plase—it comes at first cost any how—but no cross-questions to me about it, if you regard your health !”

“I must say for you,” replied Denis, reproachfully, “that you’re a good warrant to put the health athray upon us of an odd start: we’re not come to this time o’ day without carryin’ something to remimber you by. For my own part, Tony, I don’t like such tokens; an’, moreover, I wish you had resaved a thriffler o’ larnin’, espishily in the writin’ line—for whenever we have any difference, you’re so ready to prove your opinion by setting your mark upon me, that I’d rather fifty times over you could write it with pen and ink.”

“My father will give up that, uncle,” said the niece; “it’s bad for any body to be fightin’, but worst of all for brothers, that ought to live in peace and kindness. Won’t you, Father?”

“Maybe I will, dear, some o’ those days on your account, Anne; but you must get this cra-thur of an uncle of your’s to let me alone, an’ not be aggravatin’ me with this folly. As for your mother, she’s worse—her tongue’s sharp enough to skin a flint, and a batin’ a day has little effect on her.”

Anne sighed, for she knew how low an irreligious life, and the infamous society with which, as her father’s wife, her mother was compelled to mingle, had degraded her.

“Well, but father, you don’t set her a good example, yourself,” said Anne; “and if she scolds

and drinks *now*, you know she was a different woman when you got her—you allow this yourself; and the crathur, the dhrunkest time she is, doesn't she cry bitterly, remimberin' what she has been. Instead of *one* batin' a day, father, thry *no* batin' a day, an' maybe it'll turn out better than thumpin' an' smashin' her, as you do."

"Why, thin, there's truth an' sinse in what the girl says, Tony," observed Denis.

"Come," replied Anthony, "whatever *she* may say, I'll suffer none of *your* interference. Go and get us the black bottle from the *place*—it'll soon be time to move. I hope *they* won't stay too long."

Denis obeyed this command with great readiness, for whiskey in some degree blunted the fierce passions of his brother, and deadened his cruelty; or rather diverted it from minor objects to those which occurred in the lawless perpetration of his villany.

The bottle was got, and in the mean time the fire blazed up brightly; the tempest without, however, did not abate, nor did Meehan and his brother wish that it should. As the elder of them took the glass from the hands of the other, an air of savage pleasure blazed in his eyes, on reflecting that the tempest of the night was favorable to the perpetration of the villanous deed on which they were bent.

“More power to you!” said Anthony, impiously personifying the tempest: “sure that’s one proof that God doesn’t trouble his head about what we do, or we would not get such a murdherin’ fine night as is in it, any how—that’s it! blow an’ tundher away, an’ keep yourself an’ us as black as hell, sooner than we should fail in what we intind. Anne, your health, acushla—your’s, Dinny—if you keep your tongue off o’ me, I’ll neither make nor meddle in regard o’ the batin’ o’ you.”

“I hope you’ll stick to that, any how,” replied Denis; “for my part I’m sick an’ sore of you every week in the year. Many another man would put salt wather between himself and yourself, sooner nor become a battin’-stone for you, as I have been. Few would bear it, when they could mend themselves.”

“What’s that you say?” replied Anthony, suddenly laying down his glass, catching his brother by the collar, and looking him with a murderous scowl in the face. “Is it trachery you’d hint at—eh? Sarpent, is it trachery you mane?” and as he spoke he compressed Denis’s neck between his powerful hands, until the other was black in the face.

Anne flew to her uncle’s assistance, and with much difficulty succeeded in rescuing him from the deadly gripe of her father, who exclaimed, as he

loosed his hold, "You may thank the girl, or you'd not spake, nor dare to spake about crossin' the salt wather, or lavin' me in a desateful way, agin. If I ever suspect that a thought of trachery comes into your heart, I'll *do* for you—and you may carry your story to the world I'll send you to."

"Father, dear, why are you so suspicious of my uucle?" said Anne, "sure he's a long time livin' with you, an' goin' step for step in all the danger you meet with. If he had a mind to turn out a Judas agin you, he might do it long ago—*not* to mintion the throuble it will bring on his own head—seein' he's as deep in every thing as you are."

"If that's all that's throubling you," replied Denis, trembling, "you may make yourself asy on the head of it; but well I know 'tisn't *that* that's on your mind; 'tis your own conscience—but sure it's not fair nor rasonable for you to vint your evil thoughts on me?"

"Well, he won't:" said Anne, "he'll quit it—his mind's throubled; an', dear knows, it's no wonder it should. Och, I'd give the world wide that his conscience was lightened of the load that's upon it!" My mother's lameness is nothin'—but the child, poor thing—an' it was only within three days of her lyin-in. Och, it was a cruel stroke, father! An' when I seen its little innocent face

dead. an' me without a brother, I thought my heart would break, thinkin' upon who did it!" The tears fell in showers from her eyes, as she added, "father, I don't want to vex you; but I wish you to feel sorrow for *that* at laste. Oh, if you'd bring the priest, an' give up sich coorses, father dear, how happy we'd be—an' how happy yourself 'ud be!"

Conscience for a moment started from her sleep, and uttered a cry of guilt in his spirit: his face became ghastly and his eyes full of horror; his lips quivered; and he was about to upbraid his daughter with more harshness than usual, when a low whistle, resembling that of a curlew, was given at a chink of the door. In a moment he gulphed down another glass of spirits, and was on his feet: "Go, Denis, and get the arms," said he to his brother, "while I let them in."

On opening the door, three men entered having their great coats muffled and strapped about them, and their hats slouched. One of them, named Kenny, was a short villian, but of a thick-set hairy frame. The other was known as "the Big Mower," in consequence of his following that employment every season, and of his great skill in performing it. He had a deep-rooted objection against permitting the palm of his hand to be seen—a reluctance which common fame attributed to the fact

of his having received on that part the impress of a hot iron, in the shape of the letter T, not forgetting to add, that T was the hieroglyphic for Thief. The villian himself affirmed it was simply the mark of a cross, burned into it by a blessed friar, as a charm against St. Vitus' dance, to which he said he had been subject. The people, however, were rather sceptical, not of the friar's power to cure that malady, but on the fact of his ever having moved a limb under it; and they conclude with telling him, good-humouredly enough, that notwithstanding the charm, he was destined to die "wid the tremble of it in his toe." The third was a noted pedlar, called Martin, who, under the guise of selling tape, pins, scissors, &c. was very useful in *setting* such premises as this virtuous fraternity might, without much risk, make a descent upon.

"I thought yees would out-stay your time;" said the elder Meehan, relapsing into his determined hardihood of character; "we're ready, hours a-gone. Dick Rice gave me two curlew, an' two patrich-calls to-day. Now pass the glass among yees, while Denny brings the arms. I know there's danger in this business, in regard of the Cassidy's livin' so near us. If I see any body afut I'll use the *curlew* call; an' if not, I'll whistle twice on the patrich one, an' yees may come an.

The horse is worth aighty guineas, if he's worth a shillin' ; and we'll make sixty out of him ourselves."

For some time they chatted upon the plan in contemplation, and drank freely of the spirits, until at length the impatience of the elder Meehan, at the delay of his brother became ungovernable. His voice deepened into tones of savage passion, as he uttered a series of blasphemous curses against this unfortunate butt of his indignation and malignity. At length he rushed furiously to know why he did not return ; but, on reaching a secret excavation in the mound, against which the house was built, he found, to his utter dismay, that Denis was gone by an artificial passage which they had scooped out of it, in order to secure themselves a retreat, in case of surprise or detection. It opened behind the house among a clump of black-thorn and brushwood, and was covered with green turf in such a manner, as to escape the notice of all who were not acquainted with the secret. Meehan's face, on his return, was worked up into an expression truly awful,

"We're sould," said he ; "but, stop—I'll tache the traithur what revinge is !" In a moment he awoke his brother's two sons, and dragged them by the neck, one in each hand, to the hearth. "Your villian of a father's off," said he, "to betray us—go, and folley him—bring him back,

an' he'll be safe from me; but let him become a *stag* again us, an', if I should hunt you both into the bowels of the airth, I'll send yees to a short account. I don't care that"—and he snapped his fingers, "ha, ha—no; I don't care that, for the law—I know how to dale with it, when it comes! An' what's the stuff about the other world, but priestcraft and lies!"

"Maybe," said the Big Mover, "Denis is gone to get the fore-way for us, an' to take the horse himself. Our best plan is to lose no time, at all evints, let us hurry, for fraid the night might happen to clear up."

"He!" said Meehan, "he go alone! No; the miserable wretch is afraid of his own shadow—I only wondher he stuck to me so long: but, sure he wouldn't, only I bate the courage in, and the fear out, of him:—you're right, Brian," he added, "let us lose no time, but be off. Do yees mind?" he added to his nephews, "did yees hear me? if ye see him, let him come back, an' all will be berrid; but, if he doesn't, you know your fate;" saying which, he and his accomplices departed amid the howling of the storm.

The next morning, Carnmore, and indeed the whole parish, was in an uproar; a horse worth eighty guineas, had been stolen in the most daring manner from the Cassidys, and the hue and cry

was up after the thief or thieves who took him. For several days the search was closely maintained, but without success ; not the slightest trace could be found of him or them. The Cassidys could very well bear to lose him ; but there were many struggling farmers, on whose property serious depredations had been committed, who could not sustain their loss so readily. It was natural, under these circumstances, that suspicion should attach to many persons, some of whom had but indifferent characters before, as well as to several who stood high as men of honesty and good report. When a fortnight or so had elapsed, and no circumstances transpired that might lead to discovery, the neighbours, including those who had principally suffered by the robberies, determined to assemble upon a certain day at Cassidy's house, for the purpose of clearing themselves, on oath, of the imputation thrown out against some of them, as accomplices in the thefts. In order, however, that the ceremony should be performed as solemnly as possible, they determined to send or Father Kennedy, the parish priest, and a Mr. Davidson, a magistrate, whom they requested to undertake the task of jointly presiding upon this occasion ; and, that the circumstance should have every publicity, it was announced from the altar by the priest, on the preceding Sabbath, and pub-

lished on the church door in large legible characters, ingeniously printed with a pen by the village school-master. In fact the intended meeting, and the object of it, were already notorious; and much conversation was held upon its probable result, and the measures which might be taken against those who should refuse to swear. Of the latter description, there was but one opinion, which was, that their refusal in such a solemn case would be tantamount to guilt. The innocent were anxious to vindicate themselves from suspicion; and, as the suspected did not amount to more than a dozen, of course the whole body of the people—including the thieves themselves, who applauded it as loudly as the others—all expressed their satisfaction at the measures about to be adopted. A day was therefore appointed, on which the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, particularly the suspected persons, should come to the assembly at Cassidy's house, in order to have the characters of the innocent cleared up, and the guilty known.

Having now brought on the narrative to the evening before the investigation, we will once more conduct our readers to the inside of Meehan's cottage, where the elder Meehan, and the rest of the gang, are assembled, including Denis, who absconded on the night of the theft.

“Well, well, Denny,” said Anthony, who forced

his rugged nature into an appearance of better temper, that he might strengthen the timid spirit of his brother against the scrutiny about to take place on the morrow—perhaps, too, he dreaded him—"Well, well, Denny, I thought sure enough, that it was some new piece of cowardice came over you. Just think of him," he added, with a dark hoarse laugh, "shabbin' off, only because he made, with a bit of a rod, three strokes in the ashes that he thought resembled a coffin!—ha, ha, ha!"

This produced a peal of derision at Denis's pusillanimous terror. "Ay!" said the Big Mower, "he was makin' a coffin, was he? I wonder it wasn't a rope you drew, Denny. If any man here dies in the coil, it will be the greatest coward, an' that's yourself."

"You may all laugh," replied Denis, "but I know such things to have a manin'. When my mother died, didn't my father—the heavens be his bed—see a black coach about a week before it? an' sure, from the first day she tuck ill, the dead-watch was heard in the house every night; an' what was more nor that, she kept *warm* until she went into her grave—an' accordingly, didn't my sister Shibby die within a year after?"

"It's no matter about thim things," replied Anthony: "its truth about the dead-watch, my mother keepin' warm, an' Shibby's death, any way."

But on the night we took Cassidy's horse, I thought you were gone to betray us: I was surely in a murderin' passion, and would have done harm only things turned out as they did."

"Why," said Denis, "the truth is, I was afeard *some* of us would be shot, an' that the lot would fall on myself; for the coffin, thinks I, was sent as a warnin'. How-and-ever, I spied about Cassidy's stable, till I seen that the coast was clear, so whin I heard the low cry of the patrich that Anthony and I agreed on, I joined yees."

"Well, about to-morrow," observed Kenny—"ha, ha, ha!—there'll be lots o' swearin'—why the whole parish is to switch the primer: many a thumb and coat-cuff will be kissed in spite of priest and magistrate. I remember once, when I was swearing an *alibi* for long Paddy Murray, that suffered for the M'Gees, I kissed my thumb, I thought, so smoothly, that no one would notish it; but I had a keen one to dale with—so says he, 'You know for the matter o' that, my good fellow, you have your *thumb* to kiss every day in the week, but you might salute the *book* out o' dacency an' good manners; not,' says he, 'that you an' it are strangers aither—for, If I don't mistake, you live comfortably by swearin' alibis.' At all evints, I had to smack the book itself—an' it's I, and Barney Green, and Tim Casserly, that did swear

stiffly for Paddy—but the thing was too clear agin him. So he suffered, poor fellow, an' died right game, for he said over his *drop*—ha, ha, ha—that he was as innocent of the murdher as the child unborn—an' so he was in *one* sinse,”

“As to thumb-kissin’,” observed the elder Meehan, “let there be none of it among us to-morrow; if we’re caught at it ’twould be as bad as stayin’ away altogether: for my part, I’ll give it a smack like a pistol shot—ha, ha, ha!”

“I hope they won’t bring the priest’s book,” said Denis. “I haven’t the laste objection agin payin’ my respects to the magistrate’s paper—but somehow I don’t like tasting the priest’s in a falsity.”

“Don’t you know,” said the Big Mower, “that whin a magistrate’s present, it’s ever an always the Tistament *by law* that’s used. I myself wouldn’t kiss the mass book in a falsity.”

“There’s none of us sayin’ we’d do it in a lie,” said the elder Meehan; “an’ its well for thousands that the law doesn’t use the priest’s book—though, after all, aren’t there books that say religion’s all a sham. I think myself it is; for if what they talk about justice an’ providence is thrue, would Tom Dillon be transported for the robbery *we* committed at Bantry? Tom, it’s thrue, was an ould offender—but he was innocent of *that*, any way. The world’s all chance, boys, as sargint

Eustace used to say, an' whin we die there's no more about us; so that I don't see why a man mightn't as well *switch* the priest's book as any other, only that, somehow, a body can't shake the terror of it off o' them."

"I dunna, Anthony, but you an' I ought to curse that sargint; only for him we mighn't be as we are, sore in our conscience, an' afeard of every fut we hear passin'," observed Denis.

"Spake for your own cowardly heart, man alive," replied Anthony; "for my part, I'm afeard of nothin'. Put round the glass, and don't be nursin' it there all night. Here's long life to our friends the graziers. Sure we're not so bad as the rot among the sheep, nor the black-leg among the bullocks, nor the staggers among the horses, any how—an' yet they'd hang us up only for bein fond of a bit o' mate—ha, ha, ha!"

"Thrue enough," said the Big Mower, philosophising—"God made the beef an' the mutton, and the grass to feed it—but it was man made the ditches; now we're only bringin' things back to the right way that Providence made them in, when ould times were in it—meanin' before the ditches war made—ha, ha, ha!"

"'Tis a good argument," observed Kenny, "only that jidge and jury would be a little delicate in acting up to it—an' the more's the pity."

Howsomever, as providence made the mutton, sure it's no harm for us to take what he sends."

"Ay; but," said Denis,

"God made man, an' man made money ;

God made bees, an' bees made honey ;

God made Satan, an' Satan made sin ;

An' God made a hole to put Satan in."

Let nobody say there's not a hell—isn't there it's plain from Scripthur ?"

"I wish you had Scripthur tied about your neck !" replied Anthony—"how fond of it one o' the greatest thieves that ever missed the rope is ! Why the fellow could plan a roguery with any man that ever danced the hangman's hornpipe, an' yit he be's repatin' bits an' scraps of ould prayers, an' charms, an' stuff. Ay, indeed, sure he has a varse out o' the Bible, that he thinks can prevint a man from bein' hung up any day !"

While Kenny, the Big Mower, and the two Meehans were thus engaged in giving expression to their peculiar opinions, the Pedlar held a conversation of a different kind with Anne.

With the secrets of the family in his keeping, he commenced rather a penitent review of his own life, and expressed his intention of abandoning so dangerous a mode of accumulating wealth. He said he thanked heaven that he had already laid up sufficient for the wants of a reasonable man ;

that he understood farming and the management of *sheep* particularly well ; that it was his intention to remove to a different part of the kingdom, and take a farm; and that nothing prevented him from having done this before, but the want of a help-mate to take care of his establishment ; that his present wife was of an intolerable temper, and a greater villian by fifty degrees than himself. He concluded by saying that his conscience twitched him night and day for living with her, and that by abandoning her immediately, becoming truly religious, and taking Anne in her place, he hoped, he said, to atone in some measure for his former errors.

Anthony, however, having noticed the earnestness which marked the Pedlar's manner, suspected him of attempting to corrupt the principles of his daughter, having forgot the influence which his own opinions were calculated to produce upon her heart. "Martin," said he, "'twould be as well you ped attention to what we're sayin' in regard o' the trial to-morrow, as to be palaverin' talk into the girl's ear that can't be good comin' from *your* lips. Quit it, I say, quit it—*corp an duowol*—I won't allow such proceedins !"

"Swear till you blister your lips, man alive," replied Martin ; "as for me, bein' no residenthur, I'm not bound to it—an', what's more, I'm not suspected. 'Tis settin' some other bit o' work for

yees I'll be, while you're all clearin' yourselves from stealin' honest Cassidy's horse. I wish we had him safely disposed of in the mane time, an' the money for him an' the other beasts in our pockets."

The next morning, before the hour appointed arrived, the parish, particularly the neighbourhood of Carnmore, was struck as with a paralysis of dismay. Labour became suspended, mirth disappeared, and every face was marked with paleness, anxiety, and apprehension. If two men met, one shook his head mysteriously, and inquired from the other, "Did you hear the news?"

"Ay, ay! the Lord be about us! I did: an' I pray God it may lave the country as it came to it!"

"Oh, an' that it may, I humbly make sufflication this day!"

If two women met, it was with similar mystery and fear: "*Vread*, do you know what's at the Cassidy's?"

"Whisht, a-hagur, I do; but let what will happen, sure it's best for us to say nothin'."

"Say! the blessed Virgin forbid! I'd cut the hand off o' me, afore I'd spake a word more about it—only that"——

"Whisht! woman—for mercy's sake—don't—"

And so they would separate, each crossing herself devoutly.

The meeting at Cassidy's was to take place that day at twelve o'clock; but, about two hours before the appointed time, Anne, who had been in some of the other houses, came into her father's quite pale, breathless, and trembling.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with clasped hands, whilst the tears fell fast from her eyes, "we'll be lost—ruined—did yees hear what's in the neighbourhood with the Cassidy's?"

"Girl," said the father, with more severity than he had ever manifested to her before, "I never yet *ris* my hand to you, but *ma corp an duowol*, if you open your lips, I'll *fell* you where you stand. Do you want that cowardly uncle of your's to be the manes of hangin' your father? Maybe that was one of the lessons Martin gave you last night?" And as he spoke, he knit his brows at her with the murderous scowl which was habitual to him. The girl trembled, and began to think, that since her father's temper deepened in domestic outrage and violence as his crimes multiplied, the sooner she left the family the better. Every day, indeed, diminished that species of instinctive affection which she had entertained towards him; and this, in proportion as her reason ripened into a capacity for comprehending the dark materials of which his character was composed. Whether he himself began to consider

detection at hand, or not, we cannot say; but it is certain, that his conduct was marked with a callous recklessness of spirit, which increased in atrocity to such a degree, that even his daughter only could *not* look on him with *disgust*.

“What’s the matter, now?” inquired Denis, with alarm—“is it any thing about us, Anthony?”

“No; ’t isn’t,” replied the other, “any thing about us!—What ’ud it be about us for? ’Tis a lyin’ report that some cunnin’ knave spread, hopin’ to find out the guilty. But, hear me, Denis, once for all we’re goin’ to clear ourselves—now listen—an’ let my words sink deep into your heart: if you refuse to swear this day—no matter what’s put into your hand—you’ll do harm—that’s all: have courage, man; but should you *cow*, your coorse will be short: an’ mark, even if *you* escape me your sons won’t—I have it all planned—an’ *corp an duowol*, thim you wont know from Adam will revinge me, if I’m taken up through your unmanliness.”

“’Twould be better for us to lave the counthry,” said Anne; “we might slip away as it is.”

“Ay,” said the father, “an’ be taken by the neck afore we’d get two miles from the place—no no, girsha—’tis the safest way to brazen them out Did you hear me, Denis?”

Denis started; for he had evidently been pon-

dering on the mysterious words of Anne, to which the brother's anxiety to conceal them, gave additional mystery. The coffin, too, recurred to him, and he feared that the death shadowed out by it, would in some manner or other occur in the family. He was, in fact, one of those miserable villians, with but half a conscience—that is to say, as much as makes them the slaves of that fear which results from crime, without being the slightest impediment to their committing it. It was no wonder he started at the deep pervading tones of his brother's voice; for the question was put with ferocious energy.

On starting, he looked with vague terror on his brother, fearing, but not comprehending, his question. "What is it, Anthony?" he inquired.

"Oh, for that matther," replied the other, "nothin' at all—think of what I said to you, anyhow—swear through thick an' thin, if you have a regard for your own health, or for your childer. Maybe I had better repate it again for you," he continued, eying him with mingled hatred and suspicion. "Denis, as a friend, I bid you mind yourself this day, an' see you don't bring either of us into throuble."

There lay before the Cassidy's house a small flat or common, trodden into rings by the young horses they were in the habit of training. On this

level space were assembled those who came, either to clear their own character from suspicion, or to witness the ceremony. The day was dark and louring, and heavy clouds rolled slowly across the peaks of the surrounding mountains; scarcely a breath of air could be felt; and as the country people silently approached, such was the closeness of the day, their haste to arrive in time, and their general anxiety, either for themselves or their friends, that almost every man, on reaching the spot, might be seen taking up the skirt of his "cothamore," or big coat, (the peasant's handkerchief) to wipe the perspiration from his brow; and as he took off his dingy woollen hat, or caubeen, the smoke rose in strong exhalations from his head.

"Michael, am I in time?" might be heard from such persons, as they arrived. "Did this business begin yet?"

"Full time, Larry, myself's here an hour ago, but no appearance of anything as yet. Father Farrell and Square Nicholson are both in Cassidy's waitin' till they're all *gothor*, whin they'll begin to put them through their facins. You hard about what they've got?"

"No; for I'm only on my way home from the berril of a *cleaveen* of mine, that we put down this mornin' in Tullyard—what is it?"

“Why, man alive, it’s through the whole parish *inready*”—he then went on, lowering his voice to a whisper, and speaking in a tone almost bordering on dismay.

The other crossed himself, and betrayed symptoms of awe and astonishment, not unmingled with fear. “Well,” he replied, “I dunna whether I’d come here, if I had known that; for innocent or guilty, I wouldn’t wish to be near it. Och, may God pity them that’s to come across it—espishily if they dare to do it in a lie?”

“They needn’t, I can tell yees both,” observed a third person, “be a hair afeard of it, for the best rason livin’, that there’s no truth at all in the report; nor the Cassidy’s never thought of sendin’ for any thing o’ the kind—I have it from Larry Cassidy’s own lips—an’ he ought to know best.”

The truth is, that two reports were current among the crowd; one, that the oath was to be simply on the Bible, and the other, that a more awful means of expurgation was resorted to by the Cassidy’s. The people, consequently, not knowing which to credit, felt that most painful of all sensations, uncertainty.

During the period which intervened between their assembling, and the commencement of the ceremony, a spectator, interested in contemplating the workings of human nature in circumstances of

deep interest, would have had ample scope for contemplation. The occasion was to them a solemn one. There was little conversation among them; for when a man is wound up to a pitch of great interest, he is seldom disposed to relish society. Every brow was anxious, every cheek blanched, and every arm folded; they scarcely stirred; or, when they did, only with slow abstracted movements, rather mechanical than voluntary. If an individual made his appearance about Cassidy's door, a sluggish stir among them was visible, and a low murmur of a peculiar character might be heard; but on perceiving that it was only some ordinary person, all subsided again into a brooding stillness that was equally singular and impressive.

Under this peculiar feeling was the multitude, when Meehan and his brother were seen approaching it from their own house. The elder, with folded arms, and hat hanging over his brows, stalked grimly forward, having that remarkable scowl upon his face, which had contributed to establish for him so diabolical a character. Denis walked by his side, with his countenance strained to inflation, a miserable parody of the sullen effrontery which marked the unshrinking miscreant beside him. He had not heard of the ordeal, owing to the caution of Anthony; but notwithstanding his effort at indifference, a keen eye

might have observed the latent anxiety of a man who was habitually villanous, and naturally timid.

When this pair entered the crowd, a few secret glances, too rapid to be noticed by the people, passed between them and their accomplices. Denis, on seeing them present, took fresh courage, and looked with the heroism of a blusterer upon those who stood about him, especially whenever he found himself under the scrutinizing eye of his brother. Such was the horror and detestation in which they were held, that on advancing into the assembly, the persons on each side turned away, and openly avoided them : eyes full of fierce hatred were bent on them vindictively, and "curses, not loud, but deep," were muttered with an indignation which nothing but a divided state of feeling could repress within due limits. Every glance however was paid back by Anthony with interest, from eyes and black shaggy brows tremendously ferocious ; and his curses, as they rolled up half-smothered from his huge chest, were deeper and more diabolical by far than their own : he even jeered at them ; but, however disgusting his frown, there was something truly appalling in the dark gleam of his scoff, which threw them at an immeasurable distance behind him, in the art of displaying on the countenance the worst of human passions.

At length, Mr. Nicholson, Father Farrell, and his curate, attended by the Cassidys and their friends, issued from the house: two or three servants preceded them, bearing a table and chairs for the magistrate and priests, who, however, stood during the ceremony. When they entered one of the rings before alluded to, the tables and chairs were placed in the centre of it, and Father Farrell, as possessing most influence over the people, addressed them very impressively.

“There are,” said he, in conclusion, “persons in this crowd whom we know to be guilty; but we will have an opportunity of now witnessing the lengths to which crime, long indulged in, can carry them. To such persons I would say beware—as they know not the situation in which they are placed.”

During all this time there was not the slightest allusion made to the mysterious ordeal which had excited so much dismay and apprehension among them—a circumstance which occasioned many a pale downcast face to clear up and re-assume its usual cheerful expression. The crowd was now placed around the ring, and every man on whom an imputation had been fastened came forward, when called upon, to the table, at which the priests and magistrate stood uncovered. The form of the oath was framed by the two priests, who, as they knew

the reservations and evasions commonest among such characters, had ingeniously contrived not to leave a single loop-hole for the consciences of those who belonged to this worthy fraternity.

There was nothing particularly remarkable in the swearing. Indeed one who stood among the crowd might hear from those who were stationed at the greatest distance from the table, such questions as the following:—

“Is the thing in it, Art?”

“No—’tis nothin’ but the Law Bible—the magistrate’s own one.”

To which the querist would reply, with a satisfied nod of the head, “Oh, is that all? I hard they war to have *it*.” On which he would push himself stoutly through the crowd until he reached the table, where he took his oath as readily as another.

“Jem Hartigan,” said the magistrate, “are you to swear?”

“Faix, myself doesn’t know, your honour; only that I hard them say that the Cassidys mintioned our names along with many other honest people; an’ one wouldn’t in that case, lie undher a false report your honour, from any one, when we’re as clear as them that never saw the light of any thing of the kind.”

The magistrate then put the book into his

hand, and Jem, in return, fixed his eye, with much apparent innocence, on his face: "Now, Jem Hartigan," &c. &c. and the oath was accordingly administered. Jem put the book to his mouth, with his thumb raised to an acute angle on the back of it; nor was the smack by any means a silent one which he gave it, (his thumb.)

The magistrate set his ear with the air of a man who had experience in discriminating such sounds. "I say, Hartigan," said he, "you'll kiss the *book*, Sir, if you please—there's a hollowness in that smack, Sir, which can't escape *me*."

"Not kiss it, your honour? why, by this staff in my hand, if ever a man kissed"——

"Silence, you impostor," said the curate; "I watched you closely, and am confident your lips never touched the book."

"My lips *never* touched the book!—why, you know I'd be sorry to conthradict either of you; but I was jist goin' to obsarve, wid simmission, that my own lips ought to know best, an' don't you hear them tellin' you that they *did* kiss it:" and be grinned with confidence in their faces.

"You double-dealing reprobate," said the parish priest, "I'll lay my whip across your jaws. I saw you, too, an' you didn't kiss the book."

"By dad, an' maybe I did *not*, sure enough," he replied—"any man may make a mistake un-

knownst to himself; but I'd give my oath, an' be the five crosses, I kissed it as sure as——however, a good thing's never the worse o' bein' twice done, jintlemen—so here goes, jist to satisfy you;" and placing the book near his mouth, and altering his position a little, he appeared to comply—though, on the contrary, he touched neither it nor his thumb. "It's the same thing to me," he continued, laying down the book with an air of confident assurance—"it's the same thing to me, if I kissed it fifty times over, which I'm ready to do if *that* doesn't satisfy yees."

According as every man acquitted himself of the charges brought against him, the curate took down his name; indeed, before the "clearing" commenced, he requested that such as were to swear would stand together within the ring, that, after having sworn, he might hand each of them a certificate of the fact, which they appeared to think might be serviceable to them, should they happen to be subsequently indicted for the same crime in a court of justice.

The detections of thumb-kissing were received by those who had already sworn, and by many in the outward crowd, with much mirth. It is but justice, however, to the generality of those assembled to state, that they appeared to entertain a serious opinion of the nature of the ceremony, and

no small degree of abhorrence against those who seemed to trifle with the solemnity of an oath.

Standing on the edge of the circle in the innermost row, were Meehan and his brother. The former eyed with all the hardness of a Stoic, the successive individuals as they passed up to the table. His accomplices had gone forward, and to the surprise of many who strongly suspected them, in the most indifferent manner, "cleared" themselves in the trying words of the oath, of all knowledge and participation of the thefts that had taken place.

The grim visage of the elder Meehan was marked by a dark smile, scarcely perceptible; but his brother, whose nerves were not so firm, appeared somewhat confused and distracted by the imperturbable villany of the perjurers.

At length they were called up. Anthony advanced slowly, but collectedly, to the table, only turning his eye slightly about, to observe if his brother accompanied him. "Denis," said he, "which of us will swear first? you may; for as he doubted his brother's firmness, he was prudent enough should he fail, to guard against having the sin of perjury to answer for, along with those demands which his country had to make for his other crimes. Denis took the book, and cast a slight glance at his brother, as if for encourage-

ment ; their eyes met, and the darkened brow of Anthony hinted at the danger of flinching in this crisis. The tremor of his hand was not perhaps visible to any but Anthony, who, however, did not overlook this circumstance. Denis held the book, but raised not his eye to meet the looks of either the magistrate or the priests ; the colour also left his face, as with shrinking lips he touched the word of God in a deliberate falsehood. Having laid it down, and joined those who had already sworn, Anthony took it up with a firm grasp ; and whilst his eye turned boldly in contemptuous mockery upon those who administered it, he impressed it with the kiss of a man whose depraved conscience seemed to goad him only to evil. Having "cleared" himself, he laid the book upon the table with the affected air of a person who felt hurt at the imputation of theft, and joined the rest with a frown upon his countenance, and a smothered curse upon his lips.

Just at this moment, a person from Cassidy's laid upon the table a small box covered with black cloth ; and our readers will be surprised to hear, that if fire had come down visibly from heaven, greater awe and fear could not be struck into their hearts or impressed upon their countenances. The casual conversation, and the commentaries upon the ceremony they had witnessed, instantly settled

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SWEARING AT THE DONAGH



Engraved by J. R. Wood

Let none of those who have sworn depart from within the ring until they once more clear themselves upon this

into a most profound silence, and every eye was turned towards it with an interest absolutely fearful.

“Let,” said the curate, “none of those who have sworn depart from within the ring, until they once more clear themselves upon this”—and as he spoke, he held it up—“behold!” said he, “and tremble—behold THE DONAGH!!!”

A low cry of affright and astonishment burst from the people in general, whilst those within the ring, who were the worst characters in the parish, appeared ready to sink into the earth. Their countenances, for the most part, darkened into the condemned hue of guilt; from many of them the perspiration began to pour in large drops; and altogether, the state of trepidation and terror in which they stood, was strikingly singular and impressive.

The curate proceeded: “Let him now who is guilty, depart; or, if he wishes, advance, and challenge the awful penalty annexed to perjury upon this! Who has ever been known to swear falsely upon the Donagh, without being visited by a tremendous punishment, either on the spot, or in twenty-four hours after his perjury! If we ourselves have not seen such instances with our own eyes, ’tis because none liveth who dare incur such a dreadful penalty; but we have heard of those

who did, and of their awful punishment afterwards. Sudden death, madness, paralysis, self-destruction, or the murder of some one dear to them, are the marks by which perjury on the Donagh is known and visited. Advance, now, ye who are innocent, but let the guilty withdraw; for we do not desire to witness the awful display which would attend a false oath upon this. Pause, therefore, and be cautious! for if this grievous sin be committed, a heavy punishment will fall upon the parish in which it occurs!"

The words of the priest sounded to the guilty like the death-sentence of a judge. Before he had concluded, all, except Meehan and his brother, and a few who were really innocent, had slunk back out of the circle into the crowd. Denis, however, became pale as a corpse; and from time to time wiped the large drops from his haggard brow: even Anthony's cheek, despite of his natural callousness, was less red; his eyes became disturbed; but by their influence, he contrived to keep Denis in a sufficient dread, to prevent him from mingling like the rest among the people. The few who remained along with them, advanced; and, notwithstanding their innocence, when the Donagh was opened, and the figure of Christ and the Twelve Apostles displayed in the solemn drapery of its rude painting, they exhibited symp-

toms of fear. With trembling hands they touched the Donagh, and with trembling lips kissed the image painted on the crucifix in attestation of their guiltlessness of the charge with which they had been accused.

“Anthony and Denis Meehan, come forward,” said the curate, “and declare your innocence of the crimes with which you are charged by the Cassidys and others.” Anthony advanced; but Denis stood rooted to the ground: on perceiving which the former sternly returned a step or two, and catching him by the arm with an admonitory grip, which could not easily be misunderstood, compelled him to proceed with himself step by step to the table. Denis, however, could feel him tremble, and perceive, that although he strove to lash himself into the energy of despair, and the utter disbelief of all religious sanction, yet the trial before him called every slumbering sentiment and faculty of his own mind into active power. This was a death-blow to his own resolution, or rather confirmed him in his previous determination not to swear on the Donagh, except to acknowledge his guilt, which he could scarcely prevent himself from doing, such was the vacillating state of mind to which he felt himself reduced.

When Anthony reached the table, his huge form seemed to dilate by his effort at maintaining the firmness necessary to support him in this

awful struggle between conscience and superstition on the one hand, and guilt, habit, and infidelity, on the other. He fixed his deep kindling eyes upon the Donagh, in a manner which betokened somewhat of irresolution : his countenance fell—his colour came and went, but eventually settled in a flushed red—his powerful hands and arms trembled so much, that he folded them, to prevent the agitation from being noticed : the grimness of his face ceased to be stern, while it retained the blank expression of guilt ; large drops of perspiration burst rapidly from his temples, which now shook with the terrible play of their blood-vessels : his chest, too, heaved up and down with the united pressure of guilt, and the tempest which shook him within. At length he saw Denis's eye upon him—and his passions took a new direction ; he knit his brows at him with more than his usual fierceness—ground his teeth, and with a step and action of suppressed fury, he placed his foot at the table's edge, and bowing down under the eye of God and man, took the awful oath upon the mysterious Donagh in a falsehood ! When it was finished, a feeble groan burst from his brother's lips. Anthony bent his eye on him with a deadly glare—but Denis saw it not—the shock was beyond his courage, and he had become insensible.

A commotion immediately arose among the

people, every mouth exclaiming, "He's dead! gracious God—Denis Meehan's struck dead by the Donagh—he swore in a lie, and is now a corpse!" Anthony stood, and calmly surveyed him as he lay with his head resting upon the hands of those who supported him. At this moment a silent breeze came over where they stood; and as the Donagh lay upon the table, the black ribbons with which it was ornamented, fluttered with a melancholy appearance that deepened the sensations of the people into something peculiarly solemn and preternatural. Denis at length revived; and stared wildly and vacantly about him. When composed sufficiently to distinguish and recognise individual objects, he looked upon the gloomy visage and threatening eye of his brother, and shrunk back with a terror almost epileptical. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "save me! save me from that man, and I'll discover all!" Anthony calmly folded one arm into his bosom, and his lip quivered with hatred the most baleful. "Hould him!" shrieked out a voice, which proceeded from his daughter, "Hould my father, or he'll murder him—oh! oh! merciful heaven!" And ere the words were uttered, she had made an attempt to clasp the arms of her parent, whose motions she understood; but only in time to receive from the pistol, which he had concealed in his breast, the bullet aimed at

her unele ! She fell ! and the blood spouted out of her bosom upon her father's brows, who hastily put up his hand and wiped it away, for it had actually blinded him.

The elder Meehan was a tall man, and as he stood, elevated at least a head above the crowd, his grim brows red with his daughter's blood—which, in attempting to wipe away, he had deeply streaked across his face—his eyes shooting fiery gleams of his late resentment, mingled with the wildness of unexpected horror—as he stood, it would be impossible to contemplate a more revolting picture of that state to which the principles that had regulated his life, will ultimately lead even in this world.

On perceiving what he had done, the deep working of his powerful frame was struck into stillness, and he turned his eyes on his bleeding daughter with a fearful perception of her situation. Now was the harvest of his creed and crimes reaped in blood ; and he felt that the stroke which had fallen upon him was one of those by which God will sometimes bare his arm and vindicate his justice. The reflection, however, shook him not : the reality of his misery was too intense and pervading, and grappled too strongly with his hardened and unbending spirit, to waste its power upon a nerve or a muscle. It was abstracted, and

beyond the reach of bodily suffering. From the moment his daughter fell, he moved not: his lips were half open with the conviction produced by the blasting truth of her death, effected prematurely by his own hand. Those parts of his face which had not been stained with her blood assumed an ashy paleness, and rendered his countenance more terrific by the contrast. Tall, powerful, and motionless, he appeared to the crowd, glaring at the ill-fated girl, like a tiger, stunned with the shock of the bullet which has touched a vital part. His iron-grey hair, as it fell in thick masses about his neck, was moved slightly by the blast, and a lock which fell over his temple, was blown back with a motion rendered more distinct by his statue-like attitude, immoveable as death.

A silent and awful gathering of the people about this impressive scene, intimated their knowledge of what they considered a judicial punishment annexed to perjury upon the Donagh. This relic lay on the table, and the eyes of those who stood within view of it, turned from Anthony's countenance to it, and again to his blood-stained visage, with all the overwhelming influence of superstitious fear. Shudderings, and tremblings, and crossings, and deprecatory ejaculations, marked their conduct and feelings; for though the incident

in itself was a fatal and uncommon one, yet *they* considered it supernatural and miraculous.

At length a loud and agonizing cry burst from the lips of Meehan—"Oh, God!—God of heaven and earth!—have I murdered my daughter!"—and he cast down the fatal weapon with a force which buried it some inches into the wet clay.

The crowd had closed about Anne; but with the strength of a giant he flung them aside, caught the girl in his arms, and pressed her bleeding to his bosom. He gasped for breath—"Anne," said he—"Anne, I am without hope—an' there's none to forgive me except you—none at all: from God to the poorest of his creatures I am hated and cursed by all, except yourself—don't curse me, Anne—don't curse me!—how cold the day's got of a sudden! Hould up, *avourneen machree*! I *was* a bad man—but to *you*, Anne, I *was not* as I was to every one! Darlin', I'm far colder now! Tell me that you forgive me, *acushla oge machree*—*manim asthee hu**—darlin', say it. Oh, say the forgivin' word to your father before you die!"

"Father," said she, "I deserve this—it's only just—I had plotted with that devilish Russell to betray them all, except yourself, and to get the

* Young pulse of my heart!—my soul's within thee!

reward—and then we intended to go—and—live at a distance—where we might not be known—he's at our house—let him—be—secured. Forgive me, father, you said so often that there was no truth—in religion—that I began to—think so—oh—God have mercy upon me!" And with these words she expired.

Meehan's countenance, on hearing this, was overspread with a ghastly smile of the most desolating agony—he staggered back, and the body of his daughter, which he strove to hold, would have fallen from his arms, had it not been caught by the bye-standers. His eye sought out his brother—but not in resentment. "Denis," said he—"Denis, bring me home—I am sick—very sick—oh, but it's cold—every thing reeling—cold—cold it is!" and as he uttered the last words, he shuddered, fell down in a fit of apoplexy, never to rise again; and the bodies of his daughter and himself were waked and buried together.

The result is brief. The rest of the gang were secured; Denis became approver, by whose evidence they suffered that punishment decreed by society to the crimes of which they had been guilty. The two events we have just related, of course added to the supernatural fear and reverence previously entertained for this awful relic. It is still used as an ordeal of expurgation, in cases

of stolen property; and we are not wrong in asserting, that many of those misguided creatures, who too frequently hesitate not to swear falsely on the Word of God, would suffer death itself, sooner than commit a perjury on the Donagh.*

* This relic, we believe, has hitherto escaped the antiquaries. It is in the possession of a certain family whose name we do not recollect, but who, we believe, live in, or near, Maguire's Bridge. Those who bring it for the purpose of recovering stolen property, as detailed in the foregoing narrative, uniformly leave a deposit of money—to what amount we also forget, but we think twenty or thirty guineas, as a guarantee for its being safely restored to the owners. Our own opinion is, that it is one of those boxes used for holding the Gospels, such as Dimma's box, or the Meeshac, mentioned in the interesting Researches of Sir William Betham, F.S.A. The meaning of the Irish word "Donagh" is, "the Lord's day," or "a church : " and, indeed, it is likely that it received its name from the circumstances of its having formerly been used on the Sabbath and in churches.

OWEN M'CARTHY;

AN AUTHENTIC STORY.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON, ESQ.

The following story owes nothing to any colouring or invention of mine; it is unhappily a true one, and to me possesses a peculiar and melancholy interest, arising from my intimate knowledge of the man whose fate it holds up as a moral lesson to Irish landlords. I knew him well, and many a day and hour have I played about his knee, and ran, in my boyhood, round his path, when, as he said himself, the world was no trouble to him.

On the south side of a sloping tract of light ground, lively, warm, and productive, stood a white, moderate-sized farm-house, which, in consequence of its conspicuous situation, was a prominent, and we may add a graceful object in the landscape, of which it formed a part. The spot

whereon it stood was a kind of natural terrace, whose soil was heavier and richer than that of the adjoining lands. On each side of the house was a clump of old beeches, the only survivors of that species then remaining in the country. These beeches extended behind the house in a kind of angle, with opening enough at its termination, to form a vista through which its white walls glistened with beautiful effect in the calm splendour of a summer evening. Above the table on which it stood, rose two steep hills, overgrown with furze and fern, except on their tops, which were crowned with purple heath; they were also covered with patches of broom, studded over with grey rocks, which sometime rose singly or in larger masses, pointed or rounded into curious and fantastic shapes. Exactly between those hills the sun went down during the month of June, and nothing could be in finer relief than their rocky and picturesque outlines, as crowned with a thorn or a clump of wild ash, they appeared to hang on each side, supported as it were by the sun-beams, which, in calm and glowing splendour, lit up the sides of the valley into radiant beauty. The bottom of this natural chasm, which opened against the deep crimson of the evening sky, was nearly upon a level with the house, and completely so with the beeches that surrounded it. Brightly did the sinking sun

fall upon their tops, whilst the neat white house below, in their quiet shadow, sent up its wreath of smoke among their shining branches, itself an emblem of contentment, industry, and innocence. It was in fact a lovely situation—perhaps the brighter to me, that its remembrance is associated with days of happiness and freedom from the cares of a world, which, like a distant mountain, darkens as we approach it, and only exhausts us in struggling to climb its rugged and barren paths.

There was to the south-west of this house a little hazel glen, that winded up till it ended in a precipice, formed by a single rock some twenty feet high, over which tumbled a crystal cascade into a basin worn in its hard bed below ; from this spot it murmured away through the copsewood, until it joined a larger rivulet that passed with many a winding through a fine extent of meadows adjoining it. Across this glen and past the door of the house we have described, ran a small bridle road, from time immemorial ; and as the traveller ascended this towards the house, he appeared to track his way in blood, for a chalybeate *spa* arose at its head, oozing out of the earth, and spreading itself in a crimson stream over the path in every spot whereon a foot-mark could be made. From this circumstance it was called Tubber Derg, or the Red Well. In the meadow where the glen

terminated, was another spring of delicious crystal, and clearly I remember the ever-beaten path-way that led to it, through the grass and up the green field, which rose in a gentle slope from that to the happy-looking house of Owen M'Carthy, who resided under its peaceful roof.

I will not crave your pardon, gentle reader, for dwelling at such a length upon a scene so dear to my heart as this, because I write not now so much for your gratification as my own. Many an eve of gentle May have I pulled the May-gowans which grew about that well, and over that smooth meadow. Often have I raised my voice to its shrillest pitch that I might hear its echoes rebounding in the bottom of the green and still glen, where silence, so to speak, was deepened by the continuous murmur of the cascade above ; and when the cuckoo uttered her first note from the hawthorn on its side, with what trembling anxiety did I, an urchin of some eight or nine years, look under my right foot, for the white hair, whose charm was such, that by keeping it about me, the first female name I should hear was destined, I believed in my soul, to be that of my future wife. Sweet was the song of the thrush and mellow the whistle of the blackbird, as they rose in the stillness of the evening over the "birken shaws," and green dells of this secluded spot of rural beauty.

Far, too, could the rich voice of Owen M'Carthy be heard along the hills and meadows, as, with a little chubby urchin at his knee, and another in his arms, he sat on a bench beside his own door, singing the "Trougha" in his native Irish; whilst Kathleen his wife, with her two maids, each crooning a low song, sat before the door milking the cows—whose sweet breath mingled its perfume with the warm breeze of the evening.

Take, proud ambition, take thy fill
Of pleasures, won through toil or crime;
Go, learning, climb thy rugged hill,
And give thy name to future time;
Philosophy, be keen to see
Whate'er is just, or false, or vain;
Take each thy meed; but oh! give me
To range my mountain glens again.

Pure was the breeze that fann'd my cheek,
As o'er Knockmany's brow I went;
When every lonely dell could speak
In airy music, vision-sent:—
False world, I hate thy cares and thee;
I hate the treacherous haunts of men;
Give back my early heart to me,
Give back to me my mountain glen.

How bright my youthful vision shone,
When spann'd by fancy's radiant form;
But now her glitt'ring bow is gone,
And leaves me but the cloud and storm:
With wasted form and cheek all pale—
With heart long sear'd with grief and pain
Dunroe, I'll seek thy native gale—
I'll tread my mountain glens again.

Thy breeze, once more may fan my blood—
Thy valleys all are lovely still ;
And I may stand where oft I stood,
In lonely musings on thy hill :
But ah ! the spell is gone ;—no art
In crowded town, or native plain,
Can teach a crush'd and breaking heart,
To pipe the song of youth again.

Owen M'Carthy was the son of a long line of honest ancestors, whose names had never, within the memory of man, been tarnished by the commission of a mean or disreputable action. They were always a kind-hearted family, but stern and proud in the common intercourse of life. They believed themselves to be, and probably were, a branch of the Mac Carthy More stock ; and although only the possessors of a small farm, it was singular to observe the effect which this conviction produced upon their bearing and manners. To it might perhaps be attributed the high and stoical integrity for which they were remarkable ; this severity, however, was no proof that they wanted feeling, or were insensible to the misery and sorrow of others ; in all the little cares and perplexities that chequered the peaceful neighbourhood in which they lived, they were ever the first to console, to assist, or, if necessary, to support a distressed neighbour with the means which God had placed in their possession ; for being indus-

trious, they were seldom poor. Their words were few but sincere, and generally promised less than the honest hearts that dictated them intended to perform. There is in some persons a hereditary feeling of just principle—the result neither of education; nor of a clear moral sense; but rather a kind of instinctive honesty which descends like a constitutional bias from father to son, pervading every member of the family. It is difficult to define this, or to assign its due position in the scale of human virtues. It exists in the midst of the grossest ignorance, and influences the character in the absence of better principles. Such was the impress which marked so strongly the family of which I speak. No one would ever think of imputing a dishonest act to the M'Carthy's; nor would any person acquainted with them, hesitate for a moment to consider their word as good as the bond of another. I do not mean to say, however, that their motives of action were not higher than this instinctive honesty—far from it; but I say that they possessed it *in addition* to a strong feeling of family pride, and a tolerably correct knowledge of their moral duties.

I can only take up Owen M'Carthy at that part of the past to which my memory extends. He was then a tall, fine-looking young man—silent, but kind. One of the earliest events within my

recollection is his wedding ; after that the glimpses of his state and circumstances are imperfect ; but, as I grew up, they became more connected, and I am able to remember him the father of four children—an industrious, inoffensive small farmer, beloved, respected, and honoured. No man could rise, be it ever so early, who would not find Owen up before him ; no man could anticipate him in an early crop ; and if a widow, or a sick acquaintance were unable to get in their harvest, Owen was certain to collect the neighbours to assist them—to be the first there himself, with quiet benevolence encouraging them to a zealous performance of the friendly task in which they were engaged.

It was, I believe, soon after his marriage that the lease of the farm, held by the family, expired ; until that time they had been able to live with perfect independence ; but even the enormous rise of one pound per acre, though it deprived them, in a great degree, of their usual comforts, did not sink them below the bare necessities of life. For some years after that they could still serve a deserving neighbour ; and never was the hand of Owen M'Carthy held back from the wants and distresses of those whom he knew to be honest.

I remember one occasion upon which a widow Murray applied to him for a loan of five pounds,

to prevent her two cows from being auctioned for half a year's rent, of which she only wanted that sum. Owen sat at his dinner with his family when she entered the house in tears, and as well as her agitation of mind permitted, gave him a detailed account of her embarrassment.

"The blessing of God be upon all here," said she, on entering.

"The double of that to you, Rosha," replied Owen's wife; "wont you sit and be atin'—here's a sate beside Nanny—come over Rosha."

Owen only nodded to her, and continued to eat his dinner as if he felt no interest in her distress. Rosha sat down at a distance, and with the corner of a red handkerchief to her eyes shed tears in that bitterness of feeling which marks the helplessness of honest industry under the hand of oppression.

"In the name of goodness, Rosha," said Mrs. M'Carthy. "what ails you, asthore? Sure Jimmy, God spare him to you, wouldn't be dead?"

"Glory be to God, no, avourneen machree! Och, och, but it 'ud be the black sight, and the black day, that 'ud see my brave boy—the staff of our support and the bread of our mouth—taken away from us; no, no, Biddy dear, it's not that bad with me yet. I hope we'll never live to see his manly head laid down before us. 'Twas his own manliness, indeed, brought it on him—backing

the sack when he was bringin' home our last *meldhre* from the mill; for you see he should do it, the crathur, to show his strength, and the sack, when he got it an, was too heavy for him, and hurted the small of his back, for his bones, you see, are too young yet, and hadn't time to fill up yet—no, avourneen; Glory be to God he's gettin' betther with me!" and the poor creature's eyes glistened with delight through her tears and the darkness of her affliction.

Without saying a word, Owen, when she finished the eulogium on her son, rose, and taking her forcibly by the shoulder set her down at the table, on which a large potfull of potatoes had been spread out, with a circle in the middle for a dish of rashers and eggs, into which dish, every right hand of those about it was thrust with a quickness that clearly illustrated the principle of competition as a stimulus to action.

"Spare your breath," said Owen, placing her rather roughly upon the seat, "and take share of what's goin': when all's cleared off we'll hear you, but the sorra word till then."

"Musha, Owen," said the poor woman, "you're the same man still; sure we all know your ways; but, avourneen, I can't ate—I can't indeed, and don't be axin' me; sure you know I'd do wid yees as I would in my own place; I can't, asthore—

don't ax me, and the Lord bless you and yours, and may you never be as I an' my fatherless childhre are this sorrowful day!" and she accompanied her words by a flood of tears.

Owen, without evincing the slightest sympathy, withdrew himself from the table; not a muscle of his face was moved, but as the cat came about his feet at the time, he put his foot under her, and flung her as easily as possible to the lower end of the kitchen.

"Arrah, what harm did the crathur do," asked his wife, "that you'd kick her for, that way—and why but you *ate* out your dinner!"

"*I'm* done," he replied, rather gruffly, "but that's no reason that you, and thim boys that has work afore them, shouldn't finish your male's mate."

Poor Rosha thought that he had already perceived the object of her visit, and of course concluded that her chance of succeeding was very slender.

The wife, who guessed what she wanted, as well as the nature of her suspicion, being herself as affectionate and obliging as Owen, reverted to the subject in order to give her an opportunity of proceeding.

"Something bitther, and out of the common coorse, is a throuble to you, Rosha," said she,

“or you wouldn't be in the state you're in. The Lord look down on you this day, you poor crathur—widout the father of your childre to stand up for you—and your only other depindance laid on the broad of his back, all as one as a cripple; but no matther, Rosha, trust in him that can be a husband to you, and a father to your orphans—trust to him, and his blessed mother in heaven, this day, and never fear, but they'll *rise* up a friend for you.—Musha, Owen, ate your dinner as you ought to do, wid your capers? how can you take a spade in your hand upon that morsel?”

“Finish your own,” said her husband, “and never heed me—jist let me alone; don't you see that if I wanted it, I'd ate it, and what more would you have about it?”

“Well. acushla, it's your own loss sure, of a sartinty—and, Rosha, whisper a-hagur, what can Owen or I do for you?—throth it would be a bad day we'd see you at a *deshort* for a friend, for you never wor nothing else nor a civil, obligin' nabour yourself; and him that's gone before—the Lord make his bed in heaven, this day—was as good a warrant as ever broke bread, to sarve a friend, if it was at the hour of midnight.”

“Ah! when I had *him*,” exclaimed the distracted widow, “I never had occasion to trouble either friend or nabour; but he's gone, and now it's

otherwise wid me—glory be to God for all his mercies, a wurrah dheelish ! Why thin since I must spake, and has no other friend to go to—but somehow I doubt Owen looks dark upon me—sure I'd put my hand to a stamp, if my word wouldn't do, for what I want, and sign the blessed crass that saved us, for the payment of it ; or I'd give it to him in oats, for I hear you want some, Owen—Phatie oats it is, and a better shoulthered, or fuller lookin' grain never went undher a harrow—indeed it's it that's the beauty, all out, if it's good seed you want."

"What is it for, woman alive?" inquired Owen. as he kicked a three-legged stool out of his way,

"What is it for, is it? och, Owen darlin' sure my two brave cows is lavin' me. Paddy Dannellan the driver, is over wid me beyant, and has them ready to set off wid. I reared them both—the two of them, wid my own hands. *Cheeh-honey* that knows my voice, and would come to me from the fardest corner of the field, is goin', and nothin will we have, nothin' will my poor sick boy have, but the black wather, or the dry salt ; besides the butther of them bein' lost to us for the rent ; or a small taste of it, of an odd time, for poor Jimmy. Owen, next to God, I have no friend to depind on but yourself!"

"Me!" said Owen, as if astonished—"Phoo,

that's quare enough. Now do you think, Rosha—hut, hut, woman alive! Come boys, you're all done now—out wid yees to your spades, and finish that meerin before night—Me! hut, tut!”

“I have it all but five pounds, Owen, and for the sake of him that's in his grave—and that maybe is able to put up his prayer for you——.”

“And what would you want *me* to do, Rosha? Fittther for you to sit down and ate your dinner, when it's before you. I'm goin' to get an ould glove that's somewhere about this chest, for I must weed out that bit of oats afore night wid a blessin'; and as he spoke, he passed into another room as if he had altogether forgotten her solicitation, and in a few minutes returned.

“Owen, avick!—and the blessin' of the fatherless be upon you, sure and many a one of them you have, any how, Owen?”

“Well, Rosha—well?”

“Och, och, Owen, it's low days with me to be dependin' upon the stranger? Little thim that reared me, ever thought it 'ud come to this. You know I'm a dacent father's child, and I have stooped to you Owen M'Carthy—what I'd scorn to do to any other but yourself—poor and friendless as I stand here before you. Let them take the cows, then, from my childhre; but the father of the fatherless will support thim and me. Och,

bnt it's well for the O'Donohoes that their landlord lives at home among themselves, for may the heavens look down on me, I wouldn't know where to find mine, if one sight of him 'ud save me and my childre from the grave! The agent even—he lives in Dublin, and how could I lave my sick boy, and small *girshaks* by themselves, to go a hundhre miles and maybe not see him afther all. Little hopes I'd have from him even if I did—he's paid for gatherin' in his rents; but it's well known he wants the touch of nathur for the sufferings of the poor, and of them that's honest in their intentions."

"I'll go over wid you, Rosha, if that'll be any use," replied Owen, composedly; "come, I'll go and spake to dirty Dannellan."

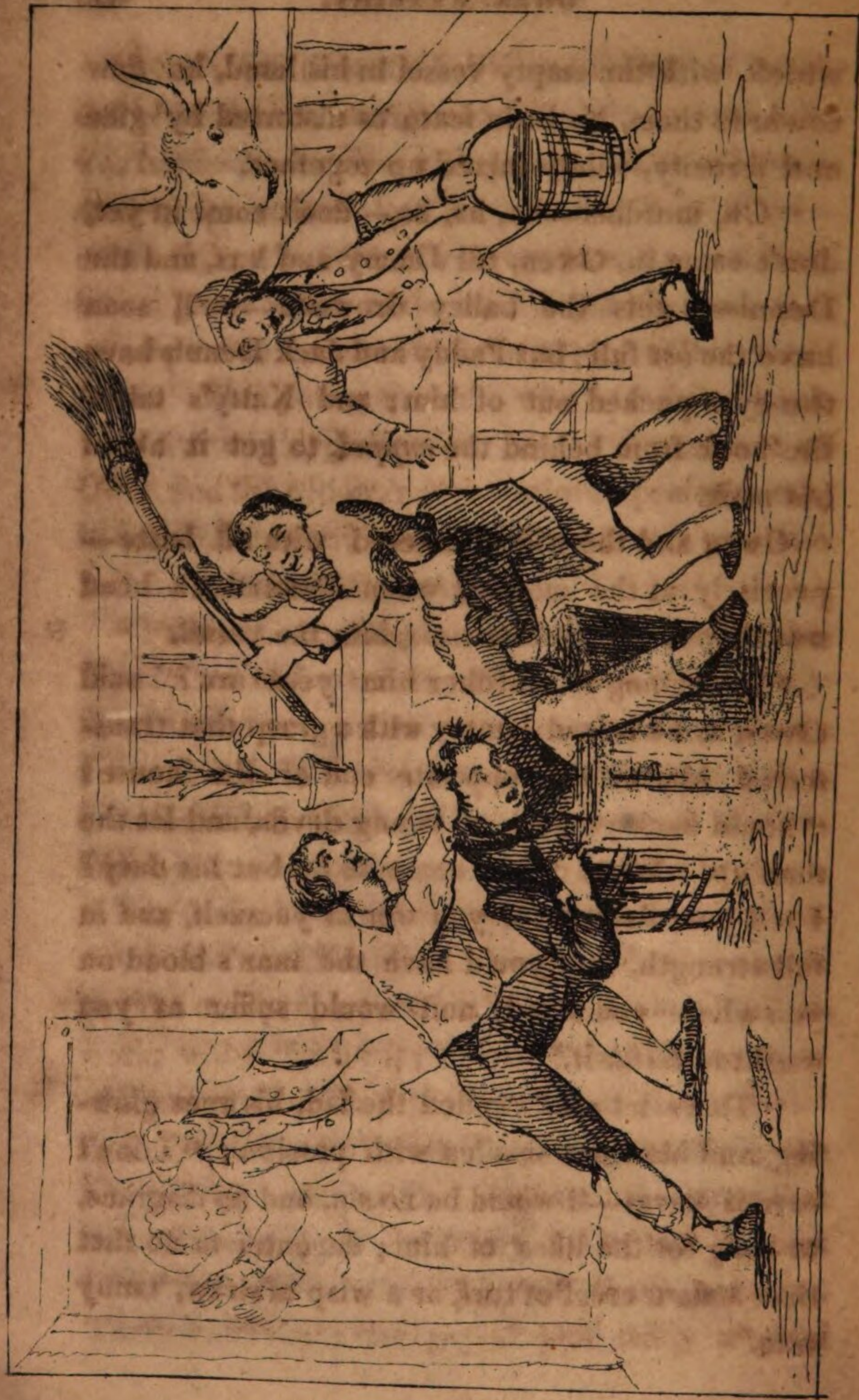
"The sorra blame I blame him, Owen," replied Rosha, "his bread's depindin' upon the likes of such doins, and he can't get over it; but a word from you, Owen, will save me, for who ever refused to take the word of a M'Carthy!"

When Owen and the widow arrived at the house of the latter, they found the situation of the bailiff laughable in the extreme. Her eldest son, who had been confined to his bed by a hurt he received in his back, was up and had got the unfortunate driver, who was rather old, wedged in between the dresser and the wall, where his

cracked voice—for he was asthmatic—was raised to the highest pitch, calling for assistance. Beside him was a large tub half-filled with water, into which the little ones were emptying small jugs, carried at the top of their speed, from a puddle before the door. In the mean time Jemmy was tugging at the bailiff with all his strength—fortunately for that personage, it was but little—with the most sincere intention of inverting him into the tub which contained as much muddy water as would have been sufficient to make him a subject for the deliberation of a coroner and twelve honest men. Nothing could be more conscientiously attempted than the task which Jemmy had proposed to execute; every tug brought out his utmost strength, and when he failed in bending down the bailiff, he compensated himself for his want of success, by cuffing his ribs, and peeling his shins with hard kicks; whilst from those open points which the driver's grapple with his man necessarily exposed, were inflicted on him by the rejoicing urchins, numberless prods of tongs, potato-washers, and sticks whose points were from time to time hastily thrust into the coals, that they might the more effectually either blind or disable him in some other manner.

As one of the little ones ran out to fill his jug, he spied his mother and Owen approaching, on

DUCKING A BAILIFF



Owen and the widow entered with all haste precisely at the

Etched by J. R. Wood.

which, with the empty vessel in his hand, he flew towards them, his little features distorted by glee and ferocity, wildly mixed up together.

“ Oh, murdher—ha, ha, ha,—don't come in yet, don't come in, Owen, till Jimmy and huz, and the Dennisses gets the bailey drowned—we'll soon have the *bot* full ; but Paddy and Jack Dennis have the eyes pucked out of him ; and Katty's takin' the hook from behind the *cuppel*, to get it about his neck.

Owen and the widow entered with all haste—precisely at the moment when Dannellan's head was dipped for the first time, into the vessel.

“ Is it going to murdher him yees are ?” said Owen as he seized Jemmy with a grasp that transferred him to the opposite end of the house ; “ hould back ye pack of young devils, and let the man up. What did he come to do but his duty ? I tell you, Jemmy, if you wor *at* yourself, and in full strength, that you'd have the man's blood on you where you stand, and would suffer as you ought to do for it.”

“ There let me,” replied the lad, his eyes glowing, and his veins swollen with passion ; “ I don't care if it was—it would be no sin, and no disgrace, to hang for the likes of him ; dacenter to do that than stale a creel of turf, or a wisp of straw, 'tanny rate.”

In the mean time the bailiff had raised his head out of the water, and presented a visage, which it was impossible to view with gravity. The widow's anxiety prevented her from seeing it in a ludicrous light; but Owen's severe face was relaxed into a grave smile, as the man shook his head, and attempted to comprehend the nature of his situation. The young urchins, who had fallen back with fear and apprehension at the appearance of Owen and the widow, now burst into a peal of mirth, in which, however, Jemmy, whose fiercer passions had been roused, did not join.

"Paddy Dannellan," said the widow, "I take the mother of heaven to witness, that it vexes my heart to see you get such tratement in my place: I wouldn't for the best cow in my byre that sich a *brieuliagh* happened. *Dher chorp agus manim*, Jemmy, but I'll make you suffer for drawin' down this upon my head and me bad enough over it afore.

"I don't care," replied Jemmy, "whoever comes to take our property from us, and us willin' to work, will suffer for it; do you think I'd see them crathurs at their dhry peatie, and our cows standin' in a pound for no rason? No—high hangin' to me, but I'll split to the scull the first man that takes them, and all I'm sorry for is, that it's not the vagabone landlord himself that's near me. That's our thanks for payin' him many a good

pound in honesty and dacency—to him and his; lavin' us to a schamin' agint—and not even to that same, but to his clerks, that's robbin' us on both sides between them. May hard fortune attend him, for a landlord! You may tell him this, Dannellan, that his wisest plan is to keep clear of the counthry. Sure it's a gambler he is, they say—and we must be harrished and racked to support his villainy; but wait a bit—maybe there's a good time comin', when we'll pay our money to them that won't be too proud to hear our complaints wid his own ears, and who won't turn us over to a divil's limb of an agint. *He* had need, any how, to get his coffin sooner nor he thinks. What signifies hangin' in a good cause?" said he, as the tears of keen indignation burst from his glowing eyes. "It's a dacent death, and a happy death, when it's for the right," he added, for his mind was evidently fixed upon the contemplation of those means of redress, which the habits of the country and the prejudices of the people, present to them in the first moments of passion.

"It's well that Dannellan's one of ourselves," replied Owen, coolly, "otherwise, Jemmy, you said words that would lay you up by the heels. As for you, Dannellan, you must look over this. The boy's the son of dacent poor parents, and it's a new thing for him to see the cows druv from the

place. The poor fellow's vexed too that he has been so long laid up wid a sore back, and so you see one thing or another has put him through other; Jimmy is warm-hearted afther all, and will be sorry for it when he cools, and remembers that *you* wor only doin' your duty."

"But what am I to do about the cows—sure I can't go back without either them or the rint?" said Paddy, with a look of fear and trembling, at Jemmy.

"The cows," said another of the widow's sons, who then came in, "why you dirty spalpeen of a bum, you may whistle on the wrong side of your mouth for them. I *druv* them off of the estate, and now take them if you dar—it's conthrairy to law," said the urchin, "and if you'd touch them, I'd make my mudher sarve you wid a *lattitat* or a *fiery-flashes*."

This was a triumph to the youngsters, who began to shake their little fists at him, and to exclaim in a chorus, "Ha, you dirty bum, ! wait till we get you out of the house, and if we don't put you from ever drivin' ! Why but you work like another?—ha, you'll get it !" and every little fist was shook in vengeance at him.

"Whisht wid yees," said Jemmy, to the little ones, "let him alone, he got enough. There's the cows for you, and keen may the curse of the

widdow and orphans light upon you, and upon them that sent you, from first to last ! and that's the best we wish you !”

“Paddy,” said Owen to the bailiff, “is there any one in the town below that will take the rint, and give a resate for it ? Do you think, man, that the nabours of an honest industrious woman, would see the cattle taken out of her byre for a trifle ?—Hut, tut ! no, man alive—no such thing ; there's not a man in the parish wid manēs to do it would see them taken away to be canted, at only a fourth part of their value. Hut, tut—no !”

As the sterling fellow spoke, the cheeks of the widow were suffused with tears, and her son Jemmy's hollow eyes once more kindled—but with a far different expression from that which but a few minutes before flashed from them.

“Owen,” said he, and utterance nearly failed him ; “Owen, if *I* was well, it wouldn't be as it is wid us ; but—no, indeed, it would not—but—may God bless you for this. Owen, never fear but you'll be paid ; may God bless you, Owen ;” and as he spoke, the hand of his humble benefactor was warmly grasped in it. A tear fell upon it—for with one of those quick and fervid transitions of feelings so peculiar to the people, he felt strong, generous emotion of gratitude, mingled

perhaps with a sense of wounded pride, on finding the poverty of their little family so openly exposed.

"Hut, tut, Jemmy avick," said Owen, who understood his feelings, "phoo, man alive—hut—hem; why sure it's nothing at all at all; any body would do it—only a bare five-and-twenty shillings, (it was five pounds)—any nabour—Mick Cassidy, Jack Moran, or Peter M'Cullagh, would do it. Come Paddy, step out—the money's to the fore. Rosha, put your cloak about you, and let us go down to the agint or clerk, or whatsoever he is—sure that makes no maxim any how;—I suppose he has power to give a resate? Jemmy, go to bed again, you're pale, poor bouchal; and childhre, ye crathurs ye, the cows won't be taken from yees, this bout. Come, in the name of God, let us go, and see every thing rightified at once—hut tut—come."

Many similar details of Owen M'Carthy's useful life could be given, in which he bore an equally benevolent and christian part. Poor fellow! he was, ere long, brought low; but to the credit of our peasantry, much as is said about their barbarity, he was treated, when helpless, with gratitude, pity, and kindness.

Up until the peace of 1814, Owen's regular and systematic industry enabled him to struggle

successfully against a weighty rent and sudden depression in the price of agricultural produce; that is, he was able, by the unremitting toil of a man remarkable alike for unbending spirit and vigorous frame of body, to pay his rent with tolerable regularity. It is true, a change began to appear in his personal appearance, in his farm, in the dress of his children, and in the economy of his household. Improvements which adequate capital would have enabled him to effect, were left either altogether unattempted or in an imperfect state resembling neglect, though, in reality, the result of poverty. His dress at mass, and in fairs and markets, had, by degrees, lost that air of comfort and warmth which bespeak the independent farmer. The evidences of embarrassment began to disclose themselves in many small points, inconsiderable, it is true, but not the less significant. His house, in the progress of his declining circumstances, ceased to be annually ornamented by a new coat of whitewash—soon assumed a faded and yellowish hue, and sparkled not in the setting sun as in the days of Owen's prosperity. It had, in fact, a wasted, unthriving look like its master; the thatch became black and rotten upon its roof, the chimneys sloped to opposite points, the windows were less neat, and, ultimately, when broken, were patched with a couple of leaves from the children's

blotted copy-books. His out-houses also began to fail; the neatness of his little farm-yards, and the cleanliness which marked so conspicuously the space fronting his dwelling-house, disappeared in the course of time. Filth began to accumulate where no filth had been; his garden was not now planted so early, nor with such taste and neatness as before; his crops were later, and less abundant; his haggards neither so full nor so trim as they were wont to be, nor his ditches nor enclosures kept in such good repair. His cars, ploughs, and other farming implements, instead of being put under cover, were left exposed to the influence of wind and weather, where they soon became crazy and useless.

Such, however, were only the slighter symptoms of his bootless struggle against the general embarrassments into which the agricultural interest, were, year after year, so unhappily sinking.

Had the tendency to general distress among the class to which he belonged become stationary, Owen would have continued by toil and incessant exertion to maintain his ground; but unfortunately, there was no point at which the national depression could then stop. Year after year produced deeper, more extensive, and more complicated misery; and when he hoped that every succeeding season would bring an improvement in the

market, he was destined to experience not only a fresh disappointment—but an unexpected depreciation in the price of his corn, butter, and other disposable commodities.

When a nation is reduced to such a state, no eye but that of God himself can see the appalling wretchedness to which a year of disease and scarcity strikes down the poor and working classes.

Owen, after a long and noble contest for nearly three years, sank, at length, under the united visitation of disease and scarcity. The father of the family was laid low upon the bed of sickness, and those of them who escaped it were almost consumed by famine. This two-fold shock sealed his ruin; his honest heart was crushed—his hardy frame shorn of its strength, and he to whom every neighbour fled as to a friend, now required friendship at a moment when the wide-spread poverty of the country rendered its assistance hopeless.

On rising from his bed of sickness, the prospect before him required his utmost fortitude to bear. Wasted in energy both of mind and body, reduced to utter poverty, with a large family of children too young to assist him, without means of retrieving himself, his wife and himself gaunt skeletons, his farm neglected, his house wrecked, and his offices falling to ruin, yet every day bringing the half-year's term nearer. Oh, ye who riot on the

miseries of such men—ye who roll round the easy circle of fashionable life, think upon this picture! Ye vile and heartless landlords, who see not, hear not, know not those to whose heart-breaking toil ye owe the only merit ye possess—that of rank in society—come and contemplate this virtuous man, as, unfriended, unassisted, and uncheered by those who are bound by a strong moral duty to protect and aid him, he looks shuddering into the dark and cheerless future! Is it to be wondered at that he, and such as he, should, in the misery of his despair, join the nightly meetings, be lured to associate himself with the incendiary, or seduced to grasp, in the stupid apathy of wretchedness, the weapon of the murderer? By neglecting the people, by draining them with merciless rapacity of the means of life, by goading them under a cruel system of rack-rents, ye become not their natural benefactors, but curses and scourges, nearly as much in reality as ye are in their opinion.

When Owen rose, he was driven by hunger, direct and immediate, to sell his best cow; and having laid in as much oatmeal at an enormous price, paid to a well-known devotee in the parish, who hoarded up this commodity for a “dear summer,” he laid his plans for the future, with as much judgment as any man could display. One morning after breakfast he addressed his wife as follows:—

“Kathleen, mavourneen, I want to consult wid you about what we ought to do ; things are low wid us, asthore ; and except our heavenly Father puts it into the hearts of them I’m goin’ to mention, I don’t know what we’ll do, nor what’ll become of these poor crathurs that’s naked and hungry about us. God pity them, they don’t know—and maybe that same’s some comfort—the hardships that’s before them. Poor crathurs see how quiet and sorrowful they sit about their little play, passing the time for themselves as well as they can ! Alley, a-cushla machree, come over to me. Your hair is bright and fair, Alley, and curls so purtily that the finest lady in the land might envy it, but a-cushla, your colour’s gone, your little hands are wasted away, too ; that sickness was hard and sore upon you, *a-colleen machree*, and he that ’ud spend his heart’s blood for you, darlin’, could do nothing to help you !”

He looked at the child as he spoke, and a slight motion in the muscles of his face was barely perceptible, but it passed away ; and, after kissing her, he proceeded :—

“Ay, the crathurs—you and I, Kathleen, could earn our bread for ourselves yet, but these can’t do it. This last stroke, darlin’, has laid us at the door of both poverty and sickness, but blessed be the mother of heaven for it, they’re all left wid us,

and sure that's a blessin' we've to be thankful for, —glory be to God."

"Ay, poor things, it's well to have them spared, Owen, dear; sure I'd rather a thousand times beg from door to door, and have my childher to look at, than be in comfort widout them."

"Beg!—that 'ud go hard wid me, Kathleen, I'd work—I'd live on next to nothing all the year round—but to see the crathurs that wor dacently bred up brought to that, I couldn't bear it, Kathleen—'twould break the heart widin me. Poor as they are, they have the blood of kings in their veins, and besides, to see a M'Carthy beggin' his bread in the country where his name was once great—The M'Carthy More, that was their title—No, a-cushla—I love them as I do the blood in my own veins; but I'd rather see them in the arms of God in heaven, laid down dacently, wid their little sorrowful faces washed, and their little bodies stretched out purtily before my eyes—I would—in the grave-yard there beyant, where all belonging to me lie, than have it cast up to them, or have it said, that ever a M'Carthy was seen beggin' on the high-way."

"But, Owen, can you strike out no plan for us, that 'ud put us in the way of comin' round again? These poor ones, if we could hould out for two or three years, would soon be able to help us."

"They would—they would. I'm thinkin' this day or two of a plan; but I'm doubtful whether it 'ud come to any thing."

"What is it, a-cushla? Sure we can't be worse nor we are, any way."

"I'm goin' to go to Dublin. I'm tould that the landlord's come home from France, and that he's there now; and if I didn't see him, sure I could see the agent. Now, Kathleen, my intention 'ud be to lay our case before the head landlord himself, in hopes he might hould back his hand, and spare us for a while. If I had a line from the agint, or a scrape of a pen that I could show at home to some of the nabours, who knows but I could borry what 'ud set us np again! I think many of them 'ud be sorry to see me turned out; eh, Kathleen?"

The Irish are an imaginative people; indeed too much so, for either their individual or national happiness. And it is this, and superstition, which also depends much on imagination, that makes them so easily influenced by those extravagant dreams which are held out to them by persons who understand their character.

When Kathleen heard the plan on which Owen founded his expectations of assistance, her dark melancholy eye flashed with a portion of its former fire; a transient vivacity lit up her sickly features,

and she turned a smile of hope and affection upon her children, then upon Owen.

"Arrah, thin, who knows, indeed;—who knows but he might do something for us? and maybe we might be as well as ever yet! May the Lord put it into his heart, any how! I declare ay!—maybe it was God put it into *your* heart, Owen!"

"I'll set off," replied her husband, who was a man of decision—"I'll set off on other morrow morning; and as nobody knows any thing about it, so let there not be a word said upon the subject, good or bad. If I have success well and good; but if not, nobody need be the wiser."

The heart-broken wife evinced, for the remainder of the day, a buoyancy of spirits which she had not felt for many a month before. Even Owen was less depressed than usual, and employed himself in making such arrangements as he knew would occasion his family to feel the inconvenience of his absence less acutely. But as the hour of his departure drew nigh, a sorrowful feeling of affection rising into greater strength and tenderness, threw a melancholy gloom around his hearth. According to their simple view of distance, a journey to Dublin was a serious undertaking. Owen was in weak health, just risen out of illness, and what was more alarming than any other con-

sideration, was, that since their marriage they never had been separated before. On the morning of his departure, he was up before day-break, and so were his wife and children, for the latter had heard the conversation already detailed between them, and, with their simple-minded parents, enjoyed the gleam of hope which it presented; but this soon changed—when he was preparing to go, an indefinite sense of fear, and a more vivid clinging of affection marked their feelings. He himself partook of this, and was silent, depressed, and less ardent than when the speculation first presented itself to his mind. His resolution, however, was taken, and should he fail, no blame at a future time could be attached to himself. It was the last effort; and to neglect it, he thought, would have been to neglect his duty. When breakfast was ready, they all sat down in silence; the hour was yet early, and a rush light was placed in a wooden candlestick that stood beside them, to afford light. There was something solemn and touching in the group as they sat in dim relief, every face marked by the traces of sickness, want, sorrow, and affection. The father attempted to eat but he could not; Kathleen sat at the meal but could taste nothing; the children eat, for hunger at that moment was predominant over every other sensation. At length it was over, and

Owen rose to depart; he stood for a minute on the floor, and seemed to take a survey of his cold, cheerless house, and then of his family; he cleared his throat several times, but did not speak.

“Kathleen,” said he, at length, “in the name of God I’ll go; and may his blessing be about you, asthore machree, and guard you and these darlins till I come back to yees.”

Kathleen’s faithful heart could bear no more she laid herself on his bosom—clung to his neck, and as the parting kiss was given, she wept aloud, and Owen’s tears fell silently down his worn cheeks. The children crowded about them in loud wailings, and the grief of this virtuous and afflicted family was of that profound description, which is ever the companion of such scenes, of pure and genuine love.

“Owen!” she exclaimed—“Owen, *a-suilish mahuil agus machree!** I doubt we wor wrong in thinkin’ of this journey. How can you, mavourneen, walk all the way to Dublin, and you so worn and weakly wid that sickness, and the bad feedin’ both before and since? Och, give it up, achree, and stay wid us—let what will happen. You’re not able for sich a journey, indeed you’re not. Stay wid me and the childher, Owen; sure

* Light of my eyes and of my heart.

we'd be lonesome widout you—will you, agra? and the Lord will do for us some other way, maybe."

Owen pressed his faithful wife to his heart, and kissed her chaste lips with a tenderness which the heartless votaries of fashionable life can never know.

"Kathleen, asthore," he replied, in those terms of endearment which flow so tenderly through the language of the people—"sure, whin I remimber your fair young face—your yellow hair, and the light that was in your eyes, a-cushla machree—but that's gone long ago—och, don't ax me to stop. Isn't your lightsome laugh long ago in my ears? and your step that 'ud not bend the flower of the field—Kathleen, I can't, indeed I can't bear to think of what you wor, nor of what you are now, when, in the coorse of age and nathur, but a small change ought to be upon you! Sure I ought to make every struggle to take you and these sorrowful crathurs out of the state you're in."

The children flocked about them, and joined their entreaties to those of their mother. "Father, don't lave us—we'll be lonesome if you go; and if my mother 'ud get unwell, who'd be to take care of her? Father don't lave your own weeny crathurs," (a pet name he had for them)—maybe the meal 'ud be ate out before you'd come back

or maybe something 'ud happen you in that strange place."

"Indeed there's truth in what they say, Owen," said the wife ; "do be said by your own Kathleen for this time, and don't take sich a long journey upon you. Afther all, maybe, you wouldn't see him—sure the nabours will help us, if you could humble yourself to ax them."

"Kathleen," said Owen, "when this is past, you'll be glad I went—indeed you will; sure it's only the tindher feelin' of your hearts, darlins. Who knows what the landlord may do when I see himself, and show him these resates—every penny paid him by our own family. Let me go, a-cushla; it *does* cut me to the heart to lave yees the way yees are in, even for a while; but it's far worse to see your poor wasted faces, widout havin' it in my power to do any thing for yees."

He then kissed them again, one by one; and pressing the affectionate partner of his sorrows to his breaking heart, he bade God bless them, and set out in the twilight of a bitter March morning. He had not gone many yards from the door when ittle Alley ran after him in tears; he felt her hand upon the skirt of his coat, which she plucked with a smile of affection that neither tears nor sorrow could repress. "Father, kiss *me* again," said she. He stooped down and kissed her ten-

derly. The child then ascended a green ditch, and Owen, as he looked back saw her standing upon it; her fair tresses were tossed by the blast about her face, as with straining eyes she watched him receding from her view. Kathleen and the other children stood at the door, and also with deep sorrow watched his form, until the angle of the bridle road rendered him no longer visible; after which they returned slowly to the fire and wept bitterly.

We believe no men are capable of bearing greater toil or privation than the Irish. Owen's *viaticum* was only two or three oaten cakes tied in a little handkerchief, and a few shillings in silver to pay for his bed. With this small stock of food and money, an oaken stick in his hand, and his wife's kerchief tied about his waist, he undertook a journey of one hundred and eighty miles in quest of a landlord, who so far from being acquainted with the distresses of his tenantry, scarcely knew even their names, and not one of them in person.

Our scene now changes to the metropolis. One evening, about half-past six o'clock, a toil-worn man turned his steps to a splendid mansion in Mountjoy-square; his appearance was drooping, fatigued, and feeble. As he went along he examined the numbers on the respective doors, until

he reached *one*—before which he stopped for a moment ; he then stepped out upon the street, and looked through the windows, as if willing to ascertain whether there was any chance of his object being attained. Whilst in this situation a carriage rolled rapidly up, and stopped with a sudden check that nearly threw the horses on their haunches. In an instant the thundering knock of the servant intimated the arrival of some person of rank ; the hall door was opened, and Owen availing himself of that opportunity entered the hall. Such a visitor, however, was too remarkable to escape notice. The hand of the menial was rudely placed against his breast ; and as the usual impertinent interrogatories were put to him, the pampered ruffian kept pushing him back, until the afflicted man stood upon the upper step leading to the door.

“ For the sake of God, and let me speak but two words to him. I’m his tenant ; and I know he’s too much of a jintleman to turn away a man that has lived upon his honor’s estate—father and son—for upwards of a hundred years. My name’s Owen——”

“ You can’t see him, my good fellow, at this hour. Go to Mr. M——, his agent : we have company to dinner. Go, you’re very teasing, man, get along !”

As he uttered the last word, he pushed Owen

back, who forgetting that the stairs were behind him, fell—received a severe cut, and was so completely stunned, that he lay senseless and bleeding. Another carriage drove up as the fellow, now much alarmed, attempted to raise him up; and, by the orders of the gentleman who came in it, he was brought into the hall. The circumstance now made some noise. It was whispered about, that one of Mr. ——'s tenants, a drunken fellow from the country, wanted to break in forcibly to see him; but then it was also asserted, that his skull was broken, and that he lay dead in the hall. The company above stairs immediately assembled about him, and by the means of restoratives, he soon recovered, though the blood streamed copiously from the wound in the back of his head.

“Who are you, my good man?” said Mr. S.

Owen looked about him rather vacantly, but he soon collected himself, and replied in a mournful and touching tone of voice—“I am one of your honor's tenants, Sir, from Tubber Derg; my name is Owen M'Carthy, your honor—that is, if you be Mr.——”

“And pray what brought you to town, M'Carthy?”

“I wanted to make an humble appeal to your honor's feelings, in regard of my bit of farm. I and my poor family, your honor, have been broken

down by the hard times and the sickness of the sason.—God knows how *they* are.”

“Is it that you wish to speak to me about it? but, my good man, I refer all these matters to my agent—go to him; he, of course, knows them best; and whatever is right and proper to be done for you, Carty, he will do it. Sinclair, give him a crown, and send him to the ——Dispensary to get his head dressed. I say, Carty, go to my agent, he knows whether your claim is just or not, and will attend to it accordingly.”

“Plase your honor, I’ve been wid him, and he says he can do nothin’ whatsoever for me. I went two or three times and couldn’t see him, he was so busy; and when I did get a word or two wid him, he tould me there was more offered for my land than I’m payin’; and that if I did not pay up, I must be put out—God help me!”

“But I tell you, Carty, I never interfere between him and my tenants.”

“Och, indeed, and it would be well both for your honor’s tinants and yourself, if you did, Sir. Your honour ought to know, Sir, more about us, and how we’re thrated. I’m an honest man, Sir, and I tell you so for your good.”

“And pray, Sir,” said the agent, stepping forward, for he had arrived a few minutes before,

and heard the last observation of M'Carthy—"pray, how are they treated, you that know so well and are so honest a man?—as for honesty, you might have referred to me for that, I think," he added.

"Mr. M——," said Owen, "we're thrated very badly—Sir, you needn't look at me—you've broken the half of them by severity: you've turned the tinants against yerself and his honor here; and I tell you now though you're to the fore, that, in the coorse of a short time, there'll be bad work upon the estate, except his honor here looks into his own affairs, and hears the complaints of the people; look at these resates, yer honour, they'll show you, Sir——."

"Carty, I can hear no such language against the gentleman to whom I entrust the management of my property; of course I refer the matter solely to him—I can do nothing in it."

"Kathleen, avourneen!" exclaimed the poor man, as he looked up despairingly to heaven—"and ye, poor darlins of my heart! is this the news I'm to have for yees whin I go home? As you hope for mercy, Sir, don't turn away your ear from my petition, that I'd humbly make to *yourself*. Cowld, and hunger, and hardship are at home before me, your honor. If you'd be plased to look at these resates, you'd see that I was

always industrious, and 'twas the sickness and the hard times ——”

“And your own honesty, industry, and good conduct,” said the agent, giving a dark and malignant sneer at him. “Carty, it shall be my business to see that you shall not spread a bad spirit through the tenantry much longer. Sir, you have heard the fellow’s admission. It is an implied threat that he will give as much serious trouble. There is not such another incendiary on your property—not one, upon my honour.”

“Sir,” said a servant, “dinner’s on the table.”

“Sinclair,” said his landlord, “give him another crown, and tell him to trouble me no more.” Saying which, he and the agent went up to the drawing-room, and, in a moment, Owen saw a large party sweep down stairs, full of glee and vivacity, among whom both himself and his distresses were as completely forgotten as if they had never existed.

He now slowly departed, scarcely knowing whether the money which the house steward had given him, was in his hand or not. A cold, sorrowful weight lay upon his heart; the din of the town deadened his affliction into a stupor; but an overwhelming sense of his disappointment, and a conviction of the agent’s diabolical falsehood, entered, like barbed arrows, into his heart.

On leaving the steps, he looked up to heaven

in the distraction of his agonizing thoughts: the clouds were black and lowering; the wind stormy, and as it carried them on its dark wing along the sky, he wished, if it were the will God, that his head lay in the quiet grave-yard where the ashes of his forefathers reposed in peace. But he again remembered his Kathleen and their children, and the large tears of anguish, deep and bitter, rolled slowly down his cheeks.

We will not trace him into an hospital, whither the wound on his head occasioned him to be sent, but simply state, that on the second week after this, a man with his head bound in a handkerchief, lame, bent, and evidently labouring under severe illness or great affliction, might be seen toiling slowly up the little hill that commanded a view of Tubber Derg. On reaching the top, he sat down to rest for a few minutes, but his eye was eagerly turned to the house which contained all that was dear to him on this earth. The sun was setting, and shone with half his disk visible, in that dim and cheerless splendour which produces almost in every temperament a feeling of melancholy. His house which, in happier days, formed so beautiful and conspicuous an object in the view, was now, from the darkness of its walls, scarcely discernible. The position of the sun, too, rendered it more difficult to be seen, and Owen, for it was he, shaded

his eyes with his hand to survey it more distinctly. Many a harrowing thought and remembrance passed through his mind, as his eye traced its dim outline in the fading light. He had done his duty—he had gone to the fountain-head, with a hope that his simple story of affliction might be heard; but all was fruitless: the only gleam of hope that opened upon their misery, was now passed into darkness and despair for ever. He pressed his aching forehead with distraction as he thought of this—then clasped his hands bitterly, and groaned aloud.

At length he rose, and proceeded with great difficulty, for the short rest had stiffened his weak and fatigued joints. As he approached home his heart sank; and as he ascended the blood-red stream which covered the bridal way that led to his house, what with fatigue and affliction, his agitation weakened him so much that he stopped and leaned on his staff several times, that he might take breath.

“It’s too dark, maybe, for them to see me, or poor Kathleen would send the darlins to give me the *she dha ve ha*.* Kathleen, avourneen machree, how my heart beats wid longin to see you, asthore, and to see the weeny crathurs—glory be to Him

* The Welcome.

that has left them to me—praise and glory to His name !”

He was now within a few perches of the door ; but a sudden misgiving shot across his heart when he saw it shut, and no appearance of smoke from the chimney, nor of stir or life about the house. He advanced——

“ Mother of glory, what’s this !—but, wait let me rap again. Kathleen—Kathleen—are you widin, avourneen ? Owen—Alley—arn’t yees widin, childher ? Alley, sure I’m come back to yees !” and he rapped more loudly than before. A lark breeze swept through the bushes as he spoke, but no voice nor sound proceeded from the house—all was still as death within. “ Alley !” he called once more to his little favourite—“ I’m come home wid something for you, asthore ; I didn’t forget you, alanna—I brought it from Dublin all the way—Alley !” but the chill murmur of the blast was the only reply.

Perhaps the most intense of all that he knew as misery is that which he then felt ; but this state of suspense was soon terminated by the appearance of a neighbour who was passing.

“ Why, thin, Owen, but yer welcome home again, my poor fellow ; and I’m sorry that I havn’t bettther news for you, and so are all of us.”

He whom he addressed had almost lost the power of speech:—

“Frank,” said he, and he wrung his hand; “What—what? was death among them? for the sake of heaven spake.”

The severe pressure which he received in return ran like a shock of paralysis to his heart. “Owen, you must be a man; every one pities yees, and may the Almighty pity and support yees! She is, indeed, Owen, gone—the weeny fair-haired child, your favourite, Alley, is gone, Yesterday she was berrid; and dacently the nabours attinded the place, and sent in, as far as they had it, both mate and drink to Kathleen and the other ones. Now, Owen, you have heard it; trust in God, and be a man.”

A deep and convulsive throe shook him to the heart. “Gone!—the fair-haired one!—Alley! —Alley!—the pride of both of our hearts—the sweet; the quiet, and the sorrowful child, that seldom played wid the rest, but kept with mys——! Oh, my darlin’, my darlin’!—gone from my eyes for ever! God of glory! won’t you support me this night of sorrow and misery!” But with a sudden yet profound sense of humility, he dropped on his knees at the threshold, and as the tears rolled down his convulsed cheeks, exclaimed, in a

burst of sublime piety, not at all uncommon among our peasantry—"I thank thee, O my God—I thank thee, and I put myself and my weeny ones, my *paschee boght*, into your hands. I thank thee, O God, for what has happened. Keep me up and support me—och, I want it. You loved the weeny one, and you took her; she was the light of my eyes and the pulse of my broken heart; but you took her, blessed Father of heaven! and we can't be angry wid you for so doin'. Still if you had spared her—if—if—oh, blessed Father, my heart was *in* the *very* one you took—but I thank thee, O God! May she rest in peace, now and for ever, Amen!"

He then rose up, and slowly wiping the tears from his eyes, departed.

"Let me hould your arm, Frank dear," said he. "I'm weak and tired with a long journey. Och, and can it be that she's gone—the fair-haired colleen! When I was laving home, and had kissed them all—'twas the first time we ever parted, Kathleen and I, since our marriage—the blessed child came over and held up her mouth, saying, 'Kiss *me* again, father,' and this was afther herself and all of them had kissed me afore; but och! oh! Blessed Mother, Frank, where's my Kathleen and the rest?—and why are they out of their own poor place?"

"Owen, I tould you a while ago, that you must be a man. I gave you the worst news first, and what's to come doesn't signify much. It was too dear; for if any man could live upon it you could—you have neither house nor home, Owen, nor land. An ordher came from the agint—your last cow was taken, so was all you had in the world—hem—barrin a trifle—no, bad manners to it—no, you're not without a home, any way—the family's in my barn, brave and comfortable compared to what your own house was, that let in the wather through the roof like a sieve; and while the same barn's to the fore, never say you want a home."

"God bless you, Frank, for that goodness to them and me. If you're not rewarded for it here, you will in a betther place. Och, I long to see Kathleen amd the childher! but I'm fairly broken down, Frank, and hardly able to mark the ground, and, indeed no wondher, if you knew but all, but God's will be done! Poor Kathleen, I must bear up before her, or she'll break her heart, for I know how she loved the golden-haired darlin' that's gone from us. Och, and how did she go, Frank, for I left her betther?"

"Why, the poor girsha took a relapse, and wasn't strong enough to bear up against the last attack; but it's one comfort that you know she's happy."

Owen stood for a moment, and looking solemnly in his neighbour's face, exclaimed, in a deep and exhausted voice—"Frank !"

"What are you goin' to say, Owen ?"

"The heart widin me's broke—broke !"

"The large tears rolled down his weather-beaten cheeks, and he proceeded in silence to the house of his friend. There was, however, a feeling of sorrow in his words and manner which the other could not withstand. He grasped Owen's hand, and, in a low and broken voice, simply said—"Keep your spirits up—keep them up."

When they came to the barn where his hapless family had taken up their temporary residence, Owen stood for a moment to collect himself; but he was nervous, and trembled with repressed emotion. They then entered; and Kathleen, on seeing her beloved and affectionate husband, threw herself on his bosom, and for some time felt neither joy nor sorrow—she had swooned. The poor man kissed her lips with a tenderness at once mournful and deep. The children, on seeing their father safely returned, forgot their recent grief, and clung about him with gladness and delight. In the mean time Kathleen recovered, and Owen for many minutes could not check the loud and clamorous grief—now revived by the presence of her husband—with which the heart-broken and emaciated

mother deplored her departed child ; and Owen himself on once more looking among the little ones—on seeing her little frock hanging up, and her stool vacant by the fire—on missing her voice and her blue laughing eyes, and remembering the affectionate manner in which, as with a presentiment of death, she held up her little mouth and offered him the last kiss—he slowly pulled the toys and cakes he had purchased for her out of his pocket, surveyed them for a moment, and then putting his hands on his face, bent his head upon his bosom, and wept with the vehement outpouring of a father's sorrow.

The reader perceives that he was a meek man ; that his passions were not dark nor violent ; he bore no revenge to those who neglected or injured him, and in this he differed from too many of his countrymen. No—his spirit was broken down with sorrow, and had not room for the fiercer and more destructive passions. His case excited general pity. Whatever his neighbours could do to soothe him and alleviate his affliction was done. His farm was not taken ; for fearful threats were held out against those who might venture to occupy it. In these he had nothing to do ; on the contrary, he strongly deprecated them. Their existence, however, was sufficient to justify the agent in his callous and malignant severity towards him.

We did not write this story for effect. Our object was to relate facts that occurred. In Ireland there is much blame attached to landlords for their neglect and severity, in such depressed times, towards their tenants. There is also much that is not only indefensible but atrocious on the part of the tenants. But can the landed proprietors of Ireland plead ignorance or want of education for their neglect and rapacity, whilst the crimes of the tenants, on the contrary, may in general be ascribed to both? He who lives, as perhaps his forefathers have done, upon any man's property, and fails, from unavoidable calamities, has as just and clear a right to assistance from that landlord, as if the amount of his outfit were a bonded debt. Common policy, common sense, and common justice should induce the Irish landlords to lower their rents according to the market for agricultural produce, otherwise poverty, famine, crime, and vague political speculations, founded on idle hopes of a general transfer of property, will spread over and convulse the kingdom. Any man who looks into the English papers, may see that their landlords are reducing their rents to a standard suitable to the times, and to the ability of the tenant.

But to return. Owen, for another year, struggled on with his family, without success ; his firm spirit

was broken ; employment he could not get ; and even had it been regular, he would have found it impracticable to support his helpless wife and children by his labour. The next year unhappily was also one of sickness and of want ; the country was not only a wide waste of poverty, but overspread with typhus fever. One Saturday night he and the family found themselves without food ; they had not tasted a morsel for twenty-four hours. There was murmurings and tears, and finally a low conversation, among them, as if they held a conference upon some subject which filled them with both grief and satisfaction. In this alternation of feeling did they pass the time until the sharp knawing of hunger was relieved by sleep. A keen December wind blew with a bitter blast on the following morning ; the rain was borne along upon it with violence, and the cold was chill and piercing. Owen, his wife, and their six children, issued at day-break out of the barn in which, ever since their removal from Tubber Derg, they had lived until then ; their miserable fragments of bed clothes were tied about them ; their pace was slow, need we say sorrowful ; all were in tears. Owen and Kathleen went first, with a child upon the back and another in the hand of each. Their route lay by their former dwelling, the door of which was open, for it had

not been inhabited. On passing it they stood a moment; then with a simultaneous impulse both approached—entered—and took one last look of a spot to which their hearts clung with enduring attachment. They then returned; and as they passed, Owen put forth his hand, and picking a few small pebbles out of the wall, put them in his pocket.

“Farewell!” said he, “and may the blessing of God rest upon you! We now lave you for ever—we’re goin’ at last to beg our bread through the world wide, where none will know of the happy days we passed within your walls! We *must* lave you; but glory be to the Almighty, we are goin’ wid a clear conscience; we took no revenge upon ourselves, but left every thing to God above us. We are poor, but there is neither blood, nor murder, nor dishonesty on our hands. Don’t cry, Kathleen—don’t cry, childer; there is still a God above, who can and may do something for us *yet*, glory be to his name!”

He then passed on with his family, which, including himself, made, in all, eight paupers, being an additional burden upon the country, which might easily have been avoided. His land was above two years waste, and when it was ultimately taken, the house was a ruin; and the money allowed by the landlord for building a new one, together with

the loss of two years' rent, would, if humanely directed, have enabled Owen M'Carthy to remain a solvent tenant.

SQUIRE WARNOCK.

BY WM. CARLETON, ESQ.

IN the town of Ballydioch, lived about eighty years ago, one of those old drinking swearing squires, who was said to have been enrolled a member of that blessed confraternity, called the Hell-fire Club.* The gentleman, to be sure, was not only a very jolly, but a very jolly-looking personage; being as most toping squires usually are, of a high complexion, with a nose richly chased, and ornamented with rubies, carbuncles and a considerable variety of those star-like gems, which shine in the glowing firmament of a good fellow's face. This jovial gentleman was said by many to

* To some of our modern readers it may, perhaps, appear incredible that such a club as this should have existed in the land of saints—such was actually the case, however; and that in the recollection of many still living,

have sold himself to the devil; although it was asserted by others that no such sale had taken place; and it was ironically added by the humorous vicar of the parish, that the bargain had been actually completed, but that the deeds could not be drawn up for want of a conveyancer; this, however, could not be true, as it was well known, that there resided three lawyers within the limits of the parish. Others said that Counsellor Pliant had drawn up the document, but refused to take any fee from the old boy, he having it in his power to throw so many briefs in his way under the character of an attorney. Not a few were of opinion, that Satan absolutely declined having any to do with the squire in the way of purchase; but whether because he was a bad bargain at best, or whether the old gentleman thought that by waiting for a short time, he was sure to have the reversion of him in the course of nature, we cannot say. Certain it was, however, that a connexion of an intimate nature was supposed to subsist between them, otherwise the terms in which the squire was spoken of by the people were any thing but significant, when they called him "the devil's *own* ould chap"—"the devil's *own* boy"—and so on, ringing changes upon such phrases as implied a very kind understanding between them.

Now it so happened, that Squire Warnock had an old servant, who had grown grey and wicked in his service. There was no man in the parish of any degree who could drink down the squire—but Nogher; no man who had so many wicked jests, or who could give them such wicked turns as Warnock—but Nogher; or none who could outswear or outstrip him in framing new-coined oaths—but Nogher. On the latter point, they were both unrivalled; and, indeed, it might be asserted of them, that if the oaths were taken away from what they said, both would be men of exceedingly few words in conversation. There was once a challenge to swear sent by them to Squire Trillywagger and his huntsman, the execrations to take place in the blasphemy-room of the Hell-fire Club, of which Trillywagger was also a member. The challenge of course was accepted: but Warnock and Nogher both swore for nearly twenty minutes after Trillywagger and the huntsman were exhausted, or only able to double back upon the same oaths.

Both, however, died; Nogher at the end of spring and a drunken fit, and the squire in the middle of autumn and an oath. Nogher was but a servant, and not of sufficient importance to appear after death, but Warnock's body was scarcely in the clay, when he was seen by the servants

walking through the rooms in his usual dress, and by the neighbours riding about, night after night, on his favourite hunter, *Skewball*, with the identical tin-boots, and flame-coloured suit upon him, in which he was in the habit of attending the Hell-fire Club. Indeed it required no witch to tell them that he would appear after his death, for when the coffin was put into the hearse, the united strength of the undertaker's six black horses could not move it an inch. In vain did those who attended the funeral cudgel and kick, and shove them forward; they could not budge, no more than if they had been striving to draw the hill of Howth. Several men then attempted to take the coffin out of the hearse, but it was immovable, and smelt powerfully of brimstone. Six fresh horses were next put in, but with equal success, they pulled and pulled until they smashed the traces, and broke away altogether out of the harness, trembling and sweating with the most extraordinary terror.

In this state of things, the parish priest and the parson, in order to exorcise the coffin, were both called upon by the owner of the hearse, who declared it to be one of the *weightiest undertakings* he had ever engaged in. The parson fearing it might prove as dead a weight to his spiritual power, as it did to the physical strength of the

horses, refused in the bluntest manner to take the harness ; he said he was only one man, but that less than a forty-parson-power, at the very least, could never move it. This was considered by no means friendly of the parson towards a carcass with which he had spent so many jovial evenings, when it was in a drinking condition. The priest, however, was more grateful to his old companion, and accordingly yoking himself in his stole, pulled out his book and did his miracle in the most satisfactory manner. A certain good-humoured twinkle was observed in his eye, it is true, but this must have been produced by the consciousness of his own power. The parson considered the business a grave one, but the priest, whose miraculous strength was greater than that of the six horses, although he laid great *weight* upon the miracle made very *light* of the coffin, declaring that if it were ten times heavier he could remove it with equal ease. After he had read his prayer, and shook his holy water over it, the horses were put to, and moved on without any difficulty to the grave-yard, where the body of the squire was deposited in the *wettest* spot which could be found, in conformity with his special directions, for he said that it would be a comfort to him to keep his clay *moist* as long as possible. His friends accordingly selected a situation near the *parson's*

house, which they found to be best adapted to fulfil his wishes on *that* point.

About ten days after his interment, half-a-dozen of the members of the Hell-fire Club, were one winter's evening drinking in the inn of the town where the squire had lived ; for this was the house in which they always assembled. They were of course stout dare-devils, who feared nothing—like some of our whiskered and moustached heroes, who walk about with all their courage on the outside, now that there is no particular use for it any where else, or who are so ready to exercise it upon landlords, and waiters, and mail-coach guards, simply to keep it in action, lest when a pressing occasion for it should occur, they might find it unserviceable. At all events, these brimstone gentlemen, who could stand fire so well, were sitting, as I have said, engaged in a conversation, whose ingredients were indecency, noise, laughter, and oaths. Over near the door, was the chair formerly occupied by the squire ; for it had been put aside until a successor with proper qualifications should be elected to fill it. Some jest or other from one of the candidates had produced a roar of laughter, which was certainly loud and long enough, though not so loud but that the well-known laugh of the departed squire could be heard to join in it with his usual glee. They

paused and looked towards his chair, where, to their infinite terror, he sat shaking his sides at the smutty joke of the last speaker. We said they were men of courage, like the whiskered heroes of modern days; but for all that they exhibited symptoms of fear, as strong as could be displayed by the most common-place cravens. Their courage, in fact, had not time to shape itself into proper attitude against the danger; so in the mean time they became panic-struck, and crowded up one behind another in that corner of the room which was farthest from their old friend and associate, Bob Warnock. Never had the Whigs a greater struggle for that which they have at last obtained, to wit, place and pension, than had these gentry for the innermost corner; never did any man after a decided reverse in his circumstances experience a greater abandonment of old friends, than did the squire upon this occasion. Every man turned his back to him, like the members of Dan's Club, a strong proof that he must have been brought *low* indeed, since full of flesh and blood, impiety and claret, he had jested among them—the jolliest of the jolly, and the wickedest where all were wicked. There he sat no longer the *life* of the club, although we must certainly grant that on that occasion he was the *soul* of the company.

Now among all who were present, none made

more desperate efforts to get into the heart of the little knot that justled each other in the corner than the apothecary—who being distantly related to him, had supplied him with medicines in his illness, and expected to be remembered by him in his will. He caught the village doctor by the wig, which came with him, leaving the head that wore it bald as the addle egg of an ostrich, to which, in configuration and brains, it bore a strong resemblance. The doctor caught the exciseman as the best shield against *illicit* spirits, but the exciseman not being disposed to *engage* with him, dived into the thick of the scrambling party, and threw Captain Culverin to the outside, who caught Surgeon Surfeit, who caught Bob Ruby, who caught the apothecary, who, in his second clutch, caught the doctor by the nose, which in order to hold his gripe he almost twisted off his face.

In this struggle for safety the apothecary be-thought him of the window, through which he darted head foremost into the garden, which was *only* about eighteen feet beneath it; he was instantly followed by the doctor, who was followed by the exciseman, who was followed by all the rest, and so rapidly did they succeed each other in their descent, that a very handsome pyramid was soon erected, of which the apothecary, doctor, and exciseman, formed the base.

The next morning the port and claret which they had been drinking, probably struck by a similar terror, had also disappeared; the story took wind, or rather the wind took the story to every quarter of the parish. For several nights afterwards, experiments were made by parties of fellows, who vowed that nothing should drive them from the room. A certain species of courage, however, is often very valorous in the absence of an enemy. Every succeeding set improved upon the rapidity with which their predecessors had escaped by the window; some contusions were received, and some collar-bones broken, and one man declared that on getting through the window, he had received a most ungenerous visitation from the squire's tin boot, which he said was applied to him in a part which he could not defend—with a vigour, too, that spoke very feelingly for the bodily strength of the spirit, and compelled him to suffer in the flesh.

The spirit, however, soon began to visit every room in the house, as well as that which was appropriated to the use of the Hell-fire Club. For three weeks the clanking of chains could be heard every night; and a strong smell of brimstone perfumed the house—an odour which the common people considered to be a very proper, one, as coming from a departed member of the club. The

parson was now once more called upon, but the spirit snapped its fingers in his face with defiance, and perfumed him to such a degree with foetid vapour that he never returned to grapple with it again.

The Presbyterian minister was next called upon, but the spirit was near tweaking him by the nose; so overwhelming was the odour on this occasion, that he retreated with an alacrity very surprising in a man of his years, leaving the squire to the full enjoyment of his power. After him was the Methodist preacher brought to wrestle with it, but it received him with greater contempt, if possible, than that with which it had treated the other two.

At length when all had failed, the Rev. Father Lavrock was once more sent for, to free the house of such an unwelcome inhabitant. For some time before he came it had established itself in the cellar, where the wine and spirits would have been accessible to mere mortals, had they been disposed to try their flavour. Father Lavrock, who befriended them at the *dead lift* on the day of the funeral, was accompanied by his curate, Father Cruskeen; and as this second display of his power was more important even than the first, the Protestant parson, the Presbyterian minister, and the Methodist preacher all attended, to see themselves

outdone, together with the principal inhabitants of the town. This Father Lavrock was the man whom some of the Hell-fire Club had invited to dinner on a Friday, with the purpose of insulting him. They placed an excellent leg of mutton before him, then holding a pistol to his ear, swore, that if he did not immediately eat a hearty dinner off it, they would—*pull the trigger!* He immediately threw his napkin over, and on repeating a few words, again uncovered the mutton, when to their utter astonishment appeared in its place, as rich a salmon as ever made the tooth of an epicure water.

When he and Father Cruskeen arrived, they were shown into the parlour, where the company were assembled to witness the ceremony of laying old Warnock. Both their noses were stopped with plugs steeped in holy water, to keep out the overwhelming smell of the brimstone, which was perfectly stifling to those who approached the spirit. In one pocket, Father Lavrock had a bottle of strong double extra holy water, to keep his outward person safe, and in the other a bottle of dew gathered on the mountains, and consecrated by himself, to strengthen him inwardly.

“Gintlemen,” said he, to those who were in the parlour, “would you wish that I should ordher this ould Warnock to appear in the middle of

you—or would you prefer that I should lay him in another room? Maybe you'd relish seeing him settled for ever wid your own eyes. But first a few words wid these three gintlemen in black here. Now, what's the rason," said he to the parson, "that *you* havn't the power to banish him? Eh? I ax you the quishtion like a Christian clergyman, in the face of all prisint? And *you* Sir," he added, to the Presbyterian. "And my worthy circumambiant friend, why are not *you* able to wrestle one fall wid it?" said he to the Methodist preacher—"can't ye answer me? eh? ah," he added, shaking his head, "I could answer for ache of you; but this is no time to start a discourse on controversy, or, holy Dominick, but I'd pepper yees wid larning and languages, that ye'd not understand every tenth word of. Mr. Dease," said he to the proprietor of the house, "will you be good enough to furnish me wid a thumb-bottle that has no crack or flaw in it, and a cork to fit it?"

This was immediately procured from the apothecary, who said he would give the best bottle in his shop for such a purpose.

"Father Cruskeen," said he, "will you volunteer to encounther Warnock along wid me?"

At this moment the strong fumes of brimstone filled the room, and a sudden fit of sneezing having

rendered it smellable to the curate, he got pale, and declared that it was not want of faith but of courage, which prevented him.

“As for my faith, Father Lavrock,” he replied, “I can believe as *much* as any priest in the diocese, and fifty times *more* than some unbelievers present; but my nerves, Sir, and my physical strineth fail me; yet I feel my faith like a rock still, only that I’m afeard.”

“Of course,” said Father Lavrock, “of course your faith is excillint, only its a little shy just now; a brave man you are in the absence of the inimy.” Saying which, he seized the candle and descended alone to the cellar. Immediately on his entrance the candle was blown out, and he found himself in utter darkness.

“Be you devil, or Warnock, or warlock—in the first place I can tell you, thrt you’re a big reprobate, for reducing the room to darkness in the manner you’ve done. Be the bones of St. Dominick, it’s aisy known your deeds are evil, for you don’t love the light, you brimstone villain you!”

He then returned to the company, lit the candle, and once more descended without speaking a word: but on this occasion, he took care to observe the room as accurately as possible, before he entered it. With caution he advanced, held up the candle, and over in the corner of the cellar,

beheld Warnock staggering like a man who had made too free with spirits, whilst the appearance of another spirit was visible, as he escaped out of a dark window that led by some passage from the room.

“Commando te, bestium diabolicum, answerare me in nomine omnium saintorum et saintarum, cum axo te quapropter visitaris hanc domum—vel has aedes—vel hoc hypocaustum—Domine Warnock spiritus reprobissime, et damnatissime, et damnabilissime, et damnandissime, qui per sanctum Dominicum, et damnatus et damnandus es—per omnia secula seculorum. Amen.”

Warnock, however, was silent, but the priest could perceive that he scratched his head like a poor devil who was evidently perplexed.

“Do you undherstand Latin, you reprobate from the ragions below?”

“Arrah, bud an’ age! is it me, your Reverence? oh, the devil a taste itself—the Lord forgive me for swearin’, an’ your Reverence to the fore.”

“Salvation to me! eh—if you’re Warnock—you common disturber you—tell me who you are, or by St. Dominick, I’ll sink you into the earth at a word’s spaking.”

“By dad, your Reverence is comin’ hard upon us, so you are; but sure you wouldn’t send us farther down nor the cellar, any way?”

“ Sarrah, no parleying, but tell me who you are before I glue the tongue agin the roof of your mouth while you live; who, or what are you, you shkaimer?”

“ Well, well!” replied the spirit, “ I tould Paddy it would ind this way at last—death alive, Sir, don’t you know your old friend?”

“ How could I know you,” said the priest, “ have you not the appearance of old Warnock, tin boots and all?”

“ Why thin, dosen’t your Reverence know Larry Shevlin, brother to Nogher, ould Warnock’s man, that died last spring in a severe fit of brandy?”

“ Why, and are you Larry?”

“ Throth, Sir, it wasn’t o’ myself I did it, but at the insigation of Paddy Hanraty, that (hiccup) put me up to it—bekase, Sir, we had the clothes o’ the ould thief, along wid the wig and tin boots myself havin’ always a strong cast o’ his face, too, (hiccup) an’ then Paddy, Sir, was fond o’ the dhrink,, Sir, (hiccup) and made too free wid it entirely (hiccup).”

“ And what’s that in your hand, Larry? Don’t stagger.”

“ Devil a hapurth in life, Sir, but a bottle, Sir, (hiccup).”

“ A bottle, Larry a chora, an’ betwixt ourselves, Larry avourneen, what might be *in* it? Spake

aisier, Larry, and stand steady ; what might be in it a bouchal ?”

“ Eh, faix your Reverence , is that where you are—ha, ha, ha—see—just this way, Sir, for it’s more than half down—(hiccup)—up wid your elbow, Sir—nearer the bottom—eh—ha, ha, ha—did you ever taste a purthier dhrop, your Reverence ?”

“ Holy St. Dominick ! such brandy ! never seen water !”

“ Oh. thin the sorry *spudh*, since it came from the still-eye ; only that Paddy, Sir,—(hiccup)—I may finish this sup, Sir—that Paddy you see was too fond of it, Sir—thunder an—eh ?—pursue the dhrop’s in it.”

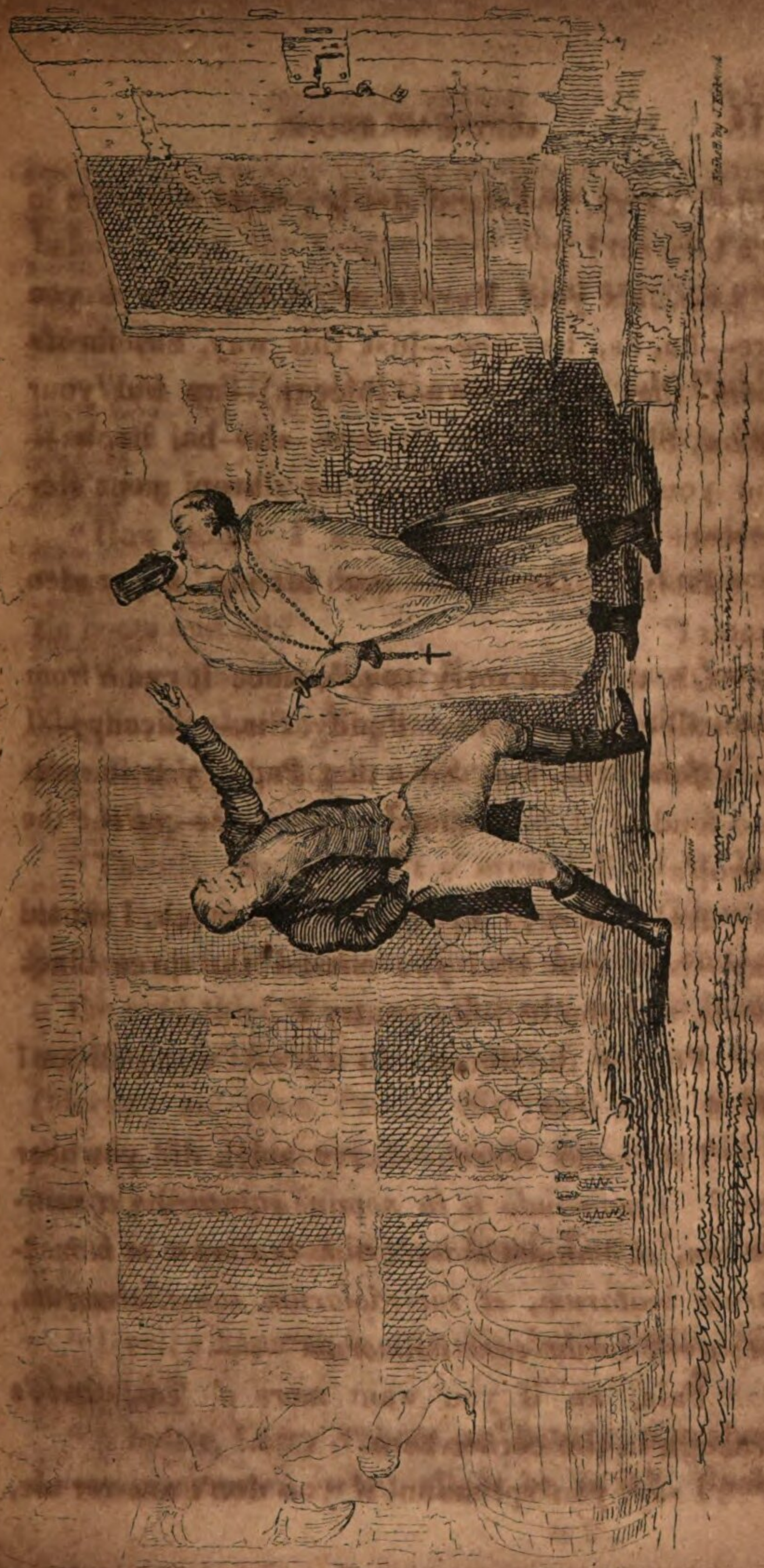
“ An’ whisper, Larry, or ould Warnock, I should say—is it thrue that you chased the three black coats, and the hell-fire gentry ?”

“ Pursue the dhrop’s in it ! At one pull too ! Well, after that !”

“ I say, you reprob—Larry avick did you hear me ? *Commando te in nomine saintorum et saintarum, et omnium monckorum beatorum et monckarum beatarum, et sacerdotarum sanctissimorum, et sacerdotarum sanctissimorum*”——

“ Faix, an’ if you want more o’ ’em, there’s enough in the corner here.”

“ I say, you sprissaun, if you don’t answer me,



Did you ever taste a purtier drop your Reverence ?

by the seven evangelists that carried the seven golden candlesticks to the Ephesians, I'll glue your heels to the ceiling—I will by three words speaking.

“ Oh, murdher ! What is it, your Reverence ? ”

“ I say, didn't you make the three black coats and the others run ? ”

“ The sorra purtier chase (hiccup) ever you seen than we gave them, your Reverence—ha, ha—but Paddy, Sir, wouldn't keep from the drink, all—all —(hiccup) I could do.”

“ Well, I'll tell you what, Larry, you must give up this work—out wid you now, and if I ever hear that you annoy this house agin, I'll have you both punished; for it's death according to law, for one that has a body to become a spirit, and frighten his majesty's subjects out of their sinses.”

“ An' maybe your Reverence would be oblagein enough to keep what passed on the dumb side of your tongue, Sir, (hiccup)—wasn't it the choice *rise* we tuck out o' the dhrunken set o' them brimstone thieves, (hiccup) that do nothin' but dhrink (hiccup) and swear, your Reverence ? ”

“ Larry, I'll say nothing about it ; but listen, if either of you brathe a syllable, by the three rungs of Jacob's laddher you ll cross the saes ; so mind I'm sworn most solemniously (hiccup).”

“ Oh, the sor-sorra word, Sir ; good night, your

Riverence. Will I bring the sulwhur an' rotten lard along wid me, Sir, (hiccup) or lave them to keep the house healthy, Sir, do you understand ?'

"Yes," said the priest ; "lave nothing at all behind you except the tin boots, as you can walk faster without them ; or stay, Larry, bring them in your hand, put a stone into ache, and fling them into the lake—do ye hear me—and keep silence while you live on this subject."

Very soon afterwards, the priest came up stairs with the thumb-bottle closely corked. "Now," said he, "if there's any gintleman here who wishes to get a sight of Warnock, I can accommodate him."

This, however, they declined. ' 'Misther Dease," he added, addressing the proprietor of the inn, "I have put him into this bottle, which I shall throw into the lake behind the garden, but you are bound never to suffer the Hell-fire Club to sit in your house again. As for Warnock, *his* spirit's laid, he'll never throuble you more.'

The landlord was so much delighted at this display of spirituality from the humorous priest, that he made all who were present stay for supper, which was enlivened by the port and claret, on which Larry and his companions, aided by Warnock's flame-coloured costume and tin boots, had so often regaled themselves.

“Now,” said the priest, after some private conversation with his reverend brethren present, who smiled, and shook their heads approvingly, “I am sorry, gintlemen of the Hell-fire Club, to be undher the unpleasant necessity of making a small taste of revelation to you upon a certain point, in which you have, ache of you, something like what I’d call a very purty share of intherest.”

“And pray, Father Lavrock, what may it be?” inquired the worthies, alarmed at the solemnity of the priest’s manner.

“Why,” said he, “in one sinse, not much—that is, as far as the world would be concerned; but to yourselves it’s a thrifle, any way. In three words”—and he commenced knocking the floor with the end of the poker—“ye are doomed to go in this direction, except ye change your villanous coorses. I got that much out of Warnock, at any rate; an’ more, maybe, that ye know nothing about. As for the apothecary here—but it’s sufficient to say, that I’m in possession of a sacret that I might make a dacent penny by, if”——

“Gentlemen,” said the apothecary, bouncing up in a state of alarm, “You’ll all dine with me to-morrow—I insist upon it—and, Father Lavrock, you in particular, and your curate, Mr. Cruskeen, must be certain to favour me with your company.”

“To be sure,” said the priest, “we will be

happy, not only to attend you ourselves, but to meet all our friends here. Doctor," said he to the physician—"I believe you and the apothecary have been very intimate of late—Warnock and I had some convers——"

"Gentlemen," said the doctor, "I insist that you shall eat a bit of mutton with me on the day *after* to-morrow—as far as port and claret, and two or three other things go, you shall be well-treated. You, Father Lavrock, in particular, and Father Cruskeen, must be certain to favour me with your very engaging company."

"Of coorse," replied the funny priest, "we shall not only be happy to do ourselves that honour, but to have the pleasure of meeting all our friends here, at your very hospitable table."

"Surgeon Surfeit," said the priest. "by the bye, where did you take out your diploma, Sir, if I may presume? Warnock and I in the cellar below,"——

"Gentlemen," said the surgeon, "as you are to dine with my worthy friends here, on to-morrow and the day after, I beg you will do me the favour of scratching a plate with me on the day following the doctor's entertainment—as for fare, I trust you shall have no reason to complain."

"We shall be happy to attend you ; Sir," said Father Lavrock.

It is unnecessary to say that the adroit priest managed them admirably, or that the dinners were eaten with becoming energy. On the breaking up of the last entertainment, Father Lavrock gave "a full and true account" of the apparition, (sinking the brandy-bottle,) which, as it was the only spirit he laid during the exorcism, he did not think proper to disturb by narration. At all events, there was many a hearty laugh against the doughty members of the Hell-fire Club, for their valour in encountering that in which they pretended to put no faith, and at the trick Larry Shevlin and the worthy priest had put upon them.



"I'm not ashamed of my family *Mister Mullen*" replied Widow
Sheridan, smiling over to him.

THE ABDUCTION ;
OR,
AN IRISH RUNAWAY MARRIAGE.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON, ESQ.

It would be difficult to see a prettier country girl, when dressed in her rural finery, than the heroine of the following story. Alley Sheridan's name, to use a phrase peculiar to her own class in life, "went far an' near for bein' the purtiest an' the dacentest girl in the parish, let the other be who she might,"—a compliment to her beauty and goodness perfectly just. Alley's father had been dead since her infancy ; but her mother was one of those notable, active, shrewd, women, who verify the proverb, that one pair of eyes are worth two pair of hands. Her husband, Owen Sheridan, had been a tall, smoking personage, remarkable for laziness and taciturnity—slovenly in his dress, and

careless in his business, to such an incurable degree, that neither the energy nor eloquence of his wife could throw life or activity into his habits, or train him to industry and exertion. Owen was well to do in the world, because it so happened that his father had left him a large farm at an exceedingly light rent, together with a "skillet full of guineas," which he seemed to accumulate for no other purpose than that of leaving them to his hopeful heir. Upon the old man's death, Owen occupied the farm somewhat according to the manner in which Dominie Sampson occupied his new clothes, and smoked over the corpse, just as he would have done over that of any other acquaintance. As for the "skillet of guineas," he never took the trouble of invading the privacy in which they lay until after his marriage, when his wife insisted upon exercising her right and skill in computing them, that she might know at least the numerical amount.

When Owen found himself at the head of the farm, he continued to smoke on and saunter about the hills as usual. Other men might have become smart, and have assumed a little consequence upon the occasion ; but Owen was a stranger to that painful secret—how to think. He knew, as was generally supposed, that he had the farm in his own right—although there were several who de-

murred even to his knowledge of that fact ;—at all events, he inhabited the house, and came to seek his meals—not at the usual hours, 'tis true, but whenever he wanted to light his pipe ; for this being his great master passion, eating and drinking were performed rather by an association, arising out of that act, than from the impulse of appetite.

In this manner Owen smoked for several years, until his mother had judged it high time for a change in his condition ; and accordingly, one evening she desired him to put on his hat and accompany her on a short journey. Owen took it down from a peg, behind the door, dropped it sluggishly on his head, and, crushing his pipe against the end of a half-burned turf, which he lifted from the fire, put it into his mouth, and set out, without asking his guide a single question. The honest woman was on her way to “make his match,” and brought Owen along with her, because she thought it decorous, at least, to shew his intended wife part of the live stock belonging to the farm with which she was soon to be connected, and on which, careless of every other object, her heart was fixed. When Owen arrived, he planted himself in the chimney-corner ; and, whilst the negociation in which he was so deeply concerned went on between the parties, he continued to smoke and pore over the fire with his usual indif-

ference and assiduity. It was near midnight when he and his mother returned—the latter appearing in remarkably good spirits, the former with the same imperturbable inclination to suck his *doodeen*.

One morning, about a fortnight afterwards, she desired him to put on his best apparel, and accompany his friends and neighbours to Andy M'Grath's. Owen accordingly having put on his Sunday clothes, somewhat conscious, we must admit, that he was about to take a prominent part in the proceedings of the day, at once set forward with the party assembled. On their arrival they found Miss M'Grath—to whom Owen was to be bound in the bonds of matrimony—with a large party in gallant trim, ready to proceed to the priest's house.

"Andy," said he. "don't you think—(puff)—um, hem, um, um—(puff)—ha, hem, um—(puff, puff)—don't you think—(puff)—um, um, hem, hem—(puff, puff)—um, don't—puff—Andy, don't—(puff, puff, puff, puff,)"—until he lost the thread of his discourse, and left the matter in the dark recesses of his own mind, undivulged and unknown; so that the purport of what he was about to say, like most of his observations, literally ended in smoke.

All being ready, the party set out for its destination; but to Owen, the priest's house seemed a

secondary consideration; for, more attentive to his pipe than to his bride, many a dismounting he had, and many a cabin he entered, in order to obtain "lave to light it."

"Arrah thin, honest man," said an old woman, as he stood with his middle finger on the head of his cutty pipe, his chin stretched out, his leathern cheeks sucked into his jaws, and his eyes half shut—strong proofs of the absorbing delight he found in the act of striving to revivify the expiring weed—"Arrah, honest man, maybe you'd be after tellin' us who the bride an' groom is?"

"Maybe you'd have a knittin'-needle widin?" said Owen, who paid no attention to her question. "Dang this pipe! it's stopped, an' I can't get a blast out of it."

"Throth," replied the woman, "I'm sorry there's not one widin the four walls wid me or you should have it wid a thousand welcomes."

He then broke a sprig of heather off the broom, with which he attempted to "red it," but still to no purpose. There was now but one remedy, and that was to put the pipe into the fire, and burn out of it whatever obstructed the draught. This having been accordingly accomplished, without any appearance of hurry, the woman repeated the question as to the names of the bride and bridegroom.

“I’m the ‘groom’ myself,” replied Owen: “um—(puff, puff)—an’ the bride’s one or ocher of Andy M’Grath’s daughters.”

“Musha, God grant you luck and happiness! Which of Andy’s daughters? Clane dacent girls they all are, any way. Which o’ thim, aroon?”

“Um, um—(puff, puff)—ha, ha, hem. Which o’ thim is it?—why,—hem, ha, um—(puff, puff, puff, puff)”—and he proceeded on his way, leaving the old woman shrouded in smoke and ignorance; for the truth was, that he himself felt by no means clear upon this point.

The rest of the party had reached the worthy priest’s residence nearly half an hour before him; for the motions of his body were as slow as those of his mind were dull and unobservant. On arriving, however, he sought his reverence’s own room, where a few of the particular friends on each side were assembled—the rest being engaged dancing in the barn. After a little chat, in which Owen had, as the country people say, “neither act nor part,” the priest, who happened to be a new curate, only a few days arrived in the parish, asked if it was not time to perform the ceremony.

“I would rather,” said Owen, “um, ha—that Father M’Mahon himself would—hem, hum, ha—marry us; he’s an ould hand at it—hem, hum, ha!”

“He’s not at home,” said the curate with a

smile; "but you may rest assured, that I'll tie the knot as closely as he could for his life."

"It must be done—hum—it must be done—ha, hum, hem—privately. You must all pack out, neighbours, barrin'—hem, ha—the two Linahans, an' these colleens," he added, pointing to two young women who stood before him, either of whom he supposed might be the bride—"we want to hould some private discourse here first."

The rest, imagining that there might be some confidential matters to discuss, delicately withdrew; and Owen, like a man in a dream, taking the hand of the young woman who stood next him, desired the priest to proceed.

"It's the best way, yer Reverence," said one of the Linahans, giving his brother the wink, "in regard of Misther Sheridan bein' afeard that these rolikin' divils in the barn widout 'ill be puttin' their jokes an' tricks upon him; an' he wishes to give thim the slip, Sir, so he does, plaze yer Reverence; an' its dancin' mad they'll be for this, any way."

The two Linahans were Owen's servant men, and the two young women their sisters; but whether the mistake proceeded from the bridegroom's irreclaimable habits of abstraction, or from a preconcerted plan on their part, was never afterwarsp discovered. It is sufficient to say, that whilst

Andy M'Grath's daughter and the rest of the party were exercising their heels in the priest's barn, Owen was married to Alley Linahan, to the unbounded mirth of some, but certainly to the implacable resentment of M'Grath and his friends, who in consequence of the affront knit themselves into a faction, between which and that of the Sheridans many a bloody battle was subsequently fought. In one of these poor Owen, about three years after his marriage, got his skull broken leaving his wife with two children—a boy, and the subject of our present sketch.

After his death, his widow, who was really an industrious stirring woman, now that she found herself unincumbered by so sluggish an incubus of a husband, became more celebrated than ever as “a good manager.” Nor was this virtue so rare in our unhappy country, without the reward which industry and perseverance never fail to meet. In a short time, her farm became like a garden on a large scale, being so well stocked, so judiciously divided into pasture, plantation, and arable, that had it met the eye of co-operative Owen, he would have insisted on initiating the honest widow into the doctrine of parrallelograms, in order to bring the establishment to perfection. As it was I question, however, if any of his “parrallelogrammatical” systems could equal it, which I suppose

might be attributed to that trite principle, called common sense, which Mr. Owen takes such desperate pains to evade.

Next to her farm, Mrs. Sheridan's mind was occupied by the instruction of her daughter, Alley—and next to Alley, was she interested in the figure which young Owen ought to make, as the inheritor of such an independent property. Her mode of educating these two hopes of her house was peculiar to herself, but, at the same time, such as might be expected from a woman who, although she knew not a letter in the alphabet, contrived to succeed so well in life without book knowledge. The latter accomplishment was therefore excluded from her system, not because she undervalued it, but because there was not a school or schoolmaster within seven miles of the remote corner of the country in which she lived. Instead of this, she wisely substituted such practical acquirements as the habits of her own life, the business of good house-keeping, and the improvements of her farm, enabled her to communicate to her children. Owen and Alley were accordingly never separated when she wished to exhibit any useful process, or to read them, in her own homely but intelligible terms, a course of lectures upon the business of country life, industry and economy. Alley, for instance, could break a colt, reap a ridge of corn, or hold a plough,

quite as well as Owen—and Owen could make up a churning of butter, kill a goose, or turkey, with as much skill as Alley, or at least with a tact which she could seldom surpass. The mother's plan was to teach Owen every thing comprehended within the employment of a farmer, in the first place, and afterwards to superadd all that she had planned out for the accomplishment of Alley. Alley, on the other hand, received sound instruction in whatever a young woman of her condition in life ought to know, together with an experimental initiation into the whole agricultural improvement of a farm, with all its correlative dependencies—such as buying and selling cattle, grain, &c. and a competent knowledge of farriery, so far as farmers and graziers practice it in a simple way. It was no uncommon thing to see Owen and Alley out with the labourers, each of them in the act of knitting a stocking, or, perhaps, Alley leading a 'banwin'* of men, when setting or digging potatoes.

It is not for us to discuss the advantages or defects of Mrs. Sheridan's system ; we only relate it according as the worthy woman put it into execution. It was, however, the subject of much mirth among the neighbours—and, indeed, through

* Often called a 'boon,'—a number of labourers.

the whole parish, as well as for some distance into the skirts of the parishes adjoining. So far as Alley was concerned, it had unlimited approbation, because the prejudices of the people were not against it: but in Owen's case, where mirth or contempt were more strongly excited, it was difficult to say. Endless were the jokes and jibes to which his practice of housewifery gave rise—some, in all the gravity of affected simplicity, others in the broad caricature of farcical humour. As regarded Owen, all their taunts fell harmless; for the truth was, that from fifteen up he began every day more and more to resemble his father. At sixteen, his mother detected him with a 'cutty pipe' in his mouth as he lay stretched at his ease on the head of a ridge of oats which he had just reaped. This alarming propensity she determined to extinguish as the root of indolence, neglect, and indifference in a young man's character. Her attempts were spirited and judicious, we must acknowledge; but the habit descended from his father with all the prominence and obstinacy of an hereditary failing, difficult to be repressed much less rooted out of the disposition. She consequently, after becoming weaker and more vacillating in her opposition, ultimately abandoned it; and Owen became more silent, indolent, and phlegmatic, and a more inveterate smoker, in pro-

portion as he grew into confirmed manhood. In fact, when his disposition became fully developed, he was as accurate a copy of his father as if he had been painted after his likeness. The mother witnessed this with sorrow; but as she was possessed of no secret which had power to stimulate him into life and activity, the result was, that like his worthy sire, he abandoned every thing but the pipe, and sank into a mere nonentity, without respectability or influence—the imperturbable butt of all the wicked wit and flying jests in the parish.

Totally the reverse of him in every thing was his sister Alley, who had now advanced to the full prime of womanhood. The reader, however, is not to suppose her to be still engaged in those laborious and masculine pursuits, to gain a knowledge of which she had been trained by her mother. This shrewd woman possessed too much good sense and decent pride to make her daughter a slave to that which she had taught her only as a resource against the contingencies of her future life. On the contrary, no sooner had her practice become satisfactory, and her health and constitution been improved by active labour, than she was taught to assume all that dignity of character which a young woman with a fortune of five hundred pounds ought to manifest. A very obvious change was soon visible in her dress and manner; but no maternal

precept, however dignified or rigorous, could banish from Alley that sweetness of disposition and winning kindness of deportment, for which she had been ever since her infancy so remarkable and so beloved. Her person, which despite of exposure to wind and weather, had been always good, now that she had led a more feminine and domestic life, softened into beauty of no common character. She was rather tall, her limbs admirably proportioned, and her features regular and well defined. Her auburn hair, which fell about her neck in natural tresses, was luxuriant, and her dark eyes were full of sweetness and feeling—while her whole countenance was lit into an arch expression of playful humour, by two red, laughing lips, within which, when she smiled, were disclosed a set of teeth equally regular and white.

It was at this period of her life that Alley began to regret the want of some portion of literary education; for she had too much sense not to feel acutely the consciousness of her own inferiority on this important subject. When she mingled in fairs and markets, and bore a part in the social intercourse which took place between friends and acquaintance, she perceived with evident chagrin the obvious advantages which many young women, her inferiors in fortune and expectations, had over her, in consequence of having been taught

simply to read. As her ignorance, too, was known to most of them, they seldom omitted an opportunity of gratifying the envy which her beauty, dress, and wealth had raised, by some insulting display of their own literary accomplishments. This to Alley was certainly a trial which required a considerable stock of patience to endure: and the evil was rendered the more intolerable by the flouting and contemptuous ostentation with which they overwhelmed her by quotations from the 'Key of Paradise,' the 'Fairy tales,' 'Forty Thieves,' 'Fifty Reasons,' 'The Irish Rogues and Rapparees,' or 'The Academy of Compliments, and Polite Letter Writer.' The two latter were particularly obnoxious; for, as they regarded a subject in which at that time she felt deeply interested, viz. love, the ability to peruse their contents was considered by the simple girl as one of the most desirable qualifications in which a young woman could be instructed. Indeed were it not for an old aunt, to whose bosom she confided this affliction, such a defect in the system of her education would have been much more severe upon Alley's mind and spirits than it actually was. This aunt had lived with the widow Sheridan since her marriage, and next to that good woman herself, was the most authoritative person in the family. She was, moreover, exceedingly capricious, having

never been trammelled with the fetters of wedlock—for which, whenever a slight misunderstanding occurred in the family, she would raise her voice from the chimney-corner, where she constantly rocked herself to and fro at her ‘padareens,’ in words of humble thankfulness—uttered, however, in a tone of the bitterest regret. Though an old maid, she was inveterately wedded to her own opinions, from, which, whether right or wrong, no human device or power could dislodge her. In many things she was Alley’s confidant; but never did she evince such an indignant sense of scorn, as at the taunts to which her niece was compelled to listen from her enemies, upon the vulgarity of unlettered ignorance, and the melancholy fate of “not gettin’ the larnin’ an’ the edjicayshin!” By her advice, Alley procured a prayer-book, and on the following Sunday sallied forth to mass, attended by her aunt, with a determination to go through the form of perusing it, by turning the leaves and moving her lips with as learned an air as possible. This, however, proved a disastrous scheme to her reputation, and a miserable specimen of her aunt’s sagacity; for one of her adversaries who knelt just at her elbow, had thus an opportunity of discovering that the poor girl read with the wrong end of the book up, and that the book itself, instead of being a prayer-book at all

as the knavish pedlar who sold it had declared was nothing more nor less than "The History of Reynard the Fox." In a few minutes her opponent jogged her neighbour, and whispered the joke, which soon went round, until a general smile gradually rose to a suppressed titter of the bitterest and most cutting ridicule. Poor Alley had not moral courage to bear this detection, and the mirth was the less endurable, as she felt conscious of its justness. Her face became like crimson, and afterwards as pale as ashes; for looking round, she observed every eye bent with a sneer on herself—and what utterly overcame her firmness, was the presence of her sweetheart, young James Mullin, who knelt a little to the left, and witnessed the whole exposure. Her misery was now excessive, the book dropped out of her hand, and she sank lifeless on the spot where she knelt.

Mullin saw with indignation the envy which produced her embarrassment; in a moment he raised her in his arms, and carried her out of the chapel into the fresh air—but not until he swore, that if Peggy Gartland were a man, he would make her feel bitterly the consequences of her heartless conduct.

"Why, thin, Mullin, but that's manly, any way," replied Gartland's brother—who, in fact, was a rejected suitor of Alley's—"an' must we

stan' by, an' hear our sisther threatened? Put this in your pocket, Mullin, that you may thank the place that's in, or ye'd be made to ate yer words, a vick machree—ay, indeed, swally them to the last letther of what ye said."

"Eh, Gartland—an' have you a hand in this scheme,, too?" replied Mullin. "Whisper, a bouchal—I'm main proud to hear it; for you an' I'll meet where there'll be no chapel over our heads. Chew your cud upon that, young man."

"I've been long wishin' for it," replied Gartland, who followed him out: "an' I'll tell ye a taste of news—I'll be in the fair next Monday fortnight; ay, in troth, and' a couple o' dozen o' my frinds along wid me—*thigun thu ma*—you understand me?"

"*Tha sha maigh!*—it's well—take yourself off wid you; 'tis there I'll be, wid a sharp look-out lyin' in the corner o' my eye for one Mike Gartland, that's a big rascal wherever he is—and we'll have man for man too, or our name's not Mullin. Off wid ye, man, an' let me an' these dacent women bring the girl to herself, that's at death's door through the means of your unsignified sister."

Gartland returned into the chapel, burning with ungovernable rage, deepened by a hatred originating in his own want of success with Alley, and a knowledge of her predilection for his rival, on

whom he now looked with the most concentrated detestation. When Alley recovered from her swoon, she felt herself unable to the task of again encountering the jeers of those who envied her superior beauty. Young Mullin, it is true, encouraged her, from a principle of heroic attachment, to meet her enemies face to face, protesting, with many oaths, that he would take signal vengeance upon the male relations of such of her female acquaintances as should dare, after what had already occurred, to tamper with her feelings. On this point, however, she was immoveable, though the downcast and tender glances with which she favoured him, while her cheeks mantled with blushes, gave very satisfactory intimation that this generosity was not unfelt. She resolved, therefore, to go home ; and he, very naturally, determined to accompany her. We will now leave them to pursue their journey ; and in the mean time proceed to give a sketch of the state of Alley's heart, and the two principal claimants for its affections.

Michael Gartland was the son of a very worthy farmer in the neighbourhood, and, notwithstanding the unfavourable circumstance in which he made his *debut*, was really a worthy spirited young fellow himself. His conduct, however, on that occasion was only the natural result of jealousy, inflamed by the severity with which Mullin ad-

dressed his sister. In point of wealth he had a fair claim upon the good will of Alley Sheridan : for his property was fully equal to her own. About six months before the Sunday in question, he had formally proposed for her, and was as formally received with great complacency by her mother. Alley, however, with more decision of character than could have been expected from her father's daughter, stoutly insisted upon the right of a *veto* in a matter that so deeply involved her own happiness, and, therefore, without ceremony, rejected him. In this uncertain state was Gartland placed, strongly allured by every possible attention and encouragement from the mother, but repulsed on the daughter's part by the most unequivocal expressions of dislike. Many young men, upon slighter grounds, would have given up the pursuit altogether—and, indeed, his own friends, especially his sisters, dissuaded him from persisting in it; but he loved the girl to excess, and received such countenance from her friends, the old aunt excepted, that he was induced to try what patience and perseverance, backed by the interest of Widow Sheridan herself, might in the course of time effect in his behalf.

Mullin, on the other hand, in personal appearance had greatly the advantage of Gartland; while, in point of property, the other was by far

his superior. The former, however, was by no means without independence ; on the contrary, few in the parish except Gartland himself, lived in warmer or more comfortable circumstances ; but unhappily, in the adjustment of matrimonial alliances in Ireland, it is no unusual thing for a suitor to be rejected when his rival can prove himself to be five pounds the wealthier man ; and in proportion as the parties are poor, the much smaller advantage of a pig, goat, or a chaff bed, would cause a preponderance in favour of him who possessed it. Mullin, on finding that he had an advocate in Alley's own breast, lost no time in addressing her mother ; but this honest woman, who had been accumulating wealth all her life, would have considered it a crime against the future happiness of her daughter to give her to a man at least three hundred pounds inferior to Gartland, who was her favourite.

“Why thin, Jim Mullin,” said she, “the Lord he knows, yer family is the honest, an’ the hard-workin’, an’ the dacent family, root an’ branch, young an’ ould, man an’ woman. Doesn’t myself remimber yer grandfather, Brian Roe Mullin, the time he bought the farm of Tamlagh from Square Baty—who sowld it to ’im a thief’s pen’orth—ay, indeed, dog-chape all out in regard o’ the executioners bein’ down upon ’im at the time—out of

his own hard arnin', too—more to his credit be it spoken: an' every one's good word was loud an' warm upon him. Well, well—my, O! we're all but sinners, any how. Och, och, an' sure that's like yesterday to me—the way time passes over the best of us! So, you see, Jim avick, it's out of no ill-will at all, that I refuse my daughter to yer father's son; no, it's proud I'd be if we could make it a match; an' if ye war able to lay down the other three hundher, troth ye'd have my full consint, an' my blessin' along wid it; but till then, Jim darlin' sure an' ye'll be keepin' yer distance, ye see, in a friendly way—seein' the thing isn't to my plasin', that reared, an' has a right to give my colleen to the man that has the heaviest purse, which I'll do wid the blessin' of the Almighty."

This conversation took place about a month before that which we have detailed as occurring between Mullin and Gartland at the chapel; and subsequently our readers may perceive the relative situations in which the two rivals stood with reference to their hopes of succeeding with the daughter. It is not to be supposed that Mullin, during his walk home with Alley, neglected to avail himself of the opportunity which occurred, to press his suit with all the ardour and rude eloquence in his power. In fact, he made the most of his time, and contrived to get a promise from

her on the strength of which an arrangement was made, that our readers in due time shall have an opportunity of knowing.

We will now leave the contending parties preparing their cudgels for the ensuing fair, and proceed to the development of a plot, such as the vigilance of parents and jealous lovers have frequently discovered, and as frequently will to the end of the chapter. The evening but one preceding the fair day had set in, when a labourer of Widow Sheridan's, called "Paul the Shot," *alias* Paul Kelly, came to the "Misthress's,"—so the widow was called—having a very fine pointer dog slung from a gun over his shoulder, and a black lamb under his arm; both were bleeding, but lifeless having been recently shot. This man was called Paul the Shot, like *parcæ quia minima parcunt*, because, though irreclaimably addicted to the sports of the gun, he seldom ever *hit* what he shot *at*, and seldom *missed* any living object which happened to be near him, provided he did *not* aim at it.

"The butt o' the evenin' to you, Misthress Sheridan! Sure you know I wouldn't be afther passin' yer door widout givin' you a call, wishin' health an' happiness, long life an' visitation to you and yours, excluding of course, Mither Owen an' Miss Alley here. By the shot o' my pouch, but

it would be ill my common to pass thim by, any how. Now, Miss Alley, for the noggin o' thick milk, *a colleen dhas* ; an' *a gra gal machree* you wor, my darlin—the flower o' the flock, in troth, an' maybe that's no lie. Augh, augh ! there's the hand large an' bountiful : hundhers o' thanks to you darlin', an' luck in lashins to where that came from ! Here's God bless the cows, any way ! Miss Alley, yer health—wishin' it was betther for yer sake—an' a good husband to you, an' soon : *thigun thu* ?—ah ! ha, ha, ha !”

“ Why thin, Paul, what the dickens is this you've brought us ?—eh Paul ?” inquired Mrs. Sheridan.

“ Hah ! well, well !” replied Paul wiping his mouth with the sleeve of his coat, “ that's the stuff in arnest for milk ! it's mate an' dhrink, so it is. Why, you see,” he continued, giving his mouth another wipe with his gathered palm, “ the visitation of it was this : I borrid *him*,” pointing to the dog, “ from Jemmy Duffy, Lord M——'s game keeper, to have some sport, as this was an idle day wid me. We went up the mountains till we came to Cullamore, when, sure enough a murdherin' fine lump of a hare sthartered out, as big as I dunna what—the divil's luck to her this day, wherever she is, I pray Gimini ! but she was the unfortunate hare to me. Ethen, Ma'am would she be ould Gibson ? for they say she's not right ; hard feedin'

to her, any way ! if ever I come across her again she's dead as mutton ;—made off, the thief o' the world, so he did, an' he afther her like Erin-go-bragh. Here's a dose o' pepper, says I lettin' fly—pop !—whoo !—crack at you ! an' be my song, sure enough, up she turns head over heels, an' dhrops ! More power to you, Paul ! says I, you never shot, a bouchal-beg, but you hot somethin'—*ershi misha*—an' I gave a caper of five yards high !—oh, the divil an inch less !—didn't I see the parish of *Faug-a-ballagh* on th' other side o' the hill down ?—It's powdhered you are, says I, an' peppered, misthress puss—running up, at the same time, to *bone** her—an' be all the books that ever was open or shut ! when I got to her, it wasn't the hare, at all at all, but Jemmy Duffy's five-an-twenty guineas worth of a pointer that I put day-light through. Bud-an-age ! how I'll face him, at all at all ?" said Paul, scratching his head, and looking ruefully at the dog.

"Paul," said young Sheridan—"ha, hem, (puff)"——

"Well, Misther Owen !"

"How did you—(puff), ha, um, (puff)—hem"—

"Anan !"

"How did—um ha, hem, (puff)"——

* Seize.

“ You may puff away, Misther Owen ; but any how it was a puff too many wid me this bout. I only wish this thievin’ gun had hung fire—been as slow to go off wid herself as some people we know,” replied Paul, with a wink at Alley, while he screwed his mouth at Owen, who did not notice him.

“ I suppose,” said Alley, “ that Owen wishes to know how you shot the black lamb, Paul.”

“ Humph !” said Owen, as he nodded in assent and swirled the smoke away from his mouth.

“ Throth it was all Bridget’s fault, here,” replied Paul, pointing to the gun ; “ the sarra a purtier hand at takin’ down beef or mutton in Europe thau she is, *a vechonee bradha* ! for sure, there’s not a day I go out, that some neighbour or other isn’t a sheep or calf the worse of her, an’ all in consequence of her mischievous ways : sowl, many a thump she gives myself, when she’s not in good humour !”

“ But how did you shoot the lamb, Paul ?” inquired Mrs. Sheridan.

“ Why, you see, Ma’am I was comin’ along the head ridge of the *Hankerchy*,* an’ the *breard* bein’ hardly coverin’ the clod, what does I see makin’ a fog male of my bit of oats, but a flock of

* Handkerchief—three corner field.

blackguard parsons ?* ‘What visitation we have ! but I’ll have a slap at yees, for I don’t love your breed,’ says I ; an’ sure no more we don’t, whether or not. ‘The curse o’ the crows upon yees ! says I, asy—for they’re as cunnin’ as their namesakes, an’ as greedy any day—‘the curse o’ the crows upon yees !’ says I, ‘you black sconces : is it takin’ tithe so soon yees are ?’ Wid that I levels Bridget—‘puff, slap. There’s a taste o’ the brimstone, any how and you’ll get another *below*,’ says myself, an’ be the law o’ Harry, they tuck to their scrapers, except a big bosthoon o’ them, that I seen whamb-
lin’ himself in the fur ; so up I goes an’ finds my own brave black lamb, that I intinded the wool of to make a black coat for Phiddhre,† in regard o’ him bein for the mission. ‘Ho, ho !’ says I, ‘by the contints o’ Moll Kelly’s primer !’—faix, I suppose *she* was a descindant o’ *my own*—‘if we don’t have wild fowl,’—for sarra tail o’ them I tuck a feather out of—‘if we dont have wild fowl, we’ll have wennison, at all evints ; so the worseluck now the betther agin.’ Sure an’ it was only a mistake wid them both,” pointing to the dog and lamb, “any how—an’ the mate, too, at first cost for us.”

“Have you nothin’ new, Paul ?” inquired Mrs. Sheridan.

* Flooks.

† Peter.

“The sorra taste, barrin’ it be a pair o’ new breeches I bought for Phiddre on Saturday—ha, ha, ha! Sure if we haven’t a joke in us, Ma’am, what’s the world good for?”

During the conversation, Paul was giving private signals to Mrs. Sheridan, with an air of the most profound mystery; none of which, however, she perceived. At length he looked up the chimney, from a point of observation immediately beside where she sat.

“Thunder-an’-turf, what bacon!” he exclaimed at the same time contriving to give her a pluck unperceived: “why it’s a full foot deep, so it is, if it’s an inch. Faix it’s no wondher for you, Mr. Owen to be stout an’ genteel, fat an’ dacent, an’ bodach-like, that’s fed upon the same bacon, God bless it.”

Mrs. Sheridan fixed her eye inquiringly upon him, and he immediately looked towards the door, as a hint to follow him out.

“By dad, it’s the purtiest hangin’* o’ bacon I seen this many a day, God spare yees yer health to make use of it! Good evenin’, Miss Alley; the flower o’ the flock you are, mavourneen. Mr. Owen, wishin’ you the same—an it’s yourself

* When a farmer has his chimney well lined with hog’s flesh, they say he has a “good hangin’ o’ bacon.”

that's the sprightly hero all out, an' full o' life an' spirits, an' smart as a hay stack at a weddin'—ha, ha, ha! *Banacht lhat** any way, you deludher you!"

"Ha, um—(puff)" replied Owen.

"Why thin, by the beauty o' man, Mrs. Sheridan!" exclaimed Paul, when they had got some distance from the house, "if I had any notion at all that you wor so dull of extension; an' sure myself was makin' faces at you the best part o' the time, an' you never looked round to see what I meant."

"Why, Paul, avick, have you any news?"

"Augh! news, is it? arrah to be sure I have. Your daughter manes to go off wid Mullin to-morrow night, an' he's to bring a lot o' the boys wid him, for fear of accidents or oppersition. Now your plan is, to get in as many o' the neighbours to watch the house as possible. Keep them sittin up all night. I'll come myself, an' bring Bridget here wid me. Get a lot o' whiskey, from Jemmy Graham there beyant, to keep up our courage—I mane, our spirits—an' never fear we'll pass a pleasant night entirely, so we will, an' your *colleen dhas* will be safe an' sound for you in the mornin', God willin'. What I'm tellin' you is

* My blessing to you.

gospel; so, mind yourself. I'll be here, for one, to-morrow night; but don't forget the poteen."

"Ay, indeed, Paul; it's the best way. Sure I couldn't expect the neighbours would keep from their warm beds, out o' regard o' me or my child, widout showin' them some dacency."

She then returned to the house, without appearing to be in the slightest degree in Alley's secret—although both daughter and aunt had very strong suspicions that the conference between her and Paul, bore in some manner upon the girl's design with Mullin, or her marriage with Gartland, the latter of which she had been pressing on Alley for the last few days, with unusual eagerness. In fact, the aunt and niece were engaged, during the above conversation, precisely upon the same topics—for the sagacity of love is proverbial.

"Aunt," said Alley, as they retired to another room, "I'd wager a trifle this hugger-muggerin' between Paul an' my mother, is all about James Mullin an' myself."

"An' what suppose, aroon? Let them *coggher** till they're deaf. I'll warrant we'll outdo them. The sorra ring ever Mickle Gartland will put an you, if I can prevint it. The doatin' ould fool!—Lord pardon me for sayin' so—doesn't the world

* Talk secretly.

know, an' say, too—an' *she* ought to know it—tha Jem Mullin's your match of a husband any day in the year, an' of as dacent a strain as any belongin' to you."

"I believe my mother, bein' marrid to my father in mistake," replied Alley, "never was in love at all, aunt. She thinks he's the best husband that has the most *airighid*,* widout makin' no inclusion whatsoever to any thing else."

"Her in love! I'll tell you avourneen—she's my shister, an' sucked the same breast wid me; but I could take the sacrament on it—you're her daughter, Alley, an' I wouldn't say this to another—I could take the sacrament that she never knew act or part of love—may the heavens above forgive her this day! oftener we all to pray for it? I own to her being as good a wife as ever broke bread, an as doat-in'ly fond of her man; but as for love—the Lord forgive an' forget it to her, an' grant that it mayn't be comin' again her hereafter, a *wurrah dheelish. Amin!*"

"Oughtn't every girl to love her husband *before* she'd marry him, aunt?"

"Her husband! Och, och! you innocent cra-ther, that makes no differ in the world. Och, och, oh!—isthrue, isthrue!" sobbed the aunt, wiping

* Money.

her eyes with her apron : the heavens be *his* bed this day !—gallons itself I've shed over his grave, if they were counted. But he was the beautiful boy to look at, with his fine scarlet head upon him, that you'd know among a ship load o' people—so red an' so illigant : but that same was nothin' to his choice bullies o' feet ! He was jist two-an'-twenty whin he took ill o' the mazles : and as we had given one another a *hand-promise*, I was cock-sure of him : but isthrue ! it wasn't laid out for us or he would be spared. I promised to make a station to Lough Derg, if he'd mend ; and so he did get out o' them at first ; but it was the dhregs o' the mazles that carried him off ; an' I had to go, when he was dead, an' take him by the right hand afore witness, to give back my promise.* But, Alley," she continued in a whisper—

" Well, aunt dheelish ?"

" If I'm a livin' woman, whin I *cotch* him by the hand, an' he *stretched*, he gave me a squeeze."

" Dsk, dsk, dsk !"† exclaimed Alley, with a shudder of alarm, " the life 'ud start out o' myself, if he did it to me. But, aunt, what if my mother

* This is quite common among the peasantry.

† A sound among the peasantry expressive of wonder it is produced by strikiug the tip of the tongue against the palate.

has found out about my runaway wid James Mullin to-morrow night?"

The aunt, however, had her apron up to her eyes, rocking her head in the abstracted remembrance of the beautiful boy who departed in the measles, to her undying grief. It was some time, therefore, before she seemed to notice Alley's question; but on perceiving it, she hastily squeezed her shrivelled nose with her apron, in the bitterness of sorrow, and replied:—

“Ay, ay, Alley; no matther in life, *a hudh*—we'll be man enough for all o' thim: lave it to me Alley—here she's comin'—lave it to me, you see: I'll have my eye about me, an' will go up to Vara Kelly this evenin'; for that aumadhaun, Paul, will tell her all, an' I'll get it out of her, wid the help of a stone o' male an' a miscaun o' butther.”

With this plan in view, Alley resumed her seat at the kitchen fire, and continued her knitting, while the aunt knelt down in the corner, and pulling out her beads, began to finger them with great apparent devotion, her piercing eyes half shut, and her body, as usual, swaying to and fro, whilst she glanced, from time to time, a keen side-look at the countenance of the widow, with a hope of perusing upon it any expression that might throw light upon the mystery which she desired to penetrate.

The next morning the widow Sheridan followed her son to the garden, through which he sauntered, pipe in mouth, with one hand thrust into his small clothes pocket almost to the knee, and the other to the elbow in his bosom.

“Owen !”

Owen pulled out his pipe, and looked at her, letting the smoke slowly out of his mouth, into which he put the pipe once more with great deliberation, and puffed away.

“Owen, I say ?”

“Puff—um—whaat ?”

“Come here, avick, an’ I’ll give you a five shillin’ for the fair, and a quarther o’ tobaccay, maybe, of Muckatee’s pig-tail, abouchal.”

“No thin—um—will you ?”

“Faix, will I—if you do what I want you ; an’ maybe, it’s a watch I’ll be buying for you, some o’ these days !”

“Ay, but sure I’ve no pocket for it in my good breeches.”

“What matther, acushla ; you can wear it in your coat pocket, till you get another pair, when the tailure can take the measure o’ the watch for it, clane an’ dacent.”

“Bedad, ay !—ha, ha—um—(puff—chuckle, chuckle,)—hoo ! haa !”

“Now, Owen, stay in the house all day an’

watch Alley, till I come back; we're to have a match-makin' to-night, an' you'll get whiskey, wid sugar an' hot wather in it, an' lots o' things."

"No, thin?"

"Trog, ay; don't let her lave the house till I come home; an' along wid all, I'll buy you a new Caroline hat in the fair."

Owen instinctively took off his *caubeen*, and viewed it with great contempt.

"I want that, any how—um, hem—(puff)—if it was Sunday mornin', I might shave myself in this, wid the way it shines—um, hem!"

"Well I'll get you one. Now go in, an' don't let an that I bid you, at all at ail; but have an eye to her, or if you don't, you'll lose the weddin', an' the brave suit o' clothes you'll get for it."

Owen nodded assent, and, with strides of a minute each, entered the house, to undertake his duty for the day. Nothing, indeed, could be more ludicrous than the literal fidelity with which he performed it. His sister could not move even from one side of the kitchen to the other, that he did not dodge after her—up or down—backwards or forwards—from room to room—he watched her with an oafish vigilance, which nothing could repress. Several times he resolutely opposed her egress from the house, and with such a peculiarly awkward air of mystery, as induced her to believe

that his natural sluggishness of temper was settling into downright idiotism. The girl was annoyed ; but as she had nothing of importance that required her presence abroad, his conduct created on her part more mirth than anger. Not so the aunt : after remonstrating with him by fair words and abuse, and endeavouring, without success to wind out of him the cause of his vigilance, she indignantly seized a sweeping-brush, which, with all her bodily energy, she applied to his back and shoulders in the most unsparing manner, accompanying the action with suitable figures of rhetoric.

“Let me at him ! Alley, I say don’t hould me,” said she, addressing her niece, who was in convulsions of laughter. “Is it a lump of a spy we’ve got ?—(a swinging blow)—a lump of a baste of a spy—(the blow repeated twice)—a lump of a baste of a bosthoon of a spy—(thrice)—eh ! you pot walloper you !—(another)—isn’t it a fine employment he’s got to be watchin’ the weemen, as if he was one of us ! Why don’t you put a peticoat an you at once ?—(Ditto, ditto.)—Bad luck to me, but I’ll *ludher* the sowl out o’ your carcage, you ringled-eyed thief o’ the world—you gandher-faced bagabone ! Och, och, wurrah ! isn’t it a pity the breath’s goin’ out o’ me till I’d baste the bones of him ! Oh, oh ! only I’m as wake as wather, I’d pay you widout puttin’ much in your pocket ; you

sot you ! Off wid you and mind the hens, you thief you !”

“ Behave yourself,” said Owen, whose head was protected by his arms : “ let me alone you kal-liagh ! let me alone you ! behave I say !—if you don’t, be wind an’ weather, I’ll smash the windows, so I will !—Now !”

The resolute old dame, however, once more took breath, and changing her point of attack, came across his shins with an activity and a degree of science really surprising. Owen for a wonder, was compelled to be nimble ; and had not Alley herself interfered, the old woman would have given him cause to regret becoming dragon on this occasion. With a fidelity, however, peculiar to sluggish people, he continued to maintain his post, and actually refused to permit his sister to leave the house until the return of his mother.

This event was still involved in considerable mystery ; nor was the widow’s appearance in the evening, calculated to lessen the anxiety felt by her sister and daughter on the cause of her absence. The good woman was silent, reserved, and gloomy ; neither did she appear to be free from apprehension and alarm. But though endeavouring, as well as possible to conceal her anxiety, she could not prevent her displeasure from manifesting itself in sullen glances at Alley and her aunt. These were

returned by the latter with interest, garnished, too by several dark hints and broken inuendos, not at all palatable.

No sooner had night set in, than the neighbours began, to the evident surprise of Alley, to assemble in the widow's kitchen, each armed with a gun, pistol, pitchfork, flail, or cudgel.

"Alley," said the aunt, from the inner room, "*gutsho a colleen*—come here, girl. Sure," she continued, "I didn't wish to be puttin' the grief upon you before the time; and when I told you that Vara Kelly knew nothing about it, it was a big lie—the Lord pardon me—husht now, or all's over with us ;—dont let them see you cryin' at all. I'll bate them myself, stock, lock, an' barrel, if you be said or led by me. Look at this windy when I give you this sign, (crossing herself,) be ff through it; I loosened it myself when you an that aumadhawn wor palaverin' through the kitchen Put this jug o' wather undher the bed, and when he whiskey comes, I'll play-act all myself. Sorra ring ever the same Gartland 'ill put an' you: I'd -urvint that, if it was only out o' clane conthrary-ess. Now husht, alana, an' lave every thing to myself."

Early in the night, two large jars of "rale potheen" were brought from Graham's; and before nine o' clock, a party, amounting to above thirty

stout men, were ranged about the hearth, and in such other parts of the kitchen, as were best adapted for their accommodation. Alley, by the command of her mother, remained also in the kitchen, silent and dejected, notwithstanding her aunt's injunctions to overreach them by affecting mirth and good humour. The aunt, however, did not appear at all among them ; for, in fact, the nature of her plan rendered her presence for some time longer unseasonable.

In the mean time, songs, stories, and whiskey circulated with great rapidity. The widow, in the kindness of her heart, suffered not a man to evade his glass ; nor, indeed, was there a single person present disposed to do so. At length ten o'clock arrived, and the old aunt made her appearance in the kitchen ; but no sooner had she surveyed the fire-arms that lay piled upon the dresser, than, giving a shriek which startled the whole company, she dropped down in a fit. In a moment she was surrounded, carried out to the street for air, had the palms of her hands lustily clapped, and her face plentifully bedewed with cold water. These remedies had the desired effect, and she gradually recovered,

“ Oh, wurrah dheelish !—och, oh, oh, oh ! livin' mother !—but no matther ; I'm an ould, unsignified crathur, not worth savin'. Oh my, oh ! has none

o' yees any feelin' to take them murdherin' guns, an' pisthols, an' bagnets, an' blunderbushes out o' my sight? Out o' my sight wid them, except you wish the life to lave me!—away up into that room wid them, an' put them on the bed, that the stone walls 'ill be betuixt us. Oh, livin' mother, such a fright as I got! I'll not be the same thing to the day o' my death. Och, och! I'm goin agin—a dhrink o' wather, or I'm off! Wet my lips, some of yees, except yees wish to have me stiff on your hands in no time all out!"

"For goodness' sake Mat Kearney," said the widow, "take an put them all upon the bed in that room up there, or this foolish ould crathur will dhrop."

"Ould, is it? well that bangs Banagher;—is it any wondher that people forget themselves? an' me never saw the light more than twelve years, when she was a stag of a hussey cardin' *backins** for the Slevins. But no matther in life; it's the house I'll lave, if I'm spared for one night more any how—och, och, isthru, isthru—nabours if you knew but all—well, sure I'll say nothin'; it's takin' lave of her sinses the woman is, or she wouldn't turn her own house into a barrack, as she's doin'.

* The coarse tow taken from flax; a cut at her former poverty.

Och, och, don't I deserve what I'm sufferin' for not takin' the offer of a dacent house o' my own, instead of standin' on another body's flure as I am."

The guns and pistols were by this time placed upon the bed, and by a display of histrionic skill that would not disgrace the first actress of the day, either on or off the stage, she completely succeeded in lulling any suspicion of the insincerity of what she felt. By and by she got up, saying, "Hand me the jug o' wather agin, Mick Duggan, if you plase, till I wet my lips wid it, before I go out to the barn, an' sthrive to be makin' my sowl, any way: for I find it's not long for this world I am. Alley asthore, hand me them bades that's hangin' in on the dockin'* in the corner beyant."

On getting the beads she sallied out, but instead of seeking the barn, she went very quickly to a back window of the dwelling house, which opened into the room that now contained the fire-arms! in a few minutes, with an alacrity that could not have been expected from her, she squeezed herself through, and taking the jug of water before mentioned wet the pan and touch-hole of every gun on the bed, after which she quietly returned through the window, leaving the arms perfectly

* The country people use a burdock for hanging clothes yarn, and other light articles upon its branches.

useless. In the mean time Paul the Shot, who had been detained long beyond his intended hour, arrived, and by his presence, not only enlivened them with his drollery, but occasioned the whiskey to be circulated more freely, if possible, than before.

The night had now advanced to eleven o'clock when the aunt entered, with a sadly devout face beads in hand. "Here, Alley, Jewel, hang them on the dockin', again—och, och—it's sinners and fools we all are!"—she ejaculated—"to be thinkin of any thing but our sowl's! Asthore Alley, go up into that room," said she to her niece, crossing herself as the signal, "an' thry if you can find my little bottle of holy wather that's some place in it, but for the love of heaven, keep from them murderin' guns and pisthols; don't come without it, for I'll not be myself till I get a sup of it an me."

"Katty," said Paul, winking at the company, "budanage, sure such a good crathur as you does'nt want half of the prayers you say; but any way, you're what I call a tight ould blade, an' commit very little sin whin you're asleep."

"I kill no mutton thin, any how, Paul," said she.

"Arrah, Paul," said one of them, "will you tell us the story about the time you wint to buy the forty-piana for Colonel Edmonson's daughter, long ago?"

“God be wid them times,” said Paul, “they warn’t like now; the ould sort o’ gintlemen for me. I tuk to the carman business thin,” he continued, “an’ carried it an for some time well enough; but I remember what I’m spakin’ of was the first journey I made to Dublin after bein’ ill. It was the very year that Docthor Cooper—but he was only a horse-docthor—quack’d me to death with his calumny-pills; he insisted right or wrong, that I was subject to the fallin’ sickness—which betune ourselves was no lie, at least three or four times a week—when I happened to get a sup *in*, you see—ha, ha, ha! Well, he was a dhroll man, fond of his jokes, sure enough. But for all that, sorra thgin ailed me, only a slight touch o’ pretinsion in the intellects—a complaint, very hard to cure all out; so that I only wanted to be kept clear wid somethin’ gentle. My curse upon all quacks, any way; the thief o’ the world, bein’ accustomed to deal with horses, dosed me upon too large a scale entirely; an only for Doctor Mansel, he’d have got ould Nol Cooper to make a shute of Norway fustin* for the winther, when I wouldn’t be complainin’ of a misfit, even if it was tacked wid thread that you’d hardly know from sixpenny nails.”

But, Paul, about the purchase?”

Norway deal—a coffin.

“Throth I wasn’t to be blemp’t for the same purchase, but Masther Frank Edmonson, that put me up to it out o’ downright wickedness. Awouh ! it’s then the money was as plinty as sklata stones, or this young fellow wouldn’t be at at such a loss to spind it in one divarsion or another : for he ped dacent for his figaries, I had, ye see, an ordher for a piana-forty, to a Mистер —, och, I disremember his name ; but he lived in Westmoreland-street, in the town of Dublin. ‘ Paul,’ says Masther Frank, will you have many things to bring for my father from Dublin ?’ ‘ Yis sir,’ says I, ‘ I’ll have a piana-forty, plase your honour, an’ a lot of carpetin’ and two tables ; only, Masther Frank, I’m afeard of losin’ my way in that big place, or bein’ cheated, or maybe gettin’ myself into gaol.’ ‘ Well,’ said he, ‘ I could sarve you, if you’d keep a secret.’ ‘ Thry me wid it first,’ says I. ‘ My father’s throwin’ away money upon a piana-forty, an’ he knows no more whether one is good or bad, than a cow does of a holiday—neither does my shister ;’ and he winked knowin’ly at me. ‘ It’s well,’ said he, ‘ that it wasn’t a piana-fifty or a piana-sixty that he ordhered ; he’s too lavish entirely of his money,’ says the cute young shaver—‘ an’ it’s a shame for a man of his years to be buyin’ a musical coffin, when it’s one of oak he ought to be thinkin’ of’—an’ he winked so wisely

at me agin, that sorra one o' me ever suspected he was only makin' a hare o' me. 'Thrue for your honour,' says I, 'it's makin his sowl he ought to be, sure enough.' 'Ay, an' all of us,' says he very solemnly; 'but, Paul,' in regard of what Im spakin' about—I believe you are to pay forty-pounds for this insthument,' says he, 'it's from *that* it's named; but if you take my advice, you'll buy a piana-thirty,' says he, 'an' put the odd ten pounds in your pocket for the benefit of your wife and childher. I've been very wild myself, Paul,' says he, an' lavished a great deal o' money, an' its full time for me to begin to be charitable—hem, hem!"

"Accordingly we made it up betwixt us, that I should buy a piana-thirty, aud pocket the differ; but I got a writin' from under his hand, that he should pay the money for me, if we'd be found out. 'Now,' says he, as he finished it, 'you may as well save twenty pounds, as ten; or if you show this to the musical-coffin man, he'll take it in place of ten pounds; an' besides it gives you a good correcthur, an' that's a very useful thing in this world, Paul—hem, hem.' Accordingly, when I came to Dublin, I went into a house where they sowld them, and inquired to see a piana-thirty. The man looked at me. 'Who is it for?' says he. 'You won't tell to-morrow, nabor,' says I, 'barrin I change my mind. Have you a musical-coffin—

a good, stout, beneficial piana-thirty, that a man will get a worth of his money o' wear out of it?' He screwed his mouth to one side of his face, and winked at a man that stood in the shop, who it seems was a fiddler; but, by gor, if Mickey O'Grory had seen him '—why, I tuck him for a gintleman! 'Are you a musicianer?' says the other. 'I do a trifle that way,' says I, 'afther the Murph—hem! I mane afther atin' my dinner,' says myself, puttin' an the *bodagh*, because nobody knew me; 'but I never resave paymint for it—I'd scorn that.' 'How long are you out?' says he. 'Since last Winsday,' says I, 'I'm from home.' 'An' where is that, pray?' 'Behind Tullymuclescrag, in the parish of Teernamuck-faughalumkisla-beg.' 'I suppose,' says my customer, 'your last waistcoat was a great dale too strait for you?' 'Not so sthrait as your own is at present,' says I, (he was a small, screw'd-up crathur, like a whitthrit.) 'Will you show me the article I want?' 'Do you see that shop over the way,' said he, 'at the corner. You'll get the *article* you want there.' I accordingly went over, and inquired of the man behind the counter, if he could sell me a piana-thirty? 'We sell nothin' here but *ropes*,' says he—'thry over the way.' I thin went back to the fellows: 'you thievin' sconce,' says I, 'did you mane to make a fool o'

me?' 'I never carry coals to Newcastle,' says the vagabone: "Go home to your frinds, my honest fellow, an' you'll ase them of a great deal of trouble on your account; they miss your music afther dinner very much," says he: 'Oh,' said the fiddler, 'tis betther to direct the man properly; he's a stranger'—writin' down at the same time a direction for me. 'Go to this house, and inquire for the owner of it; say you're from the counthry, an' have perteckler business that you can tell to no one but himself—an' depind upon it you'll get' *what you want.*'

"Off I set; an' at long last found a great house, an' gave three or four thunderin' cracks at the door. 'I want to see the master very bad entirely,' says I. 'What's wrong?' said a fellow, all powdher, wid a tail growin' from his head down his back. 'I have news from the counthry for him,' says I, 'that I can only tell to himself.' The fellow looked frightened, an' runnin up the stairs, brought down a gintleman wid a wig an' black apron upon him. 'Are you the music-man,' says I, 'that has the piana-thirty for sale? I want a musical-coffin to buy.' 'Kick this scroundhrel out,' says the ould chap; 'how durst you let him in at all at all? Out wid him into the channel.' In three minutes we war in one another's wools; but faix, in regard of a way I had, I soon sowed

the hall wid them; and was attackin' the ould fellow himself in a corner, whin a lot of gintlemen an' ladies came to his assistance, hearing the *millia-murthers* he ris at the first dig in the ribs I hot him. 'You damn ould dust,' said I, layin' on him, 'is this any thratement for a dacent man, that wants to give you the preference in dalin' wid you, and to lave you *good value* for what I get, you murtherin' ould rap?'

"At last, I was seized hand an' fut, till the of-fishers would be sent for to take me to jail. But thinkin' of the carrecther that Mr. Frank gave me, I pulled it out and put it into the hands of one o' the gintlemen; 'Here,' says I, 'ye ill-conditioned vagrants, read that, an' ye'll find that I'm no bird for the crib—it 'ill show yees what I am.' 'Sure enough,' says he, lookin' at it, it describes you to a hair, you villian;' an' he read it out: 'This is to sartify, that the bearer, Paul Kelly, is a big rascal, an' any person securin' him will receive a reward of thirty pounds, as he has broke out of jail, where he was confined for sheep-staling. He is a man that squints wid one eye, an' wears a long nose, turned with a sharp look-out towards his left ear.' 'May all kinds of hard-fortune settle down upon him that wrote that,' says I; 'but he has fairly desaved me, the limb o' the devil that he is. Gintlemen,' says I, 'it's all but a mistake,

Let me go,' says I, 'an' I'll never heed the music for this day any how—that I may never be a bishop, but it was all a mistake.' 'Howsomediver, you'll find it a bad mistake to bate a bishop,' said one o' them. 'Oh, man o' Moses,' says I, 'was the black gintleman a bishop? Paul, you're done for now! Oh, murther, gintlemen dear, it's all of our own roguery or it wouldn't happen me. O, have consolation on me, bishop jewel, an' forgive me; sure, if I knew it, when I was peggin' you up agin the corner in the ribs, I'd suffer all kinds of visitation before I'd give you a whack at all, at all, plase your Reverence.'

"It was all useless: I was lugged off to the crib; an' 'twasn't till the second day that Master Frank, who was in Dublin afore me, though I didn't know it, readin' his own correcthur of me in the papers, along wid the account o' the whole ruction, came—an' by givin' an explanation to the bishop, got me out; but he gave me five pounds for the joke, any how—for the cash was flush with him; so that I was very well ped for it: an' 'Paul,' says he, as he put the money into my hand, 'the thrick I played on you was because you consinted to be a chate agin my father, that often befrinded you.'

"What's keepin' that girl in the room?" said widow Sheridan; "Alley will you bring your aunt's holy wather to her: my sowl," she added,

when no reply was made, "but I'll lay my life she's away with herself!" and she snatched a candle, with which she surveyed the room, and ascertained to her utter dismay that Alley *was* gone. She found the window open and the bird flown.

Loud and vehement was the manifestation of grief, noise, and confusion which followed this disclosure; but from none was the clamour of despair and indignation louder than from the aunt. A rapid search commenced about the premises, in the course of which Alley and a party of horsemen for it was clear moon-light, was discovered riding up the hill. In an instant the well-watered gun and pistols were in requisition, and a keen pursuit commenced after the obnoxious party. The widow's friends, were, it is true, rather unqualified for a brisk race, many of them being as strongly inclined to retrograde as advance. The attempt of rescuing Alley, however, was made, and would have proved successful if Mullin's party had happened to have a much longer stretch of the country to cross, for their route lay over ditches and rough upland, covered with swamps and brushwood. In consequence of this the pursuers gained upon them considerably: so near indeed was the widow's guard. that when Mullin was topping a small hill the former were at the bottom. Among the first in the chase was Paul the shot, with Bridget over

his shoulder—and it will be recollected, that, from his late arrival not only was he less advanced in liquor than any of the rest, but that Bridget herself escaped the fate of the fire-arms on the bed.

“Tarenation!” says Paul, “thundhre an’ thump! but they’ll bate us as they get out on the road before we wing some o’ them: hould, be the piper o’ Moses, if there isn’t a bagabone peepin’ out at us from behind the ditch, as a spy. Here’s at you, man alive; take this whoever you are—(whish, slap)—well done, Paul the Shot.”

The object fell off the ditch, and Paul, on whose mind the dread of murder fell with rapid descent, became instantly paralyzed with horror. “The Laud above forgive me this night—my sowl to happiness but he’s peppered, and I’ll swing for him—blessed mother o’ heaven, what’s this! Evans, go—I’m not able; go, man, an’ see who it is. Murdher sheery! Oh, Vara, Vara, what will you and Phiddhre, that I intended for the church, say, when you hear that I’m to swing for murdher!” And he commenced a howl of the most ludicrous grief imaginable.

“Paul, you have done for one, any how; you have shed innocent blood this night, you misfortunate man, you! Who did you aim at on the other side o’ the hill, that you shot poor Vara?”

[illegible]

THE ABDUCTION



Engraved by J. Kirkwood.

“Vara! what do you mane?” said Paul horror-struck and staggering.

“Why your *own* Vara, that happened to be behind the ditch, and you settled her!”

Paul’s howl had now risen to a roar, continuous and incessant.

“Ay, indeed,” added Evans, “you have shot Vara, your goat, that was grazin’ upon the ditch.”

Paul paused suddenly—“What?” said he, “is it only the *gower*?” an he ran over in a state of tremor to ascertain the fact. He then put his hands to his sides, and danced for five minutes to his own music, which was not a whit less grotesque than his grief. Evans’ information was correct; he actually for once had hit the object at which he aimed, and his joy was excessive on discovering that he had not committed murder.

This shot, however, was probably the means of Alley’s escape, for the pause which it occasioned in the pursuit, gave Mullin’s friends time to gain the road, which they had no sooner reached than the speed of their horses was increased in a manner that rendered all fear of being overtaken unnecessary.

We will now bring our readers to a gentleman’s residence, about a mile and a half from widow Sheridan’s house; the hour, twelve or one o’clock

at night. A thundering rap comes to the hall-door; and in a few minutes a voice calls out,

“Why thin might one make bould to ax who gave that delicate little rap? spake if you be fat.

“Is that Paddy?”

“Ayeh! all that’s left o’ me.”

“Is the high constable widin, Paddy?”

“Why, ’t isn’t widout you’d have him to be at this hour o’ the night, man alive. I ought to know the cut o’ yer tongue: is that Frank Neal?”

“So my modher says. Why thin fax, Paddy, I don’t like to be houldin’ discoorse wid you through the door, more in regard o’ the dhrop o’ dhrink I have in my pocket here: an’ besides I want to see Misther Little, for himself’s the boy that likes a bit o’ sport, as a duck does a shower.

The door was opened with surprising alacrity—
“What’s wrong, Frank?”

“The sorra taste at all, but everything right, Paddy. Look into that bottle first, and then tell the masther that James Mullen and Alley Sheridan’s comin’ to him as a ‘runaway couple.’ Start now, your sowl, for he must inspect them on horseback to bear witness that it’s *her* that’s runnin’ away wid *him*, so he must see her before him on the saddle, clane and dacent.”

“ I thought Mickle Gartland was to have her.”

“ So did the mother of her for that matther, Paddy ; but she tuck the liberty of differin’ a thrifle from them both, the jewel. Take another pull o’ this, and be off for the master, man alive—don’t you hear them comin’ in full style up the avney.”

Mr. Little was a young man of highly respectable family, who, in consequence of his frank and good-humoured character, was exceedingly popular with the peasantry, although the office which he held was one in which it required great address to retain their confidence and goodwill. He was, however, a humourist, and frequently contrived to adjust many differences among them in the discharge of his duty. Being remarkable for good sense and a perception of the genius and humour of the people, he had many opportunities of compromising the quarrels and enmity of factions, and such transient disputes as originated at fairs, markets, and other places of their rural amusements.

When he understood the nature of the business on which his interference was solicited—particularly the necessity of his presence to witness Alley on horseback before Mullin, in order to prevent the danger of a prosecution for abduction, which Mrs. Sheridan anticipating this event, had threatened—he lost no time in dressing himself—a task

which in this instance he performed with unusual mirth. When ready to appear, he perceived the cavalcade near the door ; nor was his mirth lessened by its singular and original appearance. About a score of stout young fellows, mounted upon bare-backed horses of every description, ranged themselves a little behind Mullin and Alley, both of whom advanced, that he might be enabled to identify them, and give, should he be required, an accurate testimony of Mullin's being the party abducted. Mullin himself could scarcely restrain his mirth, on requesting his attention to this grotesque and ludicrous circumstance, although his natural delicacy of feeling prevented him from indulging in any levity that might be offensive to her, who made such an unusual departure from decorum for his sake. His companions, however, were less scrupulous : their mirth was excessive, for to them it was "fun" of the first water. Their enjoyment of the "spree," however, was no proof of their want of attachment to Mullin ; for every man of them had either a scythe, a flail, a pitchfork, or a hook tied to a pole, with which they would have defended him to the last drop of their blood. It was a truly providential circumstance that no collision took place between Mrs. Sheridan's party and them, as, in that case, although they considered the matter only as a "spree," lives would certainly have been lost on both sides.

“Mr Little,” said Mullin, “you can bear witness that I’m clear and clane run away with—carried off by Alley Sheridan here, agin my own free will and consint—the devil a less it is. Alley, don’t you acknowledge that you tuck me away, a young, innocent, harmless crathur, as I am, from father, and mother, and friends, to lodge me with Mr. Little here?”

Alley smiled, and, could the change on her cheek have been seen, blushed also. “Hem ! why to be sure I did ; an’ a blessed prize I have got of you, you thief,” she added in an arch, under tone : “faix, James, I’ll pay you for this, one day or other.

“Don’t be afraid, Mullin,” replied Little ; “I’ll bear witness to what you suffered by this outrage. The law in this case is completely evaded. Miss Sheridan let me assist you to dismount : come in, there are candles in the parlour, and we’ll talk over this matter.”

“Faix,” said a droll, ill-looking fellow as ever was created, “I’m a purty delicate boy myself, nate an’ ginteel, an’ nobody has run away wid *me*, yet ; however, we won’t despair, as far as beauty goes, any how : who know’s what’s before me?”

“Before you ” replied another, “it’s wind an’ wather he desarves to be fed upon, that wouldn’t guess that ; ’t isn’t drowned you’ll be, Tady, as

long as two yards of himp can be got for a shillin'."

"Well, boys, see what it is to have the breedin'! Observe how pillite Misther Little hands her into the parlour, as if he had her on a clane plate—ha, ha, ha!"

"Boys," said a politician, "I wisht the country had more of his kind in it, an' there would be plinty of pace and oceans of happiness; not like the bloody rascals that rob and rack-rint us as if we were slaves, by their agents an' dam procthors, an' bumbailies, rappin' an' rivin' the heart's blood out of us, to spind on their pleasures in farrin lands, an' thin we can't see their faces, to get an ounce of justice, let us be whipped an' thramped on ever so. My curse upon them! By this an by that! for my own part, I'll never spare a prod of a bagnet, nor scruple layin' the weechy bit of coal an' the thatch together, till we get them to mend their coorses, an' live on their estates,"

"*Be dhu husth!** hem—a fine night, Paddy," said his companion, addressing him cautiously, but elevating his voice to the other, in order to put the indiscreet speaker on his guard—"Paddy, how goes it, you spalpeen?—have you any news from the races?"

* Hold your tongue.

“ Middlin’, I thank you, Phil; sorra word, for I wasn’t at them. What news from Athnasallagh?”

“ Never a thing worth talking of, this runaway is the newest news at the present spakin’.”

“ Troth, it’s the quare runaway; but I’ll tell you a sacret, boys: Mickie Gartland will be on for a rescue to-morrow, if Widow Sheridan makes him believe that Alley wint widout her own consent. The masther widin knows Mickie’s character to a shavin’, an’ he’s now discoorsin’ the two about how they’re to put the copin’-stone on the business, to-morrow.”

This was true, and Little himself felt considerable difficulty as to the means of bringing the matter to an amicable issue. He knew it was probable that Gartland, supported by the mother, might become troublesome and unmanageable; but he was too well acquainted with the honourable and manly delicacy with which the peasantry act in circumstances of this nature. When a runaway occurs in Ireland, no motive could induce a young man to wed a girl who had *voluntarily* “gone off” with another. Her virtue must not only be free from every stain, but her conduct from the imputation of any act which would seem by its indiscretion to place her in a questionable situation; otherwise Paddy, with all his violence and outrage,

would scorn her with the most indignant loftiness of spirit.

When Little conducted Alley and Mullin, together with their most confidential friends, into the parlour, he addressed them as follows :—

“ I protest, Mullin, your conduct has staggered me not a little this night. Why, man, a thief might as well take refuge with a magistrate, or a debtor with a bailiff who carries a writ against him, as you to run off with your neighbour's daughter, and march, as I believe you were glad to do, in double-quick time, to lodge her with the high constable. Not a man on the face of the earth, but an Irishman, would do it, How will you manage ?”

“ How will yourself manage, Sir ?” replied Mullin ; “ you must fight the battle out for us, now that you took it in hand—not that we mean to be idle ourselves, plase God, if it goes to that ;—but as for carryin' her off, sure I have yourself to prove, that *she* kidnapped *me* clane to your own house.”

“ True, I forgot that. Well, I believe the best plan is to keep you both prisoners for the night—Alley with Mrs. Little, and you with the butler—and in the morning to send for the priest, Alley's mother, and Sir William R——, your landlord ; we'll try what can be done to arrange matters to the satisfaction of all parties. If Gartland and his

friends come, we'll have a scene, however, and not a very pleasant one, I fear."

"In regard of Gartland, Misther Little, I don't care three sthraws for what he can do ; I have a crow to pluck with him as it is : if you can smooth the mother that's all I want. My life, however, whatever happens, must be taken before I part wid Alley, that I swear b——"

"Hold, Mullin, no swearing before the lady, Sir," replied Little, on seeing the young fellow's eyes beginning to glance with that fiery and head-strong determination which so often produces, among persons of his class, such destructive consequences : "leave the matter to me," he continued, "and be calm, otherwise I neither can nor will promise to interest myself in the business, precisely as I intended to do."

He then ordered Mullin's companions to go peaceably home ; and after committing Alley, whose diffidence kept her silent, to the care of Mrs. Little, who had risen, and Mullin to that of the butler, he retired to rest.

Next morning, Mr. Little wrote to Sir William R—— and the parish priest, and was answered by the appearance of these gentlemen in person. They entertained a just apprehension that serious disturbance between the friends of Gartland, Mullin, and Alley herself, would very probably result from

the elopement, particularly at the ensuing fair, as the two rivals and their friends, as was already well known, had threatened to put the matter to a trial of strength. They were, therefore, too well acquainted with the habits of the people, not to know, that if a faction-fight had once commenced between them, it might be kept up in fairs and markets for centuries to come.

Soon after the arrival of the gentlemen, Alley's mother, with her son Owen, and the aunt, who carried a bundle of Alley's clothes under her arm, came, together with a dozen of their relatives; and immediately after them, Gartland, with his father, three brothers, and half a dozen able-bodied cousins of every degree. Nor was Mullin left unsupported for the coming struggle, having been, early that morning, reinforced by twelve or fourteen of those who attended him on the preceding night, together with his father and two brothers.

Having been all arranged in the hall, the gentlemen proceeded to reconcile them. In the meantime a large crowd was assembled on the lawn, anxious to know the result, or to take separate interests, should there be a fight.

"My good woman," said Sir William, addressing Mrs. Sheridan, "will you tell us candidly the cause of this unusual commotion among the people? I ask *you* for an explanation, because I understand

the conduct of your daughter has in some degree occasioned it."

Alley blushed deeply at this unintentional allusion: nor did her embarrassment escape observation, particularly that of Mullin and her aunt. The natural choler of the old woman overcame her, and she stepped forward before Mrs. Sheridan had time to reply:

"It's a lie, Sir William; it's a big lie my lardship: *dhamno sheery woo'um*, but it is; an' but"—

"Whisht, you ould thief," said Paul, plucking her softly by the gown: "by the shot o' my pouch, you'll be transported for calling Sir William a liar, an' him a grand jury man o' the nation."

"Plase your worship, Sir William," said Mullin, stepping forward in a very determined manner. "as a gintleman, Sir, you might have begun with blamin' me instid o' the girl; an' I say, without carin' who says to the contrary, that she did *not* occasion this ruction o' the people that's about the place; therefore begin agin, if you plase, an' place the blame, if there be any, on them that deserve it most."

During this interruption, Alley's aunt, who was in a state of great terror, in consequence of Paul's hint about giving Sir William the lie, now came forward to explain—which she did by ducking up and down, with the regularity of machinery—and

in her own way endeavouring to make an excuse for what she had said of him.

“ Arrah, Sir William, ahagur, blood alive, man, what I said about the lie, your Reverence, was only to give you the denial, avourneen, an’ that I did for Alley’s sake, flat as a griddle, be my sowl ! You see, Sir William, wid reverence be it spoken, bad luck to the word of thruth, good, bad, or indifferent, was in it. No, faix ; I’d as soon fly in the air, as to say you’d tell any thing barrin’ the rale outs an’ ins of the whole noration. A grand juryman o’ the nation. Oh, blessed stars ! didn’t I come well over it ? ”

All this while Mrs. Sheridan had the corner of her apron to her eyes, while she glanced with deep resentment at Mullin and her daughter, as the cause of what she considered so irremediable an affliction. Up to this moment she had not an opportunity of speaking but now she availed herself of the *first opening* to detail her grievances.

“ Ogh, an’ it’s thrue for you, Sir William ; that brineoge standin’ beside her, tuck her thrum me without rhyme or rason in life, an’ he not a match for the likes of her, with fifteen score of guineas, Sir, plase your honour. An’ if there’s law or justice to be had, I’ll bring him over the coals, your honour, for the same thing ; throth, will I, Jem Mullin ! You’re there to the fore, an’ I’ll make it be a

black business to you, the longest day you live; for you're nothin' else—plase your honour—than a sconce, that wants, by manes o' that green-horn of a girl, to scheme me out of her penny o' money, that I had to fortune her off in credit an dacency."

"An' do you presume for to call a son o' mine a sconce, Mrs. Sheridan?" replied old Mullin, "since we must 'misthress' you; by the same token that you're the first of your family that was ever 'misthressed.' A sconce, ma'am! an' this to the Mullins of Edinnasamblagh! saints above, listen to what ould Andy Linahan's daughter says, forgettin' that your mother sat over your father's coffin, on the road side, to ax charity for his berrin, when myself and my forefathers had full an' plinty o' the world. A schemer! from the woman that tuck in your pipe-suckin' *dhring** of a husband, who was marrid upon you in a mistake of his own, but the sorra taste of yours. Are you answered now, ma'am? Ax the Magrath's of Tullymuddin, an' they'll give you the outs an' ins of the whole desate."

"I'm not ashamed of my family, *Misther* Mullin," replied Widow Sheridan, sailing over to him with a hand on each side: "no, the divil a taste. If we wor poor that's the worst that can be said of us. We *riz* by our hard work an' honesty, *Misther*

* A silent, lounging, stupid, person.

Mullin; an' that's more nor can be said of you, Misther Mullin! Do you remimber your grandfather, that was body-servant to ould Squire Blackberry, many a year before you wor born, how he came to be the first great man o' the family, Misther Mullin? Eh? Does that jog your memory? Arrah, be my sowl, man, there never was one belongin' to me ever wore plush breeches an' a white coat wid green bindin', Misther Mullin? Nor we didn't rise in the world by making ourselves dirty blacklegs* for a drunken square! Maybe you're answered now, Misther Mullin! Poor indeed! Arrah, to the ould *diowol* I pitch you, man alive!"

"Come, come," said Father O'Flaherty, "there must be no recrimination here; neither Sir William, nor Mr. Little, nor myself, will put up with it. Jem Mullin, you're a boy of sense, and will give up the girl to her mother, when you see she's against you, and bent on Gartland here; so let them be married, in the name of God, and everything end peaceably. Gartland, are you willing to take the girl if Mullin gives her up?"

"What say you to that, Gartland?" inquired Sir William.

"Plase your honour, if Jim Mullin will clear her,

* Blacklegs, in many parts of Ireland, signifies "a go-between."

Sir, on the althar, I'll take her, but not without it."

Mullin's eyes shot fire as he rushed at his rival. "Mane villian!" he exclaimed, "is it to think that the girl would so far forget herself as to make such a thing necessary at all! Let me go, I say: by the sky above us, I'll make hawk's-mate of him for that word; don't hould me, Mr. Little. Well, I don't care about you or Sir William or fifty priests, the man that spakes a word against that girl's discretion,* will rue it to the core! Well, well! wait; I'll meet you in the fair for this, Gartland: never mind, my good fellow, you'll pay for it."

During this paroxysm, the old aunt clapped him lustily on the back, exclaiming—"Ogh! but the blood's in you, a bouchal; an' but it's kind family for you to shew the 'spree! The dirty spalpeen! he deserves it; for only the mane dhrops in him, he wouldn't *even*† a bad thought to the dacent colleen—the purse proud beggarman! faix you'll get it, you thief; there's a cudgel steeped for you!"

The presence of those in the room, however, prevented a quarrel; and Little who had great influence over Mullin, pacified him.

"Jim," said the father, "if you take my advice, you'll wash your hands clane out o' the family; the girl's a good, an' honest, and a modest girl—

* Virtue.

† Impute.

but you may get a good wife ; so throw the ould woman's dirty guineas to her, an' give up the girl."

" 'Tis a good advice," said the priest, "and you won't have the worst luck for obeying him; besides, I that am your priest and confessor lay it upon you."

" *Dhamno sheery* be from the morsel itself," exclaimed the aunt, clapping him once more upon the back: "hould fast yer sowl; show the blood o' the Mullins, Jem agra; if you part with her, you'll never rue it but wanst, an' that 'ill be all your life: look at her 'tis as white as a sheet she is, for fraid you'd shew the *garran bane*,* an' let yourself be bullied out of her. Hould fast, a bouchal; hould fast, I say!"

"Is that old woman deranged?" asked Sir William: "she appears to be mad—quite unsettled."

"Mad, inagh! The heavens be your bed, Sir William darling: stand the colleen's friend, your Lardship. Wurrah, man alive—Viscount jewel I mane—won't you show fair play an' perplexity any how. How would you like if you war a colleen—an, it's you that 'ud be the darlin an' beauty all out, barrin' the beard and whiskers—fair play is all we want, your Ladyship."

* White horse—cowardice; a phrase which the country people trace to Sheemus's flight on one at the battle of the Boyne.

In spite of the bad feelings which prevailed the hostile parties, the old woman's oratory produced very general mirth, which perhaps, contributed more than any thing else to assuage in some degree the passions by which they were agitated.

"As to the fortune," replied Mullin to his father and the priest, "to shew yeas all that it makes no maxim with me, I tell you, Mrs. Sheridan, that I'd not dirty my fingers wid a penny of it. You thought it was *that* I was afther—you see your mistake, ma'am ; but as for the girl, I'll never give her up while I've life!"

"By the shot o' my pouch," said Paul, "the young man's beside himself, clane and clear, to go for to throw away the fortune and keep the girl."

"An' it's myself," replied Mrs. Sheridan, "will spend five pounds of it, or I'll thransport you out of the country, for taking her away frum me you know it's agin the law, an' if I should hire six counshillors, I'll make you suffer—ay will I, give one good half ginney to counshillor O'Connell, an' another to counshillor Shales, to make great speeches an' norations, that 'ill send you over. You common thief, to take your disadvantage of a helpless unprojected widdy—but it's easy known I'm a lone woman, or I wouldn't be put upon the way I am," and she burst into clamorous grief and abuse.

Mrs. Sheridan," said Mr. Little, with a lurking smile beneath the gravity he assumed—"I must set you right upon the matter of law. Mullin did not steal your daughter; on the contrary, ma'am, he took her away in the most legal manner possible, strictly according to form; and if you are determined on going to law, I must bear witness that she—hem—*that your daughter rode before him on the horse*, and in that case you know, and every body knows, the law acquits him—hem!"

This was overwhelming intelligence to the widow; for the fact is, that the peasantry thought, and we believe think still, that in case of "Run-aways," if the female is placed foremost on the horse, the law is completely evaded, inasmuch as it appears that the act of abduction is perpetrated by her, and not by the wooer.

"Saints above! what's this I hear?—Oh, 'tis ruined I am—I know it does, plase yer honour; but he must give her up, or get the three hundher, and lay down on the nail guinea for guinea wid me, or I'll rise the country, and take her out of his heart's blood."

"Mullin," said Sir William, "you must surrender the girl, Sir; I insist upon it, if her mother continues to claim her."

"I'd be long sorry to go agin you, Sir William,

but I never will; an' them that takes her will take her through my body."

"Och, och, my darlin' that you war," exclaimed the aunt—"hould to that, Jim, agra! my sowl, but we'll conjecthur over him at last."

"Mrs. Sheridan," said the priest, "I have used every thing in reason to make him give her up; but I tell you that you're too stiff-necked yourself, ma'am, and it doesn't become you to make such a rout about it; I say he's good enough for your daughter, not making little of the colleen. You forget yourself, ma'am; his brother's a priest, ma'am, an' it sits very poorly upon you to refuse your child to the brother of a priest."

"I think so too," added Sir William; "Mullin is of a dacent honest family, Mrs. Sheridan; and although not so wealthy as Gartland, yet he is sufficiently independent to maintain your daughter in comfort. Money cannot give your daughter happiness with a husband she cannot love. Gartland are you willing to give up the girl?" he added addressing Gartland.

"By no manes, yer honer; if it was only to tache him that his bouncin' and bully-raggin won't do wid me, Sir, plase yer honer. I'll show him, since he's put me to it, that I am as good a man as he is, an' can gather as good a faction."

"Plase your honour, Mr. Little," observed Paul

the Shot, apart to Little, "I think that it's pride privints Gartland, more than any thing else, from denouncin' her, least the country might think that it came from fear of Mullin, who's the very devil entirely wid the cudgel, an' so is his faction. In my opinion, that's the visitation o' the whole thing. If you could but take Mullin an' him on the soft side, you might settle it; an' as for Father Flaherty, he'll soon knock the mettle out o' the ould woman!"

Little saw the truth of this remark, and determined to act accordingly.

"We have," said he, "very improperly omitted appealing to Miss Alley herself, on a matter where she is principally concerned; Gartland I know to be a young fellow of honour and spirit, who I am sure, if he hears his refusal from her own lips, just now before all present, will not be mean enough to hold out after being refused; he's afraid of no man, or of no party of men, but I know he will act with spirit. Now, Miss Sheridan on which of these young men are your affections fixed? speak candidly."

"Plase yer honer," she modestly replied, "I have no ill-will whatsoever to Mickie Gartland—but I can't like him, an' he's not come to this day without hearing it from my own lips; I never de-saived him, nor kept back the thruth. James

Mullin—hem—I—I—” The timid girl could proceed no farther, but after giving a tender look at Mullin, she burst into tears, and in the unconscious impulse of love and innocence, laid her head on his shoulder, and sobbed aloud.

Sir William looked in every direction of the room, and the priest's nasal-horn resounded a somewhat melancholy note. The aunt went over to the niece, and taking her in her arms, kissed her tenderly, wiped her eyes with her apron, then shook her hand at Mrs. Sheridan, exclaiming, “*dher manum*, woman, but you're breaking the colleen's heart, so you are !”

“For my own part,” said Gartland, “I am satisfied now, an' would have been so long ago, only for the mother, and Mullin's brow-bating. Jim before all present, I give her up—at the same time, it's neither from fear nor favour of you—I'm ready to meet you any day, me an' mine, again you an' your's—but as for Alley, keep her, an' God bless her, for she's the moral of a good girl.”

Mullin stepped over and grasped his hand, “Mickle,” said he, “you war never a bad man,* an' I'm ready an' willin' to bear witness, that you'd do nothing for fear af the best sojer† that ever tepped on black leather—and while my name's

* Coward.

† Fighter.

Mullin, I'll never forget this behaviour, an it' ill be your own fault if ever we have a cool word again."

A brisk crack of the fingers from the aunt, accompanied by a triumphant display of that old accompaniment of eloquence the *supplosio pedis*, sounded through the room, as she addressed Mrs. Sheridan :—

"Hah, maybe ye'll be more worser nor sthrangers—nor black sthrangers, we may say—maybe you'll show some bowels for your own flesh and blood—an' if you do, sure it's only time for you to think of it, any way,"

"Never," replied Mrs. Sheridan, "barring he can lay down guinea for guinea wid me."

"Now, Mrs. Sheridan," said the priest, "I waited patiently to try you, ma'am, to give you fair play—but after all, you're any thing but a sensible woman, that would look far before her. You refuse your colleen, ma'am, to Jim Mullin, an' his brother a priest—his only brother, too—, ma'am. Now, did you ever take it into your head to think, or ask yourself whose children will come in for his property when he dies?"

Mrs. Sheridan started at this new thought.—
"Eh !" the priest continued, "have I you now, ma'am?—Upon my credit and reputayshun, only

for the daughter's sake af you, I'd be the man myself that would prevint Jim Mullin from marrying into yer family."

This was an argument which the griping disposition of the widow could not withstand.

"Mrs. Sheridan," said Sir William, "I see you would have stood in your daughter's light, by refusing her to Mullin, that's evident."

"But Mrs. Sheridan has too much good sense," observed Mr Little, "to do so any longer—of course Father Mullin's wealth will descend to his brother's children, Mrs. Sheridan."

"Well, well, it's not in regard o' that sure," said the widow—"but as the girl is set upon him herself, that I do it now. You're standing there to the fore, Jim Mullin, an' I never denied that you were a clane dacent boy, an' a good father's son, an' who would blame me for wishin' to see my daughter settled to the best disadvantage; she's my flesh an' blood, an' blood, yees all know, is thicker nor wather any way—so as it's come to this, childhre, may the blessin o' the Almighty light down upon both, I pray God!"

"Devil a heartier—sure an' that's the way it ought to ind any how" said Paul, "by the shot o' my pouch, if there's a sheep or goat in the parish, yees must have wild fowl at the weddin', with a blessin' an' the assistance o' my Bridget. If I

was for Mickie Gartland, sure no one could blame me either, and him my own fourth cousin, by the side o' the Suil-cam* family—ha, ha, ha."

While Paul was speaking, the old aunt, still anxious to conclude the explanation, pushed forward to the front of the group, despite the winks, and nods, and pluckings of Mullin, who in vain attempted to keep her silent.

"*Dher manum*, man, I'll spake if I should burst—behave, I say—let me to the Barrow-knight. Your Lardship—(a curtesy)—an' he a grand jury-man o' the nation—Vishcount, a hagur ma chree—(a curtesy)—the beauty o' the earth ye war, my Lardship—(a curtsey)—'tis in regard o' the bouncer ye told, plase yer Reverence. Sure I didn't mane it at all, only by clearin' up Alley's carrackther, nor wouldn't for the waight o' yourself o' the best goolden bank notes that ever was coined—no, in throth, plase yer Barrow-knight—it was no lie at all, at all—only a falsity, my Lard. If ye'll jist say before witness, Juke dear, that we won't be thransported, as we didn't do it, more particklerly as it was only a falsity? Will you, my Lard?"

"What, can any one tell, does that woman mean?" said Sir William.

* Suil-cam, swivel-eye—Gartland had a cast in his eye as well as Paul.

“She’s the young woman’s aunt,” replied Little
“a simple affectionate creature, who speaks bad
English; just assure her that you won’t transport
her, and she’ll not trouble you further.”

“My good woman,” said Sir William, “I pro-
mise before witnesses, that I won’t transport
you—so make your mind easy.”

“Ogh, I knew the true strain was in him—one
o’ the ould breed—kind and generosity. Musha,
God condimn your sowl to happiness, Vishcount
darlin and grant you long life and reprobation,
both here and hereafter! Thank the noble gin-
tleman, both o’ yees, an’ may all kinds o’ mutila-
tion, an’ grace, an’ holiness, fall down upon you, a
hagur.”

During all this time, young Owen stood with his
shoulder against the wall, one leg carelessly thrown
across another, utterly indifferent to every thing
that passed. He sucked his dudeen with as much
composure as if he leant against the jamb in his
own mother’s house. When matters were ar-
ranged he turned round and enquired from Paul
the Shot, “Paul which o’ them—(puff)—which o’
them is to have her?”

Paul looked at him with astonishment, and
whispered, “both man alive. She’s to be mar-
ried to Mullin to-morrow, and to Gartland the
day afther.”

He shook his head incredulously. "Aha, Paul" he returned, "that's goin' it an me. However, I'll find out from Alley herself."

Things having been thus arranged to the satisfaction of all parties, nothing remains now to be said, but that they had a genuine Irish wedding, to which all the personages mentioned in this sketch were invited, and that Mullin and Alley, who are now thirteen years married, have, in defiance of Malthus, thirteen children, and are happy.

SIR TURLOUGH;

OR,

THE CHURCH-YARD BRIDE.

BY WM. CARLETON, ESQ.

IN the church-yard of Eringle Truagh, in the barony of Truagh, county of Monaghan, there is said to be a spirit which appears to persons whose families are there interred. Its appearance, which is generally made in the following manner, is uniformly fatal, being an omen of death to those who are so unhappy as to meet with it. When a funeral takes place, it is said to watch the person who remains last in the grave-yard, over whom it possesses a fascinating influence. If the person be a young man, it takes the shape of a beautiful female, inspires him with a charmed passion, and exacts a promise that he will meet her in the church-yard on a month from that day; this promise is sealed by a kiss, that communicates a

deadly taint to the individual who complies. It then disappears, and no sooner does the individual from whom it received the promise and the kiss pass the boundary of the church-yard, than he remembers the history of the spectre—which is well known in the parish—sinks into despair and insanity, dies, and is buried in the place of appointment on the day when the promise was to have been fulfilled. If, on the contrary, it appears to a female, it assumes the form of a young man of exceeding elegance and beauty.

I was shown the grave of a young person about eighteen years of age, who was said about four months before to have fallen a victim to it; and it is not more than ten months since a man in the same parish declared that he gave the promise and the fatal kiss, and consequently looked upon himself as lost. He took a fever, died, and was buried on the day appointed for the meeting, which was exactly a month from that of the interview. Incredible as it may appear, the friends of these two persons solemnly declared—at least, those of the young man did to myself—that the particulars of the meeting were detailed repeatedly by the two persons, without the slightest variation. There are several cases of the same kind mentioned, but the two now alluded to are the only ones that came within my personal knowledge. It appears, how-

ever, that the spectre does not confine its operations to the church-yard only, as there have been instances mentioned of its appearance at weddings and dances, where it never failed to secure its victims by dancing them in pleuritic fevers.

I am unable to say whether this is a strictly local superstition, or whether it is considered to be peculiar to other church-yards in Ireland, or elsewhere. In its female shape it somewhat resembles the Elle maids of Scandinavia; but I am acquainted with no account of fairies or apparitions in which the sex is said to be changed, except in that of the devil himself. The countrypeople say it is death.

SIR TURLOUGH, OR THE CHURCH-YARD BRIDE.

The bride she bound her golden hair—

Killeevy, O Killeevy !*

And her step was light as the breezy air
When it bends the morning flowers so fair,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And oh, but her eyes that danc'd so bright,
As she long'd for the dawn of to-morrow's light.
Her bridal vows of love to plight,

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The bridegroom is come with youthful brow,
To receive from his Eva her virgin vow ;
“ Why tarries the bride of my bosom now ? ”

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

A cry ! a cry !—’twas her maidens spoke,
“ Your bride is asleep—she has not awoke ;
And the sleep she sleeps will never be broke,”

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

* In the original poem this line is repeated in each verse.

Sir Turlough sank down with a heavy moan,
 And his cheek became like the marble stone—
 “Oh, the pulse of my heart is for ever gone!”
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The keen* is loud, it comes again,
 And rises sad from the funeral train,
 As in sorrow it winds along the plain,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

* The Irish cry, or wailing for the dead. Speaking of this practice, which still prevails in many parts of Ireland, the Rev. A. Ross, Rector of Dungiven, in his Statistical Survey of that parish, observes, that “however it may offend the judgment or shock our present refinement, its affecting cadences will continue to find admirers wherever what is truly sad and plaintive can be relished or understood.” It is also thus noticed by the Author of “Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry:”—

“I have often, indeed always, felt that there is something exceedingly touching in the Irish cry; in fact, that it breathes the very spirit of wild and natural sorrow. The Irish peasantry, whenever a death takes place, are exceedingly happy in seizing upon any contingent circumstances that may occur, and making them subservient to the excitement of grief for the departed, or the exaltation and praise of his character and virtues. My entrance was proof of this; for I had scarcely advanced to the middle of the floor, when my intimacy with the deceased, our boyish sports, and even our quarrels, were adverted to with a natural eloquence and pathos, that, in spite of my firmness, occasioned me to feel the prevailing sorrow. They spoke, or chanted mournfully, in Irish; but the substance of what they said was as follows:— ‘Oh, avourneen! you’re lying low this mornin’ of sorrow! lying low are you. and does not know who it is (alluding to me) that is standin’ over you, weepin’ for the days you spent together in your youth. It’s yourself, *acushla agus asthore machree*, (the pulse and beloved of my heart) that would stretch out the right hand warmly to welcome him to the place of his birth, where you had both been so often happy about the green hills and valleys with each other!’ They then passed on to an enumeration of his virtues as a father, a husband, son, and brother—specified his worth as he stood related to society in general, and his kindness as a neighbour and a friend.”

And oh, but the plumes of white were fair,
 When they flutter'd all mournful in the air,
 As rose the hymn of the requiem prayer,*
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

There is a voice that but one can hear,
 And it softly pours, from behind the bier,
 Its note of death on Sir Turlough's ear,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The keen is loud, but that voice is low,
 And it sings its song of sorrow slow,
 And names young Turlough's name with woe,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Now the grave is closed, and the mass is said,
 And the bride she sleeps in her lonely bed,
 The fairest corpse among the dead,†
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The wreaths of virgin-white are laid,
 By virgin hands, o'er the spotless maid;
 And the flowers are strewn, but they soon will fade,‡
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Oh go not yet—not yet away,
 Let us feel that *life* is near our clay,"
 The long departed seem to say,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

But the tramp and the voices of *life* are gone,
 And beneath each cold forgotten stone,

* It is usual in the North of Ireland to celebrate mass for the dead in some green field between the house in which the deceased lived and the grave-yard. For this the shelter of a grove is usually selected, and the appearance of the ceremony is highly picturesque and solemn, exhibiting that melancholy beauty for which this rite of the Church of Rome is so remarkable. ⁱ

† Another expression peculiarly Irish—"What a purty corpse!"—"How well she becomes death!"—"You wouldn't meet a purtier corpse of a summer's day!"—"She bears the change well!" are all phrases quite common in case of death among the peasantry.

‡ These ceremonies are not peculiar to Ireland: except the wreathes of white paper, which are more frequent here than in the sister kingdom.

The mouldering dead sleep all alone,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

But who is he who lingereth yet?
The fresh green sod with his tears is wet,
And his heart in the bridal grave is set,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Oh, who but Sir Turlough, the young and brave,
Should bend him o'er that bridal grave,
And to his death-bound Eva rave,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Weep not—weep not," said a lady fair,
"Should youth and valour thus despair,
And pour their vows to the empty air?"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

There's charmed music upon her tongue,
Such beauty—bright and warm and young—
Was never seen the maids among,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

A laughing light, a tender grace,
Sparkled in beauty around her face,
That grief from mortal heart might chase,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The charm is strong upon Turlough's eye,
His faintless tears are already dry,
And his yielding heart has ceased to sigh,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"The maid for whom thy salt tears fall,
Thy grief or love can ne'er recall;
She rests beneath that grassy pall,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"My heart it strangely cleaves to thee,
And now that thy plighted love is free,
Give its unbroken pledge to me,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"To thee," the charmed chief replied,
"I pledge that love o'er my buried bride;
Oh! come, and in 'Turlough's hall abide,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Again the funeral voice came o'er
The passing breeze, as it wailed before,
And streams of mournful music bore,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"If I to thy youthful heart am dear,
One month from hence thou wilt meet me here,
Where lay thy bridal, Eva's bier,"

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

He pressed her lips as the words were spoken,
And his *banshee's** wail—now far and broken—
Murmur'd "Death," as she gave the token,

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy ;

"Adieu ! adieu !" said his lady bright.

And she slowly passed like a thing of light,
Or a morning cloud, from Sir Turlough's sight,

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Now Sir Turlough has death in every vein,
And there's fear and grief o'er his wide domain,
And gold for those who will calm his brain,

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Come, haste thee, leech, right swiftly ride,
Sir Turlough the brave, Green Truagh's pride,
Has pledged his love to the church-yard bride,"

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy,

The leech groaned loud, "come tell me this,
By all the hopes of weal and bliss,
Has Sir Turlough given the fatal kiss?"

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"The banshee's cry is loud and long,
At eve she weeps her funeral song,
And it floats on the twilight breeze along,"

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

* Treating of the superstitions of the Irish, Miss Bal four says:—"What rank the *banshee* holds in the scale of spiritual beings, it is not easy to determine; but her favourite occupation seems to be that of foretelling the death of the different branches of the families over which she presided, by the most plaintive cries. Many stories to this purpose are related by the lower Irish; and even Christianity has not been able to destroy those superstitious ideas." Every family had formerly its banshee, but the belief in her existence is now fast fading away, and in a few more years she will only be remembered in the storied records of her marvellous doings in days long since gone by.

"Then the fatal kiss is given; the last
Of Turlough's race and name is past,
His doom is seal'd, his die cast,"

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Leech, say not that thy skill is vain;
Oh, calm the power of his frenzied brain,
And half his lands thou shalt retain."

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The leech has failed, and the hoary priest
With pious shrift his soul released,
And the smoke is high of his funeral feast,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The shanachies* now are assembled all,
And the songs of praise, in Sir Turlough's hall,
To the sorrowing harp's dark music fall,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And there is trophy, banner, and plume,
And the pomp of death, with its darkest gloom
O'ershadows the Irish chieftain's tomb,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The month is clos'd, and green Truagh's pride,
Is married to death—and side by side,
He slumbers now with his church-yard bride,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

* The shanachies were those who recorded the exploits of great men, and recounted their deeds previous to their interment.

PADDY MULLOWNEY'S TRAVELS IN FRANCE.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

Soldier.—*Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Parolles.—I know you are the Musko's regiment,

Soldier.—*Bokos vauvado:*

Parolles.—I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue,
All's well that ends well.

MATTHEWS, in his "Trip to America," gives a ludicrous representation of an Irishman who has left his own country on the old-fashioned speculation of "seeking his fortune"—and who, after various previous failures in the pursuit, at length goes into the back settlements with the intention of becoming interpreter general between the Yankees and the Indian tribes—but the Indians reject his proffered service, "*the poor ignorant creatures*" as he himself says, "*just because he did not understand their language.*" We are told, moreover, that Goldsmith visited the land of dykes and dams, for the purpose of teaching the Hollanders *English*, quite overlooking (until his arrival in the country made it obvious) that he did not know a word of *Dutch* himself. I have prefaced the following story thus, in the hope that the "*precedent*," which covers so many absurdities in *law*, may be considered available by the *author*, as well as the *suitor*,

and may serve a turn in the court of criticism, as well as in the common pleas.

A certain old gentleman in the west of Ireland, whose love of the ridiculous quite equalled his taste for claret and fox-hunting, was wont, upon certain festive occasions when opportunity offered, to amuse his friends by *drawing out* one of his servants who was exceedingly fond of what he called his "*thravels*," and in whom a good deal of whim, some queer stories, and perhaps more than all, long and faithful services, had established a sort of right of loquacity. He was one of those few trusty and privileged domestics, who, if his master unheedingly uttered a rash thing in a fit of passion, would venture to set him right. If the squire said "I'll turn that rascal off," my friend Pat would say, "troth you won't sir;" and Pat was always right, for if any altercation arose upon the "subject matter in hand," he was sure to throw in some good reason, either from former service—general good conduct—the delinquent's "wife and childher," and always turned the scale. But I am digressing: on such merry-meetings as I have alluded to, the master, after making certain "approaches," as a military man would say, as the preparatory steps in laying siege to some *extravaganza* of his servant, might, perchance, assail Pat thus:—"By the bye Sir John, (addressing a dis-

tinguished guest,) Pat has a very curious story, which something you told me to-day reminds me of. You remember Pat, (turning to the man, evidently pleased at the notice thus paid to himself,) you remember that queer adventure you had in France."

"Troth I do, sir," grins forth Pat.

"What!" exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise, "was Pat ever in France?"

"Indeed he was," cries mine host—and Pat adds, 'Ay, and farther, plaze your honor."

"I assure you, Sir John," continues my host—"Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much, respecting the ignorance of the French."

"Indeed" rejoins the baronet, "really I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people."

"Throth then, they're not," interrupts Pat.

"Oh, by no means," adds mine host shaking his head emphatically. "I believe Pat, 'twas when you were crossing the Atlantic," says the *master*, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading him into the "full and true account;" (for Pat had thought fit to visit 'North Amerikay,' for 'a raison he had,' in the autumn of the year 98.)

"Yes, sir," says Pat, "the broad Atlantic," a favorite phrase of his, which he gave with a brogue as broad, almost, as the Atlantic itself. "It was

the time I was lost in crassin the broad Atlantic a comin' home," began Pat, decoyed into the recital: "whin the winds began to blow, and the sae to rowl, that you'd think the *Colleen dhas*, (that was her name,) would not have a mast left but what would rowl out of her. Well, sure enough, the masts went by the boord, at last, and the pumps was choak'd, (devil choak them for that same,) and av coorse the wather gained an us, and troth to be filled with wather is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors calls it, and faith I never was good at set'tlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever; accordianly we prepared for the worst, and put out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkits, and a cashk o' pork, and a kag o' water, and a thrifle o' rum aboard, and any other little matthers we could think iv in the mortial hurry we wor in—and faith there was no time to be lost, for my darlint, the *Colleen dhas* went down like a lump o' lead, afore we wor many sthrokes o' the oar away from her. Well, we dhrifted away all that night, and next mornin' put up a piece av a sail, as well as we could, for we darn't show a stitch o' canvass the night before, becace it was blowin' like bloody murther, savin' your presence, and sure it's the wondher of the world we worn't swally'd alive by the ragin' sae—well, away we wint, for more nor a week, and nothin' before our two good-looking

eyes but the canopy iv heaven and the wide ocean—the broad Atlantic—the devil a thing was to be seen but the sae and the sky, and though the sae and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, still in all, yet by my sowl they're no great things when you've nothin' else to look at for a week together—and the barest rock in the world so it was land, would be more welkim. And then soon enough troth, our provissions began to run low, the bishkits, and the water, and the rum—troth *that* was gone first of all—God help uz—and, oh! it was *thin* that starvation began to stare uz in the face—‘Oh murther, murther, captain darlint,’ says I, ‘I wish we could see land any where,’ says I. ‘More power to your elbow, Paddy my boy,’ says he, ‘for sich a good wish, and troth it s myself wishes the same.’ ‘Oh, grant it,’ says I, ‘sweet queen of heaven, supposing it was only a *dissolute* island,’ says I, ‘inhabited wid Turks, sure they would not be such bad Christhans as to refuse uz a bit and a sup.’

“ ‘Whisht, whisht, Paddy,’ says the captain, don't be talking bad of any one,’ says he, ‘you, don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarthers in th' other world all of a suddent,’ says he. ‘Thru for you, captain darlint,’ says I. I called him darlint and made free wid him, you see bekase disstress makes us all equal—‘thru for you

captain jewel—God betune uz and harm, I owe no man any spite'—and troth that was only truth. Well, the last bishkit was sarved out, and by gor the *water itself* was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowl'd—well, at the brake o' day the sun riz most beautiful out o' the waves, that was as bright as silver and as clear as *cryshthal*. But it was only the more crule upon uz, for we wor beginnin' to feel *terrible* hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land—begor I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minnit, and 'thundher an ouns, captain,' says I, 'look to leeward,' says I. 'What for?' says he. 'I think I see the land,' says I. 'So he ups with his bring-'em-near—(that's what the sailors call a spy-glass, sir,) and looks out, and, sure enough it was.

" 'Hurra!' says he, 'we're all right now; pull away boys,' says he. 'Take care you're not mistaken,' said I, 'maybe its only a fog-bank, captain darlint,' says I. 'Oh no,' says he, 'it's the land in airnest.' 'Oh then, whereabouts in the wide world are we?' says I. 'Captain;—maybe it id be in Roosia, or Proosia, or the Garman oceant,' says I. 'Tut, you fool,' says he—for he had that consaited way with him—thinkin' himself cleverer nor any one else—'tut, you fool,' says he—'that's *France*,' says he. 'Fire an ouns,' says I, 'do you tell me so—and how do you know it's France it is, captain dear?' says I. 'Bekase this is the Bay o'

Bishkey we're now in,' says he. 'Throth I was thinkin' so myself,' says I, 'by the *rowl* it has, for I often heard av it in the regard o' that same, and, throth the likes av it I never seen before nor sense, and with the help o' God never will.

"Well, with that my heart began to grow light, and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever—so, says I, 'Captain jewel, I wish we had a gridiron.' 'Why then,' says he, 'thunder and turf,' says he, 'what puts a gridiron into your head?' 'Bekase I'm starven' with hunger,' says I. 'And sure bad-luck to you,' says he, 'you couldn't ate a gridiron,' says he, 'barrin' you wor a *Pelican o' the wilderness*,' says he. 'Ate a gridiron,' says I, 'och, in throth I'm not sitch a *gommogh* all out as that any how. But sure if we had a gridiron we could dhress a beef-stake,' says I. 'Arrah! but where's the beef-stake to dhress,' says he. 'Sure, couldn't we cut a slice aff the pork,' says I. 'By gor I never thought of that,' says the captain. 'You're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says he, laughin'. 'Oh, there's many a thrue word said in a joke,' says I. 'Thrue for you, Paddy,' says he. 'Well, then,' says I, 'If you put me ashore there beyant,' (for we wor nearin' the land all the time,) 'and sure I can ax thim for to lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I. 'Oh by gor the butther's comin' out o' the stirabout in airnist now,' says he, 'you *gommogh*,' says he,

‘sure I towld you before that’s France—and sure theyer all *furriners* (foreigners) there,’ says the captain. ‘Well,’ says I, ‘and how do you know but I’m as good a furriner myself as any o’ them.’ What do you mane?’ says he. ‘I mane,’ says I, ‘what I tould you, that I’m as good a furriner myself as any o’ thim.’ ‘Make me sensible,’ says he. ‘By dad maybe that’s more nor me, or greater nor me could do,’ says I—and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I’d pay him off for his bit o’ consait about the *garman oceant*. ‘Leave aff your humbuggin’, says he, ‘I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane at all at all.’ ‘*Parly voo frongsay*,’ says I, ‘Oh your humble sarvent,’ says he; ‘why by gor you’re a scholar, Paddy.’—‘Throth you may say that,’ says I. ‘Why, *you’re a clever fellow, Paddy*,’ says the captain, jeerin’ like. ‘Troth you’re not the first that said that,’ says I, ‘whether you joke or no’—‘Oh, but I’m in airnest,’ says the captain—‘and do you tell me Paddy,’ says he, ‘that you spake Frinch?’—‘*Parly voo Frongsay*,’ says I. ‘By gor that bangs Banagher, and all the world knows Banagher bangs the devil—I never met the likes o’ you, Paddy,’ says he—‘pull away boys, and put Paddy ashore and maybe we wont get a good bellyfull before long.’ So with that it was no sooner said nor done—they pulled away and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little

creek, and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white strand, an iligant places for the ladies to bathe in the summer—and out I got, and it's stiff enough in my limbs I was afther bein' cramp'd up in the boat, and perished with the cowl'd and hunger ; but I contrived to scramble on one way or the other, tow'rds a little bit of a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin' out of it quite temptin' like. 'By my sowl,' says I, 'I'm all right; there's a house *there*,' says I—and sure enough there was, and a parcel of men, women and childer, *aating* their dinner round a table quite covanient. And so I wint up to the door and I thought I'd be very civil to thim, as I heerd the Frinch was always mighty p'lte intirely—and I thought I'd shew them I knew what good manners was. So I took aff my hat and making a low bow, says I, 'God save all here,' says I. Well to be sure they all stopt *aating* at wanst and began to stare at me, and faith they almost look'd me out of countenance—and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all—more be token from furriners, which they call so mighty p'lte; but I never minded that, in regard of wantin' the grid-iron, 'and so,' says I, 'I beg your pardon,' says I, 'for the liberty I take, but it's only bein' in disthress in regard of *aating*,' says I, 'that I make bowld to throuble yeez, and if you could lend me

the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'I'd be intirely obleeged to ye.' By gor they all stared at me twice worse nor before, and with that, says I, (knowing what was in their minds) 'indeed it's thrue for you,' says I; 'I'm tathered to pieces, and God knows I look *quare* enough, but it's by *raason* of the storm,' says I, 'which *dhriv* us ashore here below, and we're all starvin',' says I. So then they began to look at each other agin, and myself seeing at wonst dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they tuk me for a poor beggar comin' to crave charity—with that, says I, 'Oh! not at all,' says I, 'by no manes, we have plenty o' mate ourselves, there below, and we'll dress it,' says I, 'If you would be *plased* to lind us the loan of a gridiron,' says I, making a low bow. Well, Sir, the divil a bit but they stared at me twice worse nor ever, and faith I began to think that maybe the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all at all—and so says I—'I beg pardon, sir,' says I, to a fine ould man, with a head of hair as white as silver—maybe I'm under a mistake,' says I; 'but I thought I was in France, sir: aren't ye furriners?' says I, '*Parly voo Frong-say?*'—'We, munseer'—says he. '*Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?*' says I, 'if you plase?' Oh, it was *thin* that they stared at me as if I had seven heads; and faith myself began to feel flustered like and onaisy—and so says I,

making a bow and scrape agin, 'I know it's a liberty I take, sir,' says I, 'but it's only in the regard of bein' cast away, and if you plaze, sir,' says I, 'Parly voo Frongsay,'—'we, munseer?' says he, mighty sharp. '*Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?*' says I, 'and you'll obleege me.' Well, sir, the ould chap began to *munseer* me, but the divil a bit of a gridiron he'd gi' me; and so, I began to think they were all negars, (niggards) for all their fine manners; and troth my blood began to rise, and says I, 'By my sowl if it was you was in disthriss,' says I, 'and if it was to ould Ireland you kem, it's not only the gridiron they'd give you if you ax'd it, but something to put an it too, and the dhrop o' dhrink into the bargain, and *cead mile failte*.' Well, the word *cead mile failte* seemed to streck his heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I'd give him another offer, and make him sinsible at last; and so, says I wonst more, quite slow that he might understand—'Parly—voo—Frongsay, munseer?' 'We, munseer,' says he; '*thin lind me the loan of a gridiron*,' says I, 'and bad luck to you.' Well, bad win to the bit of it he'd gi' me, and the ould chap begins bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about a long tongs.* 'Phoo! to the devil I pitch pourself and your tongs,' says

* Some mystification of Paddy's touching the French *l'entends*.

I, 'I don't want a tongs at all at all ; but can't you listen to rayson,' says I.—'Parly voo Frongsay?' 'We, munseer.' Then thunder and turf, *will you lind me the loan of a gridiron*—and howld your prate.' Well, what would you think but he shook his owld noddle, as much as to say he wouldn't : and so says I—'Bad luck to the likes o' that I ever seen—throth if you wor in my counthry it's not that way they'd use you ; the curse of the crows on you, you owld sinner,' says I, 'the divil a longer I'll darken your door.' So he seen I was vex'd, and I thought, as I was turning away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his conscience throubled him ; and says I, turnin' back, 'Well, I'll give you one chance more—you owld thief—are you a Christian at all at all ? are you a fur-riner?' says I, that all the world calls so p'lite. Bad luck to you, do you undherstand your own language?—'Parly voo Frongsay,' says I—'We, munseer,' says he—'Then blood and ouns,' says I, *will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?* Well, sir, the divil resave the bit of it he'd gi' me—and so with that the 'curse o' the hungry an you, you owld negarly villian,' says I ; 'the back o' my hand and the sowl o' my fut to you ; that you may want a gridiron yourself yet,' says I ; 'and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear o' you,' says I ; and with that I left them there, sir, and kem away—and in throth its often sence, that *I thought that it was remarkable.*'

A LEGEND OF CLONMACNOISE.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

THERE are few things more pleasant to those who are doomed to pass the greater part of their lives in the dust and smoke and din of a city, than to get on the top of a stage coach, early some fine summer morning, and whirl along through the yet unpeopled streets, echoing from their emptiness to the rattle of the welcome wheels that are bearing you away from our metropolitan prison to the

“Free blue streams and the laughing sky”
of the sweet country. How gladly you pass the last bridge over one of the canals, and then, deeming yourself fairly out of the town, you look back once only on its receding “groves of chimneys,” and settling yourself comfortably in your seat, you cast away care, and look forward in gleeful anticipation of your three or four weeks, in the tranquillity and freedom of a country ramble.

Such have my sensations often been, not a little increased, by the bye, as I hugged closer to my side my portfolio, well stored with paper, and heard the rattle of my pencils and colours in the tin sketching-box in my pocket. Such were they when last I started one fresh and lovely summer's morning, on the Ballinasloe coach, and promised myself a rich treat in a visit to Clonmacnoise, or "the Churches," as the place is familiarly called by the peasantry. Gladly I descended from my lofty station on our dusty conveyance, when it arrived at Shannon-bridge, and engaging a boat, embarked on the noble river whence the village takes its name, and proceeded up the wide and winding stream, to the still sacred, and once celebrated Clonmacnoise, the second monastic foundation established in Ireland, once tenanted by the learned and the powerful, now scarcely known but to the mendicant pilgrim, the learned antiquary, or the vagrant lover of the picturesque.

Here, for days together, have I lingered, watching its noble "ivy-mantled" tower, reposing in shadow or sparkling in sunshine, as it spired upward in bold relief against the sky; or admiring the graceful evolutions of the ample Shannon that wound beneath the gentle acclivity on which I stood, through the plashy meadows and the wide waste of bog, whose rich brown tones of colour

faded into blue on the horizon; or in noting the red tanned sail of some passing turf-boat, as it broke the monotony of the quiet river, or in recording with my pencil the noble stone cross, or the tracery of some mouldering ruin,

“Where ivied arch, or pillar lone,

Plead haughtily for glories gone.”

Though I should not say “haughtily,” for poor old Clonmacnoise pleads with as much humility as the religion which reared her now does, and which, like her, interesting in the attitude of decay, teaches and appeals to our sympathies and our imagination, instead of taking the strong-holds of our reason by storm, and forcing our assent by overwhelming batteries of irrefragable proof, before it seeks to win our will by tender and impassioned appeals to the heart. But I wander from Clonmacnoise. It is a truly solemn and lonely spot; I love it almost to a folly, and have wandered day after day through its quiet cemetery, till I have almost made acquaintance with its ancient grave-stones.

One day I was accosted by a peasant, who had watched for a long time, in silent wonder, the draft of the stone cross, as it grew into being beneath my pencil; and finding the man “apt,” as the Ghost says to Hamlet, I entered into conversation with him. To some remark of mine touching the

antiquity of the place, he assured me "it *was* a fine *owld* place in the *owld* ancient times." In noticing the difference between the two round towers, for there are *two* very fine ones at Clonmacnoise, one on the top of the hill, and one close beside the plashy bank of the river, he accounted for the difference by a piece of legendary information with which he favoured me, and which may prove, perhaps, of sufficient importance to interest the reader.

"You see, sir," said he, "the one down there *beyant*, at the river side, was built the first, and finished *complate* entirely, for the roof is *an* it, you see ; but when that was built, the bishop thought that another id look very *purty* up on the hill beyant, and so he bid the masons to set to work, and build up another tower there.

"Well, away they went to work, as busy as nailers ; troth it was just like a bee-hive, every man with his hammer in his hand, and sure the tower was *complated* in due time. Well, when the last stone was laid on the roof, the bishop axes the masons how much he was to pay them, and they ups and they towld him their price ; but the bishop they say, was a neyger, (niggard) God forgi' me for saying the word of so holy a man, and he said, they ax'd too much, and he wouldn't pay them. With that, my jewel, the masons said

they would take no less; and what would you think, but the bishop had the cunnin' to take away the ladthers that was reared up agin the tower; 'and now,' says he, 'my gay fellows,' says he, 'the divil a down out o' that you'll come *antill* you larn manners, and take what's offered to yiz,' says he, 'and when you come down in your price, you may come down yourselves into the bargain.' Well, sure enough, he kept his word, and wouldn't let man or mortyel go nigh them to help them; and faiks the masons didn't like the notion of losin' their honest *airnins*, and small blame to them; but sure they wor starvin' all the time, and didn't know what in the wide world to do, when there was a fool chanced to pass by, and seen them. 'Musha! but you look well there,' says the innocent; 'an' how are you?' says he. 'Not much the better av your axin,' says they. 'Maybe you're out there,' says he. So he questioned them, and they towld him how it was with them, and how the bishop tuk away the ladthers, and they couldn't come down. 'Tut, you fools,' says he, '*Sure isn't it aisier to take down two stones nor put up one?*' Wasn't that mighty *cute* o' the fool, sir? And wid that, my dear-sowl, no sooner said nor done. Faix the masons begun to pull down their work, and whin they went on for some time, the bishop bid them stop, an' he'd let them down;

but, faiks, before he *gev* into them they had taken the roof *clane* off; and that's the *raison* that one tower has a roof, sir, and the other has none."

But before I had seen Clonmacnoise and its towers, I was intimate with the most striking of its legends, by favour of the sinewy boatman who rowed me to it. We had not long left Shannon-bridge, when doubling an angle of the shore, and stretching up a reach of the river where it widens, the principal round tower of Clonmacnoise became visible.

"What tower is that?" said I, to my Charon.

"That's the big tower of Clonmacnoise, sir," he answered; "an' if your honour looks sharp a little to the right of it, lower down, you'll see the ruins of the *owld* palace."

On a somewhat closer inspection I did perceive the remains he spoke of, dimly discernible in the distance; and it was not without his indication of their relative situation to the tower, that I could have distinguished them from the sober gray of the horizon behind them, for the evening was closing fast, and we were moving eastward. "Does your honour see it yit?" said my boatman. "I do," said I. "God spare you your eye-sight," responded he, "for troth its few gintlemen could see the *owld* palace this far off, and the sun so low, barrin' they were used to *sportin'*, and had a

sharp eye for the birds over the bog, or the like o' that. Oh then it's Clonmacnoise, your honour, that's the holy place," continued he; "mighty holy in the owld ancient times, and mighty great too, with the sivin churches, let alone the two towers, and the bishop, and plinty of priests, and all to that."

"Two towers!" said I; "then I suppose one has fallen."

"Not all, sir," said he; "but the other one that you can't see, is beyant in the hollow by the river side."

"And it was a great place you say, in the *owld ancient times*?"

"Troth it was, sir, and is still, for to this day it *bates* the world in regard of pilgrims."

"Pilgrims!" I ejaculated.

"Yes, sir," said the boatman, with his own quiet manner, although it was evident to a quick observer, that my surprise at the mention of pilgrims had not escaped him. I mused a moment. Pilgrims, thought I, in the *British* dominions, in the nineteenth century—strange enough! "And so," continued I aloud, "you have pilgrims at Clonmacnoise?"

"Troth we have, your honour, from the top of the north and the farthest corner of Kerry; and you may see them any day in the week, let alone

the pather (patron) day, when all the world, you'd think, was there."

"And the palace," said I, "I suppose belonged to the bishop of Clonmacnoise?"

"Some says 'twas the bishop, your honour, an' indeed it is them that has larnin' says so; but more says 'twas a king had it long ago, afore the churches was there at all at all; and sure enough it looks far owlder nor the churches, though them is owld enough God knows. All the knowledgeable people I ever heerd talk of it says that; and now, sir," said he, in an expostulatory tone, "wouldn't it be far more nath'ral that the bishop id live in the churches? And sure," continued he, evidently leaning to the popular belief, "it stands to *raison* that a king id live in a palace, and why *shud* it be called a palace, if a king didn't live there?"

Satisfying himself with this most logical conclusion, he pulled his oar with evident self-complacency; and as I have always found I derived more legendary information by yielding somewhat to the prejudices of the narrator, and by abstaining from inflicting any wound on his pride (so Irish a failing) by laughing at, or endeavouring to combat his credulity, I seemed to favour his conclusion, and admitted that a king must have been the *ci-devant* occupant of the palace. So much being

settled, he proceeded to tell me that “there was a mighty *quare* story” about the last king that ruled Clonmacnoise; and having expressed an eager desire to hear the *quare story*—he seemed quite happy at being called on to fulfil the office of chronicler, and pulling his oar with an easier sweep, lest he might disturb the quiet hearing of his legend by the rude splash of the water, he prepared to tell his tale, and I to “devour up his discourse.”

“Well, sir, they say there was a king wanst lived in the palace beyant, and a sportin fellow he was, and *cead mile failte** was the word in the palace: no one kem but was welkim, and I go bail the divil a one left it without the *doif o’n doris*†—well to be sure, the king av coorse had the best of eatin’ and drinkin’, and there was bed and boord for the stranger, let alone the welkim for the neighbours—and a good neighbour he was, by all accounts, antil, as bad luck would have it, a crass owld bishop, (God forgive me for saying the word) kem to rule over the churches. Now you must know the king was a likely man, an’ as I said already he was a sportin’ fellow, and by coorse a great favourite with the women; he had a smile and a wink for the crathers at every hand’s turn, and the soft word, and the—the short and the

* Hundred thousand welcomes. † The parting cup.

long of it is, he was the *divil* among the girls. Well, sir, it was all mighty well untell the owld bishop I *mintioned* arrived at the churches; but whin he came, he took great scandal at the goin's an of the king, and he detarmined to cut him short in his coorses all at wanst; so with that, whin the king wint to his duty, the bishop ups and he tells him that he must mind his manners, and all to that, and when the king said that the likes o' that was never towld him afore be the best priest of them all, 'more shame for them that *wor* before me,' says the bishop.

"But to make a long story short, the king looked mighty black at the bishop, and the bishop looked twice blacker back on him agin, and so on, from bad to worse, 'till they parted the bittherest of inimies; and the king that was the best of friends to the churches afore, swore be this, an' be that, he'd vex them for that, and that he'd be even with the bishop afore long.

"Now, sir, the bishop might jist as well have kept never mindin the king's little *kimmeens* with the girls, for the story goes that he had a little failing of his own in the regard of a dhrop, and that he knew the differ betune wine and wather, for, God help them, it's little they knew about whiskey in them days. Well, the king used often to send *lashins* of wine to the churches, by the

way, as he said, that they should have plinty of it for celebrating the mass—although he knew well that it was a little of it went far that-a-way, and that their reverences was fond of a hearty glass as well as himself, and why not, sir?—if they'd let him alone; for says the king, as many a one said afore and will again, I'll make a child's bargain with you, says he, do you let me alone and I'll let you alone; *manin'* by that, sir, that if they'd say nothin' about the girls, he would give them plinty of wine.

“And so it fell out a little before he had the *serimmage** with the bishop, the king promised them a fine store of wine that was comin' up the Shannon in boats, sir, and big boats they wor I'll go bail, not all as one as the little *drolleen* (wren) of a thing we're in now, but nigh hand as big as a ship, and there was three of these fine boats-full comin'—two for himself, and one for the churches; and so says the king to himself, ‘the devil receave the dhrop of that wine they shall get,’ says he, ‘the dirty beggarly neygars; the divil a dhrop,’ said he ‘my big bellied bishop, to nourish your jolly red rose—I said I'd be even with you,’ says he, ‘and so I will, and if you spoil my *divarshin*, I'll spoil your's, and turn about is fair play, as the devil said to the smoke jack.’ So with that, sir, the king goes and

* Evidently derived from the French *escrimer*.

he gives orders to his servants how it wid be when the boats came up the river with the wine—and more especial to one in particular they called Corny, his own man, by raison he was mighty stout, and didn't love priests much more nor himself. Now, Corny, sir, let alone bein' stout, was mighty dark, and if he wanst said the word, you might as well sthrive to move the rock of Dunamaise as Corny, though without a big word at all at all, but as *quite* (quiet) as a child. Well, in good time up kem the boats, and down runs the monks, all as one, as a flock o' crows over a corn-field, to pick up whatever they could for themselves, but troth the king was afore them, for all his men was there, and Corny at their head.

“ ‘*Dominus vobiscum,*’ (which manes God save you, sir,) says one of the monks to Corny, ‘we kem down to save you the throuble of unloading the wine, which the king, God bless him, gives to the church.’ ‘Oh, no trouble in life, plaze your reverence,’ says Corny, ‘we’ll unload it ourselves, your reverence,’ says he. So with that they begun unloading, first one boat and then another; but sure enough every individyil cashk of it wint up to the castle, and divil a one at all wint to the churches; so when they seen the second boat a’most empty, quare thoughts began to come into their heads, for before this offer, the first boat load

was always sent to the bishop, afore a dhrop was taken to the king, which you know was good manners, sir; and the king by all accounts, was a gintleman every inch of him. So, with that says one of the monks :—

“ ‘ God save you, Corny, my son,’ says he, ‘ sure it’s not forgetin’ the bishop you’d be, nor the churches,’ says he, ‘ that stands betune you and the divil,’ (Christ bless us, and save us.) Well, sir, at the word divil, t’was as good as a play to see the look Corny gave out o’ the corner of his eye at the monk.

“ ‘ Forget yez,’ says Corny, ‘ troth it’s long afore me or my *Masther*,’ says he, (nodding his head a bit, at the word,) ‘ will forget the bishop of Clonmacnoise.—Go on with your work, boys,’ says he, to the men about him, and away they went and soon finished unloadin’ the second boat; with that, they began at the third.

“ ‘ God bless your work, boys,’ says the bishop; for sure enough ’twas the bishop himself kem down to the river side, having got the *hard word* of what was going on. ‘ God bless your work,’ says he, as they heaved the first bar’l of wine out of the boat. ‘ Go help them, my sons,’ says he, to half a dozen strappin’ young priests was standing by.

“ ‘ No occasion in life, plaze your reverence,’ says Corny; ‘ I’m intirely obleeged to your lordship,

but we're able for the work ourselves,' says he. And without saying another word away went the bar'l out of the boat, up on their showlders, or whatever way they wor takin' it, and up the hill to the palace.

" 'Hillo !' says the bishop, 'where are yiz goin' with that wine ?' says he.

" 'Where I towld them,' says Corny.

" 'Is it to the palace ?' says his reverence.

" 'Faith you just hit,' it says Corny.

" 'And what's that for ?' says the bishop.

" 'For fun,' says Corny, no ways *frikend* at all by the wicked *luk* the bishop gave him. And sure it's a wonder the fear of the church didn't keep him in dhread—but Corny was the devil intirely.

" 'Is that the answer you give your clargy, you reprobate ?' says the bishop—'I'll tell you what it is, Corny,' says he, 'be my sowl I'll excommunicate you, my fine fellow, if you don't keep a civil tongue in your head.'

" 'Sure it wouldn't be worth your reverence's while,' says Corny, 'to excommunicate the likes o' me,' says he, 'while there's the king, my masther, to the fore, for your holiness to play bell, book, and candle-light with,' says Corny.

" 'Do you mane to say, you scruff o' the earth,' says the bishop, 'that your master, the king, put you up to do what you're doin' ?'

“ ‘ Divil a thing else I mane,’ says Corny.

“ ‘ You *villian* !’ says the bishop, ‘ the king never did the like.’

“ ‘ Yes but I did,’ says the king, puttin’ in his word fair an’ aisy, for he was lookin’ out of his dhrawing room windy, and run down the hill to the river, when he seen the bishop goin,’ as he thought *to put his comether* upon Corny.

“ ‘ So,’ says the bishop, turnin’round quite short to the king—‘ so my lord,’ says he, ‘ am I to understand this villian has your commands for his purty behaviour ?’

“ ‘ He has my commands for what he has done, says the king, quite stout, ‘ and more be token, I’d have you to know he’s no villian at all,’ says he, ‘ but a thrusty servant, that does his masther’s biddin.’

“ ‘ And don’t you intend sending any of this wine over to my churches beyant ?’ says the bishop.

“ ‘ They devil resave the dhrop,’ says the king.

“ ‘ And what for ?’ says the bishop.

“ ‘ Bekase I’ve changed my mind,’ says the king.

“ ‘ And won’t you give the church wine for the holy mass ?’ says the bishop.

“ ‘ The mass !’ says the king, eyein’ him mighty sly.

“ ‘ Yes, sir,—the mass,’ says his reverence, colouring up to the eyes—‘ the mass.’

“ ‘ Oh, *Baithershin*,’ says the king.

“ ‘What do you mane?’ says the bishop, and his nose got blue with the fair rage.

“ ‘Oh nothin’,’ says the king, with a toss of his head.

“ ‘Are you a gintleman?’ says the bishop.

“ ‘Every inch o’ me,’ says the king.

“ ‘Then sure no gintleman goes back of his word,’ says the other.

“ ‘I won’t go back of my word, either,’ says the king—‘I promised to give wine for the mass,’ says he, ‘an’ so I will. Send to my palace every Sunday mornin’, an’ you shall have a bottle of wine, and that’s plenty ; for I’m thinkin’,’ says the king, ‘that so much wine lyin’ beyant there is neither good for your bodies nor sowl.

“ ‘What do you mane?’ says the bishop, in a great passion, for all the world like a turkey-cock.

“ ‘I mane that when your wine-cellars is so full,’ says the king, ‘it only brings the fairies about you, and makes away with the wine too fast,’ says he, laughing, ‘and the fairies to be about the churches isn’t good, your reverence,’ says the king. ‘for I’m thinkin,’ says he, ‘that some of the spiteful little divils has given your reverence a blast, and burnt the ind of your nose.’

“ With that, my dear, you could’nt howld the bishop, with the rage he was in ; and says he, ‘you think to drink all that wine, but you’re mistaken,’

says he—‘fill your cellars as much you like,’ says the bishop, ‘*but you’ll die of drooth yit*’—and with that he went down on his knees and cursed the king, (God betune us an harm,) and shaking his fist at him, he gother (gathered) all his monks about him, and away they wint home to the churches.

“Well, sir, sure enough the king fell sick all of a *suddent*, and all the docthors in the counthry round was sent for—but they could do him no good at all at all ;—and day by day he was wastin’ an’ wastin’ an’ pinin’ an’ pinin’ ’till the flesh was wore off his bones, and he was as bare and as yellow as a kites’ claw ; and then what would you think, but the drooth came on him sure enough, and he was callin’ for dhrink every *minit*, ’till you’d think he’d dhrink the *sae* dhry.

“Well, when the clock struck twelve that night, the drooth was on him worse nor ever, though he dhrunk as much that day—aye throth, as much as would turn a mill ; and he called to his servants for a dhrink of *grule* (gruel.)’

“ ‘The grule’s all out,’ says they.

“ ‘Well, then, give me some *whay*,’ says he.

“ ‘There’s none left, my Lord,’ says they.

“ ‘Then give me a dhrink of wine,’ says he.

“ ‘There’s none in the room, dear,’ says the nurse-tindher.

“ ‘Then go down to the wine cellar,’ says he, ‘and get some.’

“With that they wint to the wine cellar, and (Christ save us!) they run back into his room, with their faces as white as a sheet, and towl’d him there was not one dhrop of wine in all the cashks in the cellar.

“ ‘Oh, murther! murther!’ says the king, ‘*I’m dyin’ of drooth,*’ says he.

“And then, God help iz! they bethought themselves of what the bishop said, and the curse he laid an the king.

“ ‘You’ve no grule?’ says the king.—‘No!’ says they.

“ ‘Nor whay?—‘No!’ says the sarvants.

“ ‘Nor wine?’ says the king.—‘Nor wine, either, my Lord,’ says they,

“ ‘Have you no tay?’ says he.—‘Not a dhrop,’ says the nurse tindher.

“ ‘Then,’ says the king, ‘for the tindher marcy of God, gi’ me a dhrink of wather.’

“An’ what would you think, sir, but there wasn’t a dhrop of wather in the place.

“ ‘Oh, murther! murther!’ says the king, isn’t it a poor case, that a king can’t get a dhrink of wather in his own house? Go, then,’ says he, ‘an’ get me a jug of wather out of the ditch——for there was a big ditch, sir, all round the palace. An’ away

they run for wather out of the ditch, while the king was roarin' like mad, for the drooth, and his mouth like a coal of fire. An' sure, sir, the story goes, they couldn't find any wather in the ditch!

“ ‘ Mille murther! mille murther!’ cries the king, ‘ will no one take pity on a king that's *dyin'* for the *bare drooth*.’

“ An they all thrimbled agin, with the fair fright, when they heerd this, an' thought of the ould bishop's prophecy.

“ ‘ Well,’ says the poor king, ‘ run down to the Shannon,’ says he, ‘ and sure at all events, you'll get wather there,’ says he.

“ Well, sir, away they run with pails and noggins, down to the Shannon, and (Christ save us and keep us!) what do you think, sir, but the river Shannon was dhry! So, of coorse, when the king heerd the word that the Shannon was gone dhry, it wint to his heart; and he thought o' the bishop's curse an him—and, givin' one murtherin big *screech*, that split the walls of the palace, as may be seen to this day, he died, sir—makin' the bishop's words good, that ‘ *he would die of drooth yit!*’

“ And now, sir,” said my historian, with a look of lurking humour in his dark gray eye, “ isn't that mighty wondherful—*iv it's thrue?*”

BALLADS AND BALLAD SINGERS.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

“ Give me the making of a people’s *ballads*, and let who will enact their laws.”—*Fletcher of Saulton*.

“ Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque morator,
Quam versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.”—*Hor. A. P.*

It is well remarked by Mr. Addison, in his justly celebrated paper on the ballad of “ the children in the wood,” of which Mr. Godwin has lately given us so admirable an amplification in his novel of *Cloudesley*, “ that those only who are endowed with a true greatness of soul and genius, can divest themselves of the little images of ridicule, and admire nature in her simplicity and nakedness of beauty. We trust therefore that we shall not only be forgiven, but commended by our most thinking public, for the zeal and diligence with which we have, according to the Horatian precept, devoted some sleepless nights and days to the re-

covery of some of those precious gems of taste and genius, which adorn what may, in the strictest sense, be termed our "national literature," and which, according to the notion of the grave Scotch politician quoted above, moves and influences the people

And wields at will the fierce democracy,
more than any other species of writing whatever.

Notwithstanding the laborious researches of our countryman, Mr. Edward Bunting, and the elegant adaptations of Mr. Moore, we confess that we indulge in a pleasing belief that now, for the first time, most of the reliques which will be found embalmed in the following paper are rescued from the chilling gripe of forgetfulness, and reserved as a *κτημα ες αει*, as a possession for ever to the envy of surrounding nations, and the admiration of the world.

Your ballad-singer, let us tell you, is a person of no despicable renown, whatever you, expectant reader, gentle or simple, may think, aye, or *say to the contrary*. It may be that you rejoice in possessing the luxury of a carriage, and so, rolling along our metropolitan world, escaping the jar and jostle of us wayfaring pedestrians, by the sliding smoothness of patent axles and Macadam. *You* have heard but the distant murmur of the ballad strain, and asked perhaps in wondering tone,

"What means that faint halloo?"

or, haply, you are an equestrian exquisite, and

your charger has taken fright at the admiring auditory thronging round the minstrel, and spared your fashionable ears nearly at the expense of your still more fashionable neck, starched in the newest stiffness : or you may chance to be a dandy of inferior grade, and only ride that homely yet handy animal ycleped, in the vulgar tongue, *shanks mare*, and are forced to be content with “ the bare ground,” consoling yourself for this contact with mere citizens, by staring every woman you meet out of countenance, and preserving yourself from the tainted atmosphere of the dross of humanity that surrounds you, by the purifying influence of a cigar. To each and all of you then, we confidently affirm, that you are not prepared to give any opinion on the subject, and we enjoin you therefore to a sacred silence, while we sing “ strains never heard before” to the merry and hearty. You may, if you like it, go on reading this article, and enlighten your benighted understandings, or turn over to the next, and remain in your “ fat contented ignorance” of the sublimity and beauty of our national minstrelsy.

Your ballad-monger is of great antiquity.—Homer himself,

The blind old man of Scios’ rocky shore,
The father of soul-moving poesy !
sat by the way side, or roved from town to town,
and sang—

His own bright rhapsodies.

But if this be going too far back, and you are inclined to tax us with an affectation for so classical an authority for Bartle Corcoran's vocation, we shall jump over a handful of centuries, and bring you down "at one fell swoop" to the middle ages, citing the troubadours and jongleurs as examples of the ballad-monger's craft. To be sure, all sentimental young ladies, will cry shame upon us at this, and think of L. E. L. and the Improvisatrice, and remember the fatal fame of Raoul de Couci. But, gentle young ladies, start not—our ballad singers are the true descendants of those worthies, troubadours; something the worse of the wear, perhaps, just the least in the world degenerated, or so, like many another romantic thing of the same day.

For instance, your gentle page of *fayre ladye* is in modern times, a pert servant boy with a snub nose, vying in brilliancy with the scarlet collar that overlaps his blue jacket. Your faithful bower-woman has rather a poor representative in the roguish *petite maitresse* of a French maid, who is, for all the world, like a milliner's doll, except in the article of silence. Your gallant knight himself, no longer bestrides a proudly-prancing war-horse, sheathed "in complete steel" with spear in rest, "ready to answer all comers" in the lists, at

the behest of his ladye love——No.——Your warrior, now-a-days, is no longer a “jintleman in the tin clothes,” as Jerry Sullivan describes him, but a very spruce man milliner sort of person, in superfine scarlet, ready to answer courteous invitations—to dinner. Your wárder, or warden, is, in fact, now a mere hall-porter, and the high sounding “donjon keep” has dwindled into Newgate’s unromantic cell.

And now, having we think, successfully proved that your ballad-singer comes of “an old ancient family,” we trust we have influenced the aristocratic feelings of our readers in his favour, and hoping for a patient reading, we shall plunge directly into our subject, first asking pardon for this somewhat lengthy introduction, into which our anxiety for the reputation of the ancient and respectable craft of ballad-singers has betrayed us.

When day begins to wane, and the evening air is fresh, (if any thing can ever be fresh in a city,) and people are sauntering along the streets as if the business of all were over—of all, save the lamp-lighter, he, the only active being amongst a world of loungers, skipping along from lamp to lamp, which one by one start “into light” with perspective regularity, telling of the flight of the “flaming minister” up the long street before you—then, we say, it is pleasant to roam along the quays, for instance, and halt at the foot of each bridge, or branch

off into Capel-street or Parliament-street, or proceed further westward to the more vocal neighbourhood of Bridge or Barrack-streets, and listen to the ballad-singers of all denominations that, without fail, are labouring in their vocation in these quarters.

Music, they say, sounds sweetest upon the water, and hence the reason, we suppose, of the ballad-singer choosing the vicinity of the river for his trade, and like that other notorious songster the nightingale, he, too, prefers the evening for his strains. Ballad-singers, to be sure, may be heard at all times of the day, making tuneful the corners of every street in the city, and moving the vocal air "to testify their hidden residence;" but to the initiated in ballads they are detected at once for scurvy pretenders. No ballad-singer of any eminence in his or her profession, ever appears until the sun is well down; your she ballad-singers in particular are all "maids that love the moon," and indeed the choicest amongst them, like your *very* fashionable people at a party, do not condescend to favour their friends by their presence, until a good while after the others have made their *entree*.

The amateur in ballads well knows where he may expect to find good entertainment, just as one calculates the sort of party he may expect to meet by the address on the card of invitation. Your amateur, for instance, would no more lose his time

in listening to a performance in Merriion-square, than an officer of the guards would go to a rout in Skinner's-row. No, no—Merriion-square is far too genteel for any thing good in the ballad line. But oh ! sweet High-street and Corn-market—Cutpurse row, too, (by the bye, always leave your watch and sovereigns at home, and carry your *pocket* handkerchief in your hat, when you go a lurking in search of ballad minstrelsy,) and so on to Thomas-street. Your desperate explorer, who with a Columbian courage, pants for greater and more western discoveries, will push on to the Cross-podde, (as far as which point we *once* ventured ourselves, and fished for city trout in the Brithogue,) double the *cape* of Tailor's-close, turn the corner of Elbow-Alley, and penetrate the mysteries of Fumballey's-lane, rife in the riches of ballad lore, returning to the civilized haunts of men by the purlieus of Patrick's close, Golden-lane, and so on through Squeeze-gut-alley, until he gets into port—that is, Kevin's-port—and there, at the corner of *Cheater's-lane*, it is hard if he do not get an honest hap'orth of ballad. They are generally loving and pathetic in this quarter, Kevin-street, as if the music of the region were, with an antithetical peculiarity, of a different turn from the hard-hearted saint whose name it bears. St. Kevin-street is endeared to us by many tender re-

collections, and here it was that the *iron* entered our *sole* as we listened, for the first time, to the following touching effusion:—

Oh Jimmi-a Jim-my I lOve you well,
i LOae you bett^her nor tonguE Can tell.
I love you well but I dar not show it,
I LoVe you well bud let no one kNow it.

What a beautiful union of affection and delicacy in the last line! the generous confidence of a devoted heart, with the tender timidity of the blushing maid, shrinking at the thought of the discovery of her passion to the multitude:—with the sincerity of a Juliet she openly avows her flame,

“I love you well,”

But at the same time wishing it to be, as Moore says,

“——Curtain'd from the sight
Of the rude world,”

she cautiously adds,”

“But let no one know it.”

This is, perhaps, an inferior specimen of the amatory ballad, but as it is one of the early impressions made on our young imagination, we hope we may be pardoned for giving it place even before those of loftier pretensions;

“On revient toujours
à ses premiers amours.”

The ballad though coming generally under the denomination of Lyric poetry, may be classified

under various heads. First, in order due, we class the amatory; then there are the political and the polemical; though, indeed, we should follow, we are inclined to think, the order adopted in the favourite corporation phrase of "church and state;" and so we shall arrange our ballads more fitly by giving the polemicals the *pas*; the order will stand thus:

Amatory,	Bacchanalian,
Polemical,	Descriptive,
Political,	and
Patriotic,	Non-descriptive.

Sometimes, in the AMATORY, the bewitching blandishments of the fair are pourtrayed with a force and vivid simplicity which Catullus might envy; thus, in depicting the "taking ways" of Miss Judith O'Reilly, who had it would seem, a penchant for leading soft-hearted youths "the other way," as Mr. Moore delicately expresses it, the minstrel describes the progress of the potent spell:

Och Judy Riley you use me vilely,
 And like a child me do coax and decoy,
 Its myself thats thinkin while you do be winkin
 So soft upon me, you will my heart destroy.

Again the poet often revels in the contemplation of the joint attractions of his mistress's beauties and accomplishments, and at the same time that he tells you she is

“ As lovely as Diania,”
 he exults in announcing that

“ She plays on the piania.”

While in the description of a *rural swain* by his inamorata, we are informed that

Apollo's Gooldin hair with his could not compare
 Astonished were All the behouldhers.

Sometimes our ballad bards become enamoured of the simple beauties of nature, and leaving the imagery of the Heathen Mythology, of which they are so fond, and which they wield with a richness and facility peculiar to themselves, they give us a touch of the natural, as will be seen in the following, “ The Star of Sweet Dundalk ;” and observe, Dundalk being a sea-port, with a very just and accurate perception of propriety, the poem has been headed with a ship in full sail.



THE STAR OF SWEET DUND-ALK.

In beauteous spring when birds do sing,
 And cheer each mertle shade.
 And shepherd's sWains surnades the Planes
 To find their lambs thats stRayed

This novel application of serenading must strike every one with admiration.

nigh Roden's Grove I chanced to rove
 To take a rurial walk,
 when to my sight appeared in White
 The star of sweet dundalk.

The lady having, most luckily for the rhyme, appeared in white, the perambulating lover addresses her; and after having “struggled for to talk” to this most resplendent “Star of sweet Dundalk,” he assures her he is bewildered, and that his heart is bleeding, and thus continues:

Your beauteous face my wounds encrease
And SKin more white than chaLK,
Makes me regret the Day i met
The STar of sweet dundalk.

But the lady, very prudently, replies—

Now sir if I would but cumply
And give to you my HanD,
Perhaps that you would prove untrue
Be pleased to understand.

How polite!—Here she divides our admiration; for we know not whether most to applaud her discretion or her good manners. At length he only requests to become “her slave, poor swain and friend.” This proposition is listened to, but still she is intent “on minding her business just as she ought to do,” like the celebrated O’Rafferty, and insists on first “milking her cow;” after which we are favoured with this information:

When she had done
Then off we come
and carelessly did walk,
and slowly paced
To her sweet pLace

Convenient to sweet Dundalk,
She then brings him into her father’s house,

which is "as white as chalk," and (of course) "nigh hand to Dundalk ;" and we discover at last that he has a warm shebeen house, and a drop of comfort for the traveller: so our hero calls for a glass to drink the health of this "Star of sweet Dundalk," and enable him, doubtless, to see her charms double, but she, still "minding her business" O'Rafferty like, hands him a glass, and very dutifully to her father, though, we regret to say, very unsentimentally to her lover, the aforesaid glass she

"Mark'd it up in chalk ;"

and as this must, at once destroy all romantic interest in the "Star of sweet Dundalk," we shall say no more about our heroine that so unworthily degenerates into an avaricious bar-maid. But by way of counterpoise, we shall give an example of a "holier flame;" and after the money-loving Dundalker, it is really "refreshing" to meet an instance proving the utter devotedness of the female heart, when once imbued with the tender passion. Can there be a more disinterested love than this ?

Oh Thady Brady you are my darlin

You are my looking-glass from night till morning,

I love you betther widout one fardin

Than Brian Gallagher wid house and garden.

What fitness, too, there is in the simile, "you are my looking-glass"—the dearest thing under the sun to a woman.

In the POLEMICAL line, the ballad in Ireland is perfectly national; no other country we believe, *sings* polemics; but religion, like love, is nourished by oppression, and hence a cause may be assigned why the Roman Catholic population of Ireland enjoyed, with peculiar zest, the ballads that praised their persecuted faith. But of the many fatal results of the relief bill, not the least deplorable is the "dark oblivion" into which this exalted class of composition is fast passing away. We rejoice to rescue, from the corroding fangs of time, a specimen in praise of the Virgin Mary, and hitting hard at such ultra protestants as busied themselves "in the convartin line," for the good of their benighted brethren:

The blessed Virgin that we prize
The fairest fair above the skies
On her the Heretics tells lies

When they would make conversions.

But of the polemical, we candidly confess we are but ill prepared to speak at large; whether it be that, unlike the gentle Desdemona, we do not "seriously incline," or our early polemico-ballad-hunting essays were not successful, we shall not venture to decide. But one evening at the corner of Mary's *Abbey*—an appropriate place for religious strains—we heard a female-hawker (the men, by-the-bye, do not deal in this line; the Frenchman was right when he said that a woman's life was

taken up between love and religion)—and whether it was that we could not fairly hear the lady, in consequence of the windows of Ladly's tavern being open, and letting out, along with a stream of very foul air, some very queer air also, that was let out of a fiddle; or that we chanced to fall upon an infelicitous passage in her chant, we cannot say, but the first audible couplet was

Tran-a-sub-a-stan-a-si-a-ey-a-shin
Is de fait in which we do Diffind.

And this fairly *bothered* us. Such a jaw-breaker and peace-breaker as transubstantiation—quod versu dicere non est—actually done into verse! —We took to our heels and this polysyllabic polemic gave us a distaste for any more controversial cantatas.

In the POLITICAL line, no land abounds in ballads like our own sweet Emerald Isle. In truth, every Irishman is, we verily believe, by birth a politician.

The “Shan Van Vogh!”—was the grand popular effusion in the great agitator's praise, when he threatened to take the House of Commons by storm at the first election.—Of this we may venture to give two verses :—

Into Parliament you'll go, says the Shan Van Vogh,
To extricate our woe, says the Shan Van Vogh;
Our foes you will amaze,
And all Europe you will Plaze,
And owld ireland's now at Aise.

Says the Shan Van Vogh.

Our worthy brave O'Connell, says the Shan Van Vogh,
 To have you in we're longing, says the Shan Van Vogh ;
 Sure you we well have tried,
 And you're always at our side,
 And you never tuk a bribe,

Says the Shan Van Vogh !

But the following is one which we cannot resist giving in full, we vouch for it being a true attested copy, and those who do not like to read it, may adopt the practice of the country schoolmaster when he meets a long word that proves a jaw-breaker, id est, to "*schkip*, and go on."

O'CONNELL'S FAREWELL MEETING IN THE CORN
 EXCHANGE.

As O'Connell and Sheils war convarsin about the rent,
 Jack Lawless stepp'd in and asked thim what news,
 Saying are you prepairing to so in o Parlamint.
 Where a loyal Catqolic he can't be refused,
 The time is fast appro achin'g whan Catholics will Take
 their seats ;

No Laws can prævant tham Bruns-wickers are deran'sed
 In the Def ince of Britain thelr loyalty and aid was lent
 This Conversetion passed in the Corn Exchange,

Brave O'Gormon Mahon spoke as the Association did begin
 Saying GentlemEn i Pray dont think me rude,
 In This Month of February how the bigots the will grinn
 Like Paul Pry Daniel he drops in do you think will he
 intrud

The Lawers of the Ministry they cant prevent his entry,
 We know a war with him They'll wage,
 In spite of their Dexterity we'll have religious liberty
 This converSation passed in the Corn Exchange,

Fare well Dearest Danyel, Hibernia's cOnfidential frind,
 Our blessin Go along wid you unto The british shore,
 Nobility and Gintery to Parlamint will you attind,
 Likewise be accompanied with The blessings of the Poor.
 Our foes within The house as mute as any mouse,
 To see The Agitator Triumphantly arranged,
 No or factious clan shall dauut The people's man;
 This conversation passed in the Corn Exchange.

The worthy's of Hibernia's Ile may fortune on those heroes
 smile,

And every frind in Parlamint That does support the claims,
 Brave Grattan Plunket and Burdet Brave Anglissy.

We'll never forget this hero's memory in our brest Shall
 ever rEin.

Here's to maTchless Sheel' and galjent Sreall, and Noble
 Dawson of Dundalk

The foes of religious liberty tho will assail

For the rites of millions The contind, may God protect
 dear Dan our FrinD.

Pray for his safe return to oald Ireland again.

Of the BACCHANALIAN, some falsely imagine
 "Patrick's day" to be a good example, English
 people in particular suppose "Patrick's day," in
 words and music must be the *beau ideal* of an Irish
 song, whereas, in neither is it a happy specimen :
 as for the words, there is amongst them a couplet
 that pronounces, at once, damning sentence against
 the whole composition—

And we will be merry
 A drinking of *Sherry*.

Bah ! sherry indeed, no Irish ballad laureat ever

wrote two such lines, it is the production of a bungler, especially when we consider that any but a thorough blockhead could have so easily rhymed it thus :—

And we will be frisky
A dhrinking of whiskey
On Patrick's day in the morning.

“Garryowen,” that much superior air, which, in our opinion, ought to be the *national one* instead, is disfigured in like manner, by a *word* which grates harshly on the ear of the connoisseur.

Then come my boys we'll drink brown *ale*
We'll pay the reck'ning on the nail
And a devil a man shall go to jail
From Garryowen my glory.

We confess we cannot *bear* this *ale*; something *ails* us at the sound, and it disturbs our association of ideas; ale, at once refers us to England; and pot-bellied John Bulls and Bonifaces, instead of muscular Paddies, present themselves to our “mind's eye;” it is a pity, for the other lines are good, particularly the third, which displays that noble contempt of the laws, so truly characteristic of our heroes of the south. But here follows a touch of the true Bacchanalian, in which our national beverage is victoriously vindicated.

The *ould* ladies loves cogniac,
The sailors all brag of their rum
It's a folly to talk, Paddy whack

Knows there's nothing like whiskey for fun
They may talk of two birds in a bush.
Bud I'd rather have one in the hand,
For if rum is the pride of the Sae
'Tis whisky's the pride of our land.

What a logical deduction is here drawn from a proverb that is, "somewhat musty," as our friend Hmlet says ! a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Argal, whiskey is much better drinking than rum. The inference is as clear as ditch water

The bard next proceeds to exult in our superiority over other nations in the native tippie, which he thus felicitously illustrates :

The dutchman he has a big but
Full of gin, and the munseers drinks port
To the divil I pitch sich rot-gut,
For to drink it wouldn't be any sport
'Tis the juice of the shamrock at home
That is brewed in brave Bacchus's still,
Bates the world, and its of sweet Innishowen
I wish that I now had my fill.

Here is a happy adaptation of classical knowledge to the subject in hand ; Bacchus's *still* is a great hit. BURNS himself indulges in a similar liberty when he uses his national dialect to name the fount of Castaly :

"Castalia's *burn* an a' that."

But as the Bacchanalian must be an uninteresting theme to our fair readers, we shall content our-

selves with the specimens already given in that line, and hurry on to the next in order of succession, viz. DESCRIPTIVE.

We Irish are fond of dilating on whatsoever subject we treat, (perchance, indeed, at this moment we are giving a practical example,) and in the descriptive line of ballad, there is "ample verge," for indulging in this national propensity, whether it concern places or persons, men or manners, town or country, morning, noon, or night. As a specimen in the local line, a brilliant one exists in that far-famed ditty that so pathetically sets forth how

" A sailor coorted a Farmer's daughter
That lived *Convaynient* to the Isle of Man."

Here, though with that native delicacy which always characterises true genius, the name of the false fair one is withheld, her "local habitation" is considered matter of importance; and with admirable precision it is *laid down*, as seamen say, in the most chart-like fassion,

" *Convaynient* to the Isle of Man."

An additional interest is thus excited for the heroine, who must have been (as far as we could gather from our visit to Douglas, at the late regatta) either a mermaid or some amphibious charmer, whom, with much critical judgment, the poet has selected as the "deceaver" of a naval hero.

Another felicitous specimen exists in a very old and favourite ballad, giving "the whole full, thrue, and particular account" of how a certain highway hero fulfils his *criewel* fate. The description of the entire trial, including the examination of witnesses, is very graphically given; and when the sentence of death is at length pronounced against him, you are thus most affectingly informed in the *first person* :

"When they did sintince me to Die,
The judge and the Jury they riz a Murnful cry;
My Tindher Wife she did roar and Bawl
While the bitther Tears from her Eyes did fall,
Oh! the curse o' Moses light an yez all

When he comes to the gallows he gives a very exemplary exhortation to "the throng;" and with a sort of predictive consciousness that he shall live *in verse*, though he must die *in fact*, he addresses to the multitude, *viva voce*, this posthumous appeal :

"And now *I'm dead*, and let my disgrace
Be never threw in my Childher's face,
For they are Young and desarves no blame
Altho' their father is come to Shame."

This sudden adoption of the first person is, however, by no means a singular species of metabasis : on the contrary, we find it a favourite figure of speech in such compositions ; for example, in "*Thumama Hulla* :

"I have heer'd the town clock give its usual warning
I am asleep, and dont awaken me."

And again, in the far-famed "Fanny Blair." The victim of Fanny's false swearing, after giving this admonitory couplet to all "sportin' young blades," "Beware of young women that follies (follows) bad rules For that's why I'm cut off in the flower of my blume." concludes by very piously ejaculating,

"nd now its your blessin dear Parrents I crave
Likewise my dear Mother that did me consave."

(*He had, it would seem, a supernumerary parent on this occasion.*)

nd now *I am dead* and laid in the mould
The Lord have Mercy on my poor sinful Soul!

The renowned "Bryan O'Lynn" has been the hero of description to a great extent; his apparel even has been deemed worthy of note. Few of our readers we trust, have had their education so utterly neglected as to be still in ignorance of the *first* stanza of this incompatible effusion:

Brian O'Lynn had no breeches to wear,
So he bought him a sheep skin to make him a pair;
With the skinny side out and the woolly side in,
They are pleasant and cool, says Brian O'Lynn."

But Brian is anxious to cut a figure in the world, and laments the want of that most necessary appendage to "ginteeel clothin"—a watch: but how to come by it is the question. At last Brian hits upon an *expagement* (as a *literary* friend of ours says) which, for originality of invention, leaves rail-roads and steam-carriages far behind. It is with feelings of no ordinary pride and satisfaction that we claim the high and indisputable merit of first

introducing to public regard and admiration the following inimitable stanza :

“ Brian O’Lynn had no watch to *put on*,
So he scooped out a turnip to make him *a one* ;
He next put a cricket clane undher the *shkin*,
Whoo ! they’ll *think it is tickin’*, says Brian O’Lynn !”

Rarissimus Briney ! What can surpass this ?

But the personal attractions of the fair, form the most inexhaustible theme for the poet’s fancy, and give a wider scope to his invention in the discovery of apt images : *par exemple* :

“ Her waist is taper,
None is completer
Like the tuneful nine or the lambs at play ;
 and her two eyes shinin
Like rowlin diamonds,
And her breath as sweet as the flowers in May.”

We cannot too much admire the richness and perspicuity of this description : rich in the display of the lady’s charms, which combine the united beauties of the “tuneful nine” with the innocent frolicksomeness of the “lambs at play ;” and perspicuous even to the agreeable fact, that she has *two eyes*, and both are bright.

But we must not venture to trespass too far on thy patience, gentle reader. On this subject *we* could never tire of writing, nor should’st *thou* of reading, hadst thou but the felicity of being tinctured, like ourselves, with the true ballad-passion. But we must

“Lure the tassel-gentle back again”
to our subject, and therefore shall hasten to a conclusion for the present.

The NON-DESCRIPT last claims our exemplifying notice, and indeed our memory abounds with illustrations in point; we shall, however, content ourselves with one which we look upon as choice and deserving to be marked with three R's, as Dominie Sampson says, denoting the rarest excellence:

“THE RHYME FOR THE RAM;”
which rhyme is declared to be a mystery far beyond the poet's comprehension, hitherto undiscovered, and to be classed only with the philosopher's stone, or such arcana of nature. We have all heard of the difficulty for finding a rhyme for *silver*, which our countryman overcame at once by adducing *childer* as a satisfactory solution; but the bard on this occasion soars to sublimer flights:

No one could discover,
From Calais to Dover,
The house of Hanover and the town of Dunleer.
Nor they who belie us,
And freedom deny us,
Ould Mr. M——s* could never come near:
For no Methodist preacher,
Nor nate linen blacher,
The keenest of teachers, nor the wisdom of man;

* We believe an inestimable friend of ours who washed his sheep in the pool of *Bethesda*, is here alluded to.

Nor Joanna Southcoat,
Nor FitzGarild the *pote* (poet)
Nor iver yit wrote a fit rhyme for the Ram.

What a wide range the muse has taken here in search of this rhythmical treasure! In the depths of the sea, between Calais and Dover, she is too *straitened*: next she throws herself, with as little success, upon the munificence of the house of Brunswick, which, by the most perfect association of ideas in the world, reminds her of the town of Dunleer. The new light next is appealed to unavailingly; and the *wisdom of man* very naturally reminds her of Johanna Southcote, who is surpassed in the climax by that still greater humbug Fitzgerald the *pote*.

This we fearlessly put forward as the most brilliant specimen of the non-descript in the world: but as we hope to resume this deeply interesting and truly national subject ere long again, we forbear for the present from insisting more at large upon the transcendant merits of this interesting and truly national species of composition. We have some thoughts, indeed, of going through the whole library of Irish national literature, prose as well as verse, according as time and leisure will permit, and in that case our readers may rely on some real treasures being turned up from time to time; *Burton's books* shall not be forgotten in the catalogue.

THE IRISH AGENT.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

“TRUST me, your lordship’s opinion is unfounded,” said the Lady Helen Grave : and as the noble girl uttered the words, her eye brightened and her cheek flushed with greater feeling, than high-born fashionables generally deem necessary.

“Indeed !” exclaimed the Earl, looking up at the animated features of his god-daughter, “and how comes my pretty Helen to know aught of the matter ; methinks she has learned more than the mysteries of harp and lute, or the soft tones of the Italian and Spanish tongues ; come,” he continued, “sit down on the soft Ottoman, and prove the negative to my assertion—that the Irish act only from impulse, and not from principle.”

“How long can an impulse last ?” inquired the lady, who, like a good girl, did as she was bid,

(which women, by the way, seldom do, unless they have a point to carry,) and seated herself at her godfather's feet, in the very spot he wished, playfully resting her rosy cheek on his hand, as she inquired—"tell me first how long an impulse can last!"

"It is only a momentary feeling, my love, although acting upon it may embitter a long life."

"But an impulse cannot last for a month, can it? Then I am quite safe; and now your Lordship must listen to a true tale, and must suffer me to tell it in my own way, *brogue* and all; and moreover, must have patience. It is about a peasant maiden, whom I dearly love—ay, and respect too, and whenever I think of sweet Kate Connor, I bless God that the aristocracy of virtue (if I may dare use such a phrase) may be found, in all its lustre, in an Irish cabin.

"It was one of the most chill of all November days, the streets and houses filled with fog, and the few stragglers in the square, in their dark clothes, looking like dirty demons in a pantomime, that papa and myself, at that *outré* season, when every body is out of town, arrived at Brighton; he had been summoned on business, and I preferred accompanying him to remaining on the coast alone. 'Not at home to any one,' were the orders issued when we sat down to dinner. The cloth had been

removed, and papa was occupying himself in looking over some papers : from his occasional frown I fancied they were not of the most agreeable nature. At last I went to my harp, and played one of the airs of my country, of which I knew he was particularly fond. He soon left his seat, and kissing my forehead with much tenderness, said—‘ that strain is too melancholy for me just now, Helen, for I have received no very pleasant news from my Irish agent.’ I expressed my sincere sorrow at the circumstance, and ventured to make some inquiries as to the intelligence that had arrived. ‘ I cannot understand it,’ he said ; ‘ when we resided there, it was only from the papers that I heard of the “ dreadful murders,” “ horrible outrages,” and “ malicious burnings.” All around us was peace and tranquillity, my rents were as punctually paid as in England ; for in both countries a tenant, yes—and a good tenant, too—may sometimes be in arrear. I made allowances for the national character of the people, and while I admired the contented and happy faces that smiled joyously over potatoes and milk, as if the board had been covered with a feast of venison, I endeavoured to make them *desire* more, and then sought to attach them to me by supplying their new wants.’

“ ‘ And, dear sir, you succeeded,’ I said. ‘ Never were hearts more grateful—never were tears more

sincere, than when we left them to the care of that disagreeable, ill-looking agent.'

" ' Hold, Lady Mal-a-pert,' interrupted my father, sternly : ' *I* selected Mr. O'Brien : *you* can know nothing as to his qualifications. I believe him to be an upright, but I fear me, a stern man ; and I apprehend he has been made the tool of a party.'

" ' Dear papa, I wish you would again visit the old castle. A winter among my native mountains would afford me more pure gratification, than the most successful season in London.' My father smiled and shook his head. ' The rents are now so difficult to collect, that I fear'——He paused, and then added abruptly, ' it is very extraordinary, often as I have mentioned it to O'Brien, that I can receive no informtion as to the Connors. You have written frequently to your poor nurse, and she must have received the letters—I sent them over with my own, and *they* have been acknowledged !' He had scarcely finished this sentence, when we heard the porter in loud remonstrance with a female, who endeavoured to force her way through the hall. I half opened the library door, where we were sitting, to ascertain the cause of the interruption. ' Ah then, sure you wouldn't have the heart to turn a poor craythur from the door—that's come sich a way, jist to spake tin words to his lord-

ship's glory. And don't tell me that my lady Hilin wouldn't see me and she to the fore.' It was enough ; I knew the voice of my nurse's daughter—and would, I do think, have kissed her with all my heart, but she fell on her knees, and clasping my hand firmly between hers, exclaimed, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, and sobs almost choked her utterance—' Holy Mary ! Thank God ! —'Tis herself sure !—though so beautiful !—and no ways proud !—and I will have justice !' And then in a subdued tone she added—“ Praise to the Lord, his care never left me—and I would die contint this minute, only for you, mother dear ! —yerself only—and——.’ Our powdered knaves, I perceived, smiled and sneered, when they saw Kate Connor seated that night by my side—and my father, (heaven bless him for it !) opposite to us, in his great arm-chair, listening to the story that Kate had to unfold.

“ ‘ Whin yees left us, we all said that the winter was come in arnest, and that the summer was gone for ever. Well, my lord, we strove to please the agint, why not ? sure he was the master ye set over us !—but it does not become the likes of me, nor wouldn't be manners, to turn my tongue agin him, and he made as good as a jintleman, to be sure, by yer lordship's notice—which the whole country knew he was not afore—either by birth or breed-

ing. Well, my lady—sure if ye put a sod o' turf—saving your presence—in a goold dish, it's only a turf still—and he must ha' been ould Nick's born child—(Lord save us!) whin yer honour's smile couldn't brighten him—and it's the truth I'm telling, and no lie. First of all, the allowance to my mother was stopped for damage the pig did to the new hedges—and then we were forced to give our best fowl as a *compliment* to Mr. O'Brien, because the goat, (and the crathur without a tooth!) they said, skinned the trees—then the priest (yer lordship *minds* Father Lavery) and the agint quarrelled, and so—out of spite he set up a school—and would make all the children go to larn there—and the priest hindered—and to be sure we *stud* by the church—and so there was nothin' but fighting—and the boys gave over work, seeing that the tip-tops didn't care how things went—only abusing each other. But it isn't that I should be bothering your kind honours wid. My brother, near two years ago, picked up with the hoith of bad company—God knows how—and got above us all—so grandlike—wearing a new coat, and a watch, and a jewel ring! so—whin *he got the time o' day in his pocket*, he wouldn't look at the same side of the way we wint—Well, lady dear, this struck to my mother's heart—yet it was

only the beginning of trouble—he was found in the dead o' night' (continued poor Kate, her voice trembling)—'but ye heard it all—'twas all in the papers—and he was sent beyant seas. Och! many's the night we spint crying, to think of that shame! or on our bare bended knees praying that God might turn his heart. Well, my lady, upon that, Mr. O'Brien made no more ado, but said we were a seditious family, and that he had yer lordship's warrant to turn us out; and that the cabin—the neat little cabin ye gave to my mother—was to go to the gauger.'

“ ‘ He did not dare to say that!’ interrupted my father proudly—‘ he did not dare to use my name to a falsehood.’

“ ‘ The word—the very word I spoke,’ exclaimed Kate. ‘ Mother,’ says I, ‘ his lordship would niver take back, for the sin of the son, what he gave to the mother!’ Sure it was hard upon her grey hairs to see her own boy brought to shame, without being turned out of her little place, whin the snow was on the ground, in the cowld night, whin no one was stirring, to say, God save ye. I remember it well; he would not suffer us to take so much as a blanket, because the bits of things were to be canted the next morning, to pay the rint of a field, which my brother took, but never

worked. My poor mother cried like a babby ; and *happing* the old grey cat, that your ladyship gave her for a token, when it was a small kit, in her apron, we set off as well as we could for Mrs. Cassidy's farm. It was more then two miles from us, and the snow drifted ; and, och ! but sorrow *wakens* a body, and my mother foundered like, and couldn't walk : so I covered her over, to wait till she rested a bit ; and sure your token, my lady, kept her warm, for the baste had the sense almost of a Christian. Well, I was praying for God to direct us for the best (but, may be, I'm tiring your honours)—whin, as if from heaven, up drives Barney, and—

“ ‘ Who is *Barney*, Kate ? ’

“ I wish, my dear lord, you could have seen Kate Connor, when I asked that question—the way-worn girl looked absolutely beautiful. I must tell you, that she had exchanged, by my desire, her tattered gown and travel-stained habiliments, for a smart dress of my waiting-maid's—which, if it were not correctly put on, looked to my taste, all the better. Her face was pale, but her fine, dark, intelligent eyes gave it much and varied expression ; her beautiful hair—even Lafont's trim cap could not keep it in proper bounds—actuated, probably, by former bad habits, came straying (or, she would call it, *streeling*) down her neck, and

her mobile mouth was garnished with teeth which many a duchess would envy ; she was sitting on a low seat, her crossed hands resting on her knees, and was going through her narrative in as straightforward a manner as could be expected ; but my unfortunate question as to the identity of Barney put her out ;—face, forehead, neck, were crimsoned in an instant ; papa turned away his head to smile, and I blushed from pure sympathy.

“ ‘ Barney—is Barney—Cassidy—my lady,’ (she replied at length, rolling up Lafont’s flounce in lieu of her apron)—and a great, true friend of—of—my mother’s———’

“ ‘ And of *yours* also, I suspect, Kate,’ said my father.

“ ‘ We were neighbour’s childer, plaze your honourable lordship, and only natural if we had a—frindly——’

“ ‘ Love for each other,’ said my lordly papa ; for once condescending to banter.

“ ‘ It would be far from the likes o’ me to contradict yer honour,’ she stammered forth at length.

“ ‘ Go on with your story,’ said I, gravely.

“ ‘ I’m thinking, my lord, and my lady, I left off in the snow—O no—he was come up with the car :—well, to be sure, he took us to his mother’s house ; and och ! my lady, but it’s in the walls o’ the poor cabins ye find hearts !—not that I’m down-

running the gentry, who, to be sure, knows better manners—but it's a great blessing to the traveller to have a warm fire, and dry lodgings, and share of whatever's going—*all for the love of God*, and *cèad míle failte* with it. Well, to be sure, they never looked to our property; and Barney thought to persuade me, to make my mother his mother, and never heeded the disgrace that had come to the family; and knowing his heart was set upon me, his mother did the same: and my own mother too, the crathur! wanted me settled: well, they all cried and wished it done off at oncet, and it was a sore trial that. 'Barney, says I, 'let go my hand—hould your whisht all o' ye, for the blessed Virgin's sake, and don't be making me mad entirely,'—and I seemed to gain strength, though my heart was bursting.

“ ‘Look,’ says I, ‘bitter wrong has been done us—but no matter; I know our honourable landlord has neither act nor part in it—how could he? and my mind misgives, that my lady has often written to you, mother—for it isn't in her to forget ould friends; but I'll tell ye what I'll do—there's nobody we know, barring his riverence, and the schoolmaster, could tell the right of it to his honour's glory upon paper; his riverence wouldn't meddle nor make in it, and the schoolmaster's a frind of the agent's: so ye see, dears, I'll just go

fair and easy off to London myself, an' see his lordship, an' make him *sinsible*: and, before I could say my say, they all—all but Barney—set up such a scornful laugh at me, as never was heard. 'She's mad,' says one, 'she's a fool,' says another—'Where's the money to pay your expinces?'—says a third—'and how could you find your way, that doesn't know a step on the road, even to Dublin?' says a fourth. Well, I waited till they were all done, and then took the thing quietly. 'I don't think,' says I, 'there's either madness or folly in trying to get one's own again. As to the money, it's but little o' that I want, for I have the use o' my limbs and can walk; and it'll go hard if one of ye's wont lend me a pound, or maybe thirty shillings—and no one will loose by Kate Connor, to the value of a brass farthing; and as to not knowing the road, sure I've a tongue in my head—and if I hadn't, the great God that taches the innocent swallows their ways over the salt seas, will do as much for a poor girl who puts all her trust in him.' 'My heart's against it,' said Barney, 'but she's in the right;' and then he wanted to persuade me to go before the priest with him; 'but no,' said I, 'I'll never do that till I find justice—I'll never bring both shame and poverty to an honest boy's hearthstone.' I'll not be tiring yer noble honours any longer with the sorrow, and

this and say off to London myself and my
 misfortune, and make him miserable and, before I
 could say my say, they all—all but Harry—
 up such a storm of laughter at me, as never was before.
 "She's mad," says one, "she's a fool," says another.
 "Where's the money to pay your expenses?"
 says a third—and how could you find your way
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 justice—I'll never bring both shame and poverty
 to an honest boy's heartstone." "I'll not be there
 if noble gentlemen say longer with the crowd and

THE IRISH AGENT



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As if from Heaven up drives Barney

all that, whin I left them. 'They'd have forced me to take more than the thirty shillings—God knows how they raised that same—but I thought it enough ; and by the time I reached Dublin, there was eight of it gone—small way the rest lasted—and I was ill three days from the sea in Liverpool. Oh, when I got a good piece of the way—when my bits o' rags were all sold, my feet bare and bleeding, and the doors of the sweet white cottages shut against me, and I was tould 'to go to my parish,' thin—thin—I felt I was in the land of the cowld-hearted stranger. Och ! the English are a fine honest people, but no ways tinder. Well, my lord, the hardest temptation I had at all, (and here lady Helen looked up into her godfather's face with a supplicating eye, and pressed her small white hand, affectionately upon his arm, as if to rivet his most earnest attention,) was whin I was sitting crying by the road-side—for I was tired and hungry, and who of all the birds in the air drives up in a sort of a cart, but Mr. O'Hay, the great pig merchant, from a mile beyant our place. Well to be sure, it was he wasn't surprised when he seen me. 'Come back with me, Kate honey !' says he,—'I'm going straight home, and I'll free your journey ; whin ye return, I'll let the boy *ye know*, have a nate little cabin I've to let, for (he was pleased to say) you deserve it :' but I thought

I'd parsevere to the end; so (God bless him for it) he had only tin shillings—seeing he was to receive the money for the pigs he had sould at the next town: but what he had he gave me; that brought me the rest of the journey; and if I hadn't much comfort by the way, sure I had hope—and that's God's own blessing to the sorrowful: and now here I am asking justice, in the name of the widow and the orphin, that have been wronged by that black-hearted man; and, sure as there's light in heaven, in his garden the nettle and the hemlock will soon grow, in place of the sweet roses; and whin he lies in his bed on his dying day, the just and holy God——' My father here interrupted, and in a calm, firm voice, reminded her, that before him she must not indulge in invective. 'I humbly ask yer honour's pardon,' said the poor girl, 'I lave it all now just to God and yer honour; and shame upon me that forgot to pour upon *you*, my lady, the blessings the ould mother of me sint ye—"full and plenty may ye ever know," said she from her heart, the cra-thur; "may the sun niver be too hot, or the sno too cowl'd for ye—may ye live in honour, and die in happiness; and in the ind, may heaven be yer ked.'"

"And now, my dear lord," continued the Lady Helen, "tell me if a fair English maiden, with soft blue eyes, and delicate accent, had thu

suffered, if driven from her beloved home, with a helpless parent, she had refused the hand of the man she loved, because she would not bring poverty to his dwelling—if she had undertaken a journey to a foreign land—suffered scorn and starvation—been tempted to return; but until her object was accomplished, until justice was done to her parent, resisted that temptation—would you say she acted from *impulse* or *principle*?”

“I say,” replied the old gentleman, answering his god-daughter’s winning smile, “that you are a saucy gipsy, to catch me this way; fine times, indeed, when a pretty lass of eighteen talks down a man of sixty! But tell me the result?”

“Instead of returning to Brighton, my father, without apprising our *worthy* agent, in three days arranged for our visiting dear Ireland. Only think how delightful—so romantic and so useful too; Kate, you cannot imagine how lovely she looked, she quite eclipsed Lafont. Then her exclamations of delight were so new, and curious—nothing so original to be met with, even at the soirées of the literati. There you may watch for a month without hearing a single thing worth remembering; but Kate’s remarks were so shrewd, so mixed with observation and simplicity, that every idea was worth noting. I was so pleased with the prospect of the meeting—the discomfiture

of the agent—the joy of the lovers, and the wedding (all stories that end properly, end in that way, you know)—that I did not even request to spend a day in Bath. We hired a carriage in Dublin, and just on the verge of papa's estate, saw Mr. O'Brien—his hands in his pockets—his fuzzy red hair sticking out all round his dandy hat, like a burning furze bush, and his vulgar face as dirty as if it had not been washed for a month. He was lording it over some half-naked creatures, who were breaking stones, but who, despite his presence, ceased working as the carriage approached. 'There's himself,' muttered Kate. We stopped, and I shall never forget the appalled look of O'Brien when my father put his head out of the window. Cruikshank should have seen it. He could not utter a single sentence—many of the poor men also recognised us; and as we nodded and spoke to some we recognised amongst them, shouted so loudly for fair joy, that the horses galloped on—not before, however, the triumphant Catherine, almost throwing herself out, exclaimed—'And I'm here, Mr. O'Brien, in the same coach wid my lord and my lady—and now we'll have justice;' at which my father was very angry, and I was equally delighted. It was worth a king's ransom to see the happiness of the united families of the Connors and Cassidys

—the grey cat, even, purred with satisfaction : then such a wedding ! Only fancy my dear Lord, my being bridesmaid ! dancing an Irish jig on an earthen floor. Ye exquisites and exclusives, how could you receive the lady Helen Graves, if this were known at Almack's. From what my father saw and heard, when he used his own eyes and ears for the purpose, he resolved to reside six months out of the twelve at Castle Graves. You can scarcely imagine how well we got on : the people are sometimes a little obstinate, in the manner of smoke—and now and then and odd dunghill too near the door—and as they love liberty themselves, do not much like to confine their pigs. But these are only trifles. I have my own school, on my own plan, which I will explain to you another time ; and now will only tell you, that it is visited by both clergyman and priest ; and I only wish that all our *absentees* would follow our example ; and then, my dear god-papa, **THE IRISH WOULD HAVE GOOD IMPULSES, AND ACT UPON RIGHT PRINCIPLES.**”

PHILIP GARRATY ;

OR,

“WE’LL SEE ABOUT IT.”

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

“WE’LL see about it !” From that simple sentence has arisen more evil to Ireland than any person, ignorant of the strange union of impetuosity and procrastination my countrymen exhibit, could well believe. They are sufficiently prompt and energetic where their feelings are concerned, but in matters of business, they almost invariably prefer *seeing about*, to DOING.

I shall not find it difficult to illustrate this observation :—from the many examples of its truth, in high and in low life, I select Philip Garraty.

Philip, and Philip’s wife, and Philip’s children, and all the house of Garraty, are employed from morning till night in *seeing about* every thing, and, consequently, in *doing* nothing. There is Philip—a tall handsome good-humoured fellow, of about five-and-thirty, with broad lazy-looking shoulders,

and a smile perpetually lurking about his mouth, or in his bright hazel eyes, the picture of indolence and kindly feeling. There he is, leaning over what was once a five-barred gate, and leads to the hag-yard; his blue worsted stockings full of holes, which the suggan, twisted half-way up the well-formed leg, fails to conceal; while his brogues, (to use his own words,) if they do let the water in, let it out again. With what unstudied elegance does he roll that knotted twine, and then unroll it; varying his occupation, at times, by kicking the stones that once formed a wall, into the stagnant pool, scarcely large enough for full-grown ducks to sail in.

But let us first take a survey of the premises.

The dwelling house is a long rambling abode, much larger than the generality of those that fall to the lot of small Irish farmers; but the fact is, that Philip rents one of the most extensive farms in the neighbourhood, and ought to be "well to do in the world." The dwelling looks very comfortable, notwithstanding: part of the thatch is much decayed, and the rank weed and damp moss nearly cover it; the door-posts are only united to the wall by a few scattered portions of clay and stone, and the door itself is hanging but by one hinge; the window-frames shake in the passing wind, and some of the compartments are stuffed

with the crown of a hat or a "lock of straw;" very unsightly objects. At the opposite side of the swamp is the hag-yard gate, where a broken line of alternate palings and wall, exhibit proof that it had formerly been fenced in; the commodious barn is almost roofless, and the other sheds pretty much in the same condition; the pig-sty is deserted by the grubbing lady and her grunting progeny, who are too fond of an occasional repast in the once cultivated garden, to remain in their proper abode; the listless turkeys, and contented, half-fatted geese, live at large and on the public; but the turkeys with all their shyness and modesty, have the best of it, for they mount the ill-built stacks, and select the grain, *a plaisir*.

"Give you good morrow, Mr. Philip; we have had showery weather lately."

"Och! all manner o' joy to ye, my lady, and sure ye'll walk in, and sit down, my woman will be proud to see ye. I'm sartin we'll have the rain soon again for it is every where like bad luck; and my throath's sore wid hurishing thim pigs out of the garden—sorra' a thing can I do all day for watching thim."

"Why do you not mend the door of the sty?"

"True for ye, ma'am dear, so I would if I had the nails, and I've been threat'ning to step down to Mickey Bow, the smith, to ask him to *see about it*."

“ I hear you’ve had a fine crop of wheat, Philip.”

“ Thank God for all things ! You may say that ; we had my lady, a fine crop ; but I have always the height of ill luck somehow ; upon my sowkins (and that’s the hardest oath I swear) the turkeys have had the most of it ; but I mean to *see about* setting it up safe, to-morrow.”

“ But, Philip, I thought you sold the wheat standing, to the steward at the big house.”

“ It was all as one as sould, only it’s a bad world, madam dear, and I’ve no luck. Says the steward to me, says he, I like to do things like a man of business, so, Mister Garraty, just draw up a bit of an agreement that you deliver over the wheat-field to me, on sich a day, standing as it is for sich a sum ; and I’ll sign it for ye, and then there can be no mistake—only let me have it by this day week. Well, to be sure, I came home, full o’ my good luck, and tould the wife ; and on the strength of it, she must have a new gown. And sure, says she, Miss Hennessy is just come from Dublin, wid a shop-full o’ goods ; and on account that she’s my brother’s sister-in-law’s first cousin, she’ll let me have the first sight o’ the things, and I can take my pick, and we’ll have plinty of time to *see about* the agreement to morrow. Well I don’t know how it was, but the next day we had no paper, nor ink, nor pens in

the house; I meant to send the gossoon to Miss Hennessy's for all—but forgot the pens. So when I was *seeing about* the 'greement, I be-thought of the ould gander: and while I was pulling as beautiful a pen as ever ye laid yer two eyes upon, out of his wing, he tattered my hand with his bill in such a manner that sorra a pen I could hould for three days. Well, one thing or another put it off for ever so long, and at last I wrote it out like print, and takes it myself to the steward. Good evening to you, Mr. Garraty, says he. Good evening kindly, sir, says I, and I hope the woman that owns ye, and all y'er good family's well. All well, thank ye, Mr. Garraty, says he. I've got the 'greement here, sir, says I, pulling it out as I thought—but behould ye—I only cotch the paper it was wrapt in, to keep it from the dirt of the tobacco, that was loose in my pocket for want of a box (saving yer presence); so I turned what little things I had in it out, and there was a grate hole that ye might drive all the parish rats through, at the bottom, which the wife promised to *see about* mending, as good as six months before. Well, I saw the sneer on his ugly mouth, (for he's an Englishman,) and I turned it off with a laugh, and said air holes were comfortable in hot weather, and sich-like jokes, and that I'd go home and make another 'greement.

'Greement! for what?—says he, laying down his great outlandish pipe. Whew, may-be ye don't know, says I. Not I, says he. The wheat-field, says I. Why, says he, didn't I tell you then, that you must bring the 'greement to me by that day week?—and that was, by the same token (pulling a red memorandum book out of his pocket), let me see—exactly this day three weeks. Do you think, Mr. Garraty, he goes on, that when ye didn't care to look after ver own interests, and I offering so fair for the field. I was going to wait upon you? I don't loose my papers in the Irish fashion. Well, that last set me up—and so I axed him if it was the pattern of his English breeding; and one word brought on another; and all the blood in my body rushed into my fist, and I had the ill luck to knock him down; and, the coward, what does he do but he takes the law o' me—and I was cast, and lost the sale o' the wheat, and was ordered to pay ever so much money: well, I didn't care to pay it them, but gave an engagement; and I meant to *see about it*—but forgot: and all in a jiffey came a thing they call an execution—and to stop the cant, I was forced to borrow money from that tame nagur, the exciseman, who'd sell the sowl out of his grandmother for sixpence (if indeed there ever was a sowl in the family)—and it's a terrible case to be paying *interest* for it *still*."

“But, Philip, you might give up or dispose of part of your farm. I know you could get a good sum of money for that rich meadow by the river.”

“True for ye, ma’am dear, and I’ve been *seeing about it* for a long time, but somehow I have no luck. Just as ye came up, I was thinking to myself that the gale day is past, and all one as before, yarra a pin’s worth have I for the rint! and the landlord wants it as bad as I do, though it’s a shame to say that of a gintleman; for jist as he was *seeing about* some ould custodium, or something of the sort, that had been hanging over the estate ever since he came to it, the sheriff’s officers put executioners in the house; and it is very sorrowful for both of us, if I make bould to say so; for I’m sartin he’ll be rackin me for the money, and, indeed, the ould huntsman tould me as much; but I must *see about it*; not, indeed, that it’s much good, for I’ve no luck.”

“Let me beg of you, Philip, not to take such an idea into your head; do not loose a moment; you will be utterly ruined if you do. Why not apply to your father-in-law?—he is able to assist you; for at present you only suffer from temporary embarrassment.”

“True for ye, that’s good advice, my lady; and by the blessing of God, *I’ll see about it*.”

“Then go directly, Philip.”

“Directly ! I can’t ma’am dear, on account of the pigs ; and sorra a one I have but myself to keep them out of the cabbages ; for I let the woman and the grawls go to the pattern at Killaun ; it’s little pleasure they see, the cra-thurs.”

“But your wife did not hear the huntsman’s story ?”

“Och ! ay did she, but unless she could give me a sheaf o’ bank notes, where would be the good of her staying ?—but *I’ll see about it.*”

“Immediately, then, Philip ; think upon the ruin that may come nay, that *must* come, if you *neglect* this matter ; your wife, too—your family reduced from comfort to starvation—your home desolate ——”

“Aisy, my lady, don’t be after breaking my heart intirely ; thank God, I have seven as fine flahulagh children as ever peeled a pratie, and all under twelve years old ; and sure I’d lay down my life ten times over for every one of them : and to-morrow for sartin—no—to-morrow, the hurling ; I can’t to-morrow ;—but the day after, if I’m a living man, *I’ll see about it.*”

Poor Philip ! his kindly feelings were valueless because of his unfortunate habit. Would that this were the only example I could produce of the ill effects of that dangerous little sentence, “*I’ll see*

about it !" Oh ! that the sons and daughters of the fairest island that ever heaved its green bosom above the surface of the ocean, would arise, and *be doing* what is to be done, and never again rest contented with "SEEING ABOUT IT."

THE END.

7.14

2.20

Carleton

Characteristic Sketches of Ireland and the Irish By Carleton, Lover and
Mrs Hall

Dublin 1845

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